MAN'S WORL

& RAW EGG JOURNAL

Issue 3

MOMBACHO
Exclusive offer for all readers!

SOL BRAH

THE OAK SLAYER
The Company Sabre
PART 2

ORWELL RETURNS!

THE END OF MAN!?
The fertility crisis caused by toxic chemicals - and what you can do about it

MOMBACHO CIGARS
Timeless masculine pleasure

CHET YORTON

REAGAN LODGE

EXCLUSIVE COMIC!

5 FOODS THAT BOOST YOUR T LEVELS

ADVENTURE!

+ HISTORY, MOTORING, LITERATURE, FOOD AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

BELMONDO

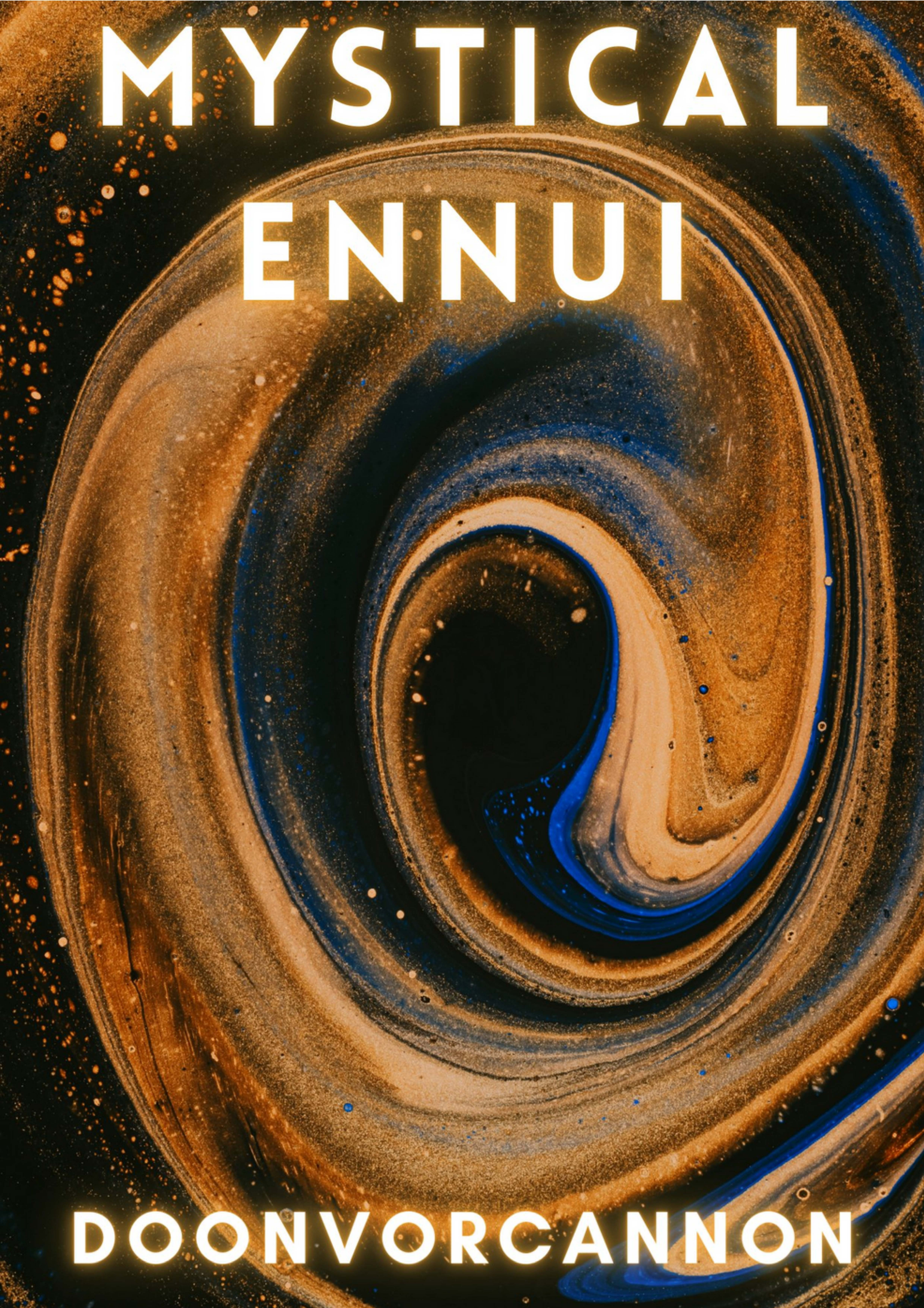
MIKE MENTZER'S GOLDEN- AGE MINDSET!

Exclusive extract in Issue 4!
THE 39 STEPS
With a new introduction by the Raw Egg Nationalist
JOHN BUCHAN

MW

Man's proper stature is not one of mediocrity, failure, frustration, or defeat, but one of achievement, strength, and nobility. In short, man can and ought to be a hero.

- MIKE MENTZER -



MYSTICAL ENNUI

DOONVORCANNON

Third time's a charm, eh? Raw Egg Nationalist (@babygravy9) welcomes you once again to the latest issue of Man's World, the only men's magazine worth reading today.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Hello again, my dear friends, and welcome back to Man's World and Raw Egg Journal, the only men's magazine worth reading. Still. (Although a little bird tells me that a mainstream conservative figure was stirred enough by Issue One to decide to launch his own unashamedly masculine man's magazine. But I don't like to trade in rumour or gossip...)

What about Issue Two, then? I wasn't lying when I said it would be a step up from the first – lean, mean and clean, right? No doubt for many of you that fantastic article by Bronze Age Pervert ('The Open Steppe of the Sea') was a real highlight – it was for me – but it was also surely a first among equals in what was an exemplary array of articles, essays, stories, sketches and more. Ross Erickson's thoughtful defence of the patriarchy; that fascinating piece on Stone-Age seafaring; the feature on classical nautical prep; those wonderful stories from Doon, Zero HP and Faisal Marzipan; the new motoring section; the neck and jaw training special, more brilliant weirdness from Ernst Jünger; Neon's hilarious comedy spread; the first part of the tale of William Hodson... In truth, I could just continue and list the entire contents of the magazine. It really was that good, from cover to cover.

With your expectations so thoroughly exceeded, perhaps you're thinking this issue just can't be as good. If Raw Egg Nationalist managed to avoid the dreaded sophomore slump, there's no way he could pull it out of the bag again. The egg man's due a fall, for sure. Well, let me tell you: third time's a charm with Man's World. Here's why –

The aesthetics of the magazine continue to improve by leaps and bounds. Recently, I came into possession of a large quantity of old Vanity Fair, Tatler and World of Interiors mags, and due to an unfortunate incident with some bad raw liver, I've had plenty of time other last month to peruse them while sitting down, if you catch my drift. Needless to say, I've soaked up their layouts and designs as much as possible, and this is truly the closest Man's World has come to looking like an off-the-shelf magazine yet.

Of course, that being the case, it's even more of a shame that there still aren't physical copies; but what I can promise you is that I'm working on a hardcover annual to be released at the end of the year, containing all of the year's best content in a suitably weighty and aesthetic form. A vintage 1965 Playboy Annual acquired from Ebay has been helping me realise this vision, and no doubt the very friendly people at Antelope Hill, who have just published an amazing hardback version of my cookbook, will help too.

Our cover star, replacing the well-muscled rear admiral of Issue Two – who was something of a controversial choice for the more literal minded – is Jean-Paul Belmondo. While a household name in the Francophone world, Belmondo is much less well known in the Anglosphere than he deserves to be. Although not as achingly handsome as the Globo Uomo himself Alain Delon, Belmondo was every bit as cool and just as edgy when he wanted to be. In the very capable hands of my good friend the Fat Nutritionist, you'll learn everything you need to know about this manly man and great icon of French cinema.

What else? We have an amazing first for Man's World: an exclusive comic from the brilliant Reagan Lodge. Think Redwall meets Indiana Jones – in space! That's his new graphic novel WYIT and this is the first place to read a substantial chunk of it. Lucky you.

Fitness and physical culture remain at the fore. There's Eternal Physique, this time with its focus on the Monarch of Muscledom, John Grimek. The serialisation of my second book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, continues with the third and final Golden Age god: Chet Yorton. I also examine Mike Mentzer's exercise and life philosophy in 'Mike Mentzer's Golden-Age Mindset', drawing parallels with Bronze Age Mindset. Orwell returns to tell us about the meta-politics of lifting and why lifting is now a revolutionary social and political act. Another returnee is Sol Brah, whose fresh gift from the Land of Perpetual Lockdowns is a piece on the abdominal vacuum, a powerful exercise you should add to your routine right away.

Herculean Strength have a series of articles on testosterone and fertility, as well as an exclusive 30%-off offer for all readers, to celebrate reaching 30k followers on Twitter. Nor is that the only exciting offer laying in store for you. Jared Ingrisano, CEO of Global Sales at Mombacho, Nicaragua's finest cigar brand, has written a fantastic and informative article on the timeless masculine pursuit that is tobacco smoking, accompanied by a generous discount on all Mombacho's delicious products. Carnivore Aurelius is also offering 10% of his beef-liver crisps, a delicious, vitality-restoring snack you can eat without ever feeling guilty.

We have a double whammy with the Stone Age Herbalist, another esteemed Man's World alumnus. First, a thrilling whistle-stop tour through history in search of the biological roots of hierarchy; then an in-depth interview with yours truly on a whole gamut of subjects from psychedelics to the future of Christianity, Jordan Peterson to Connor Murphy, and the possibility of living a meaningful life in a world that's fast going to hell in a handcart. Re-enchanting the modern world is also the subject of an essay by Neoteric Masculinity, and the broader theme of adventure continues with essays on John Smith and the film Master and Commander, as well as the much anticipated second part of the William Hodson story.

And the hits keep coming. Faisal Marzipan returns with his best story yet, imagining a hypothetical Rwanda transposed to Minnesota, and in similarly tasteful mode Pierian Spring tells us about the time he crashed an unknown girl's wake. I promise you there's a genuine moral to the last story.

Now, don't let me detain you any longer, friends. There's even more to be discovered in Man's World Issue Three – so get stuck in!

FEEL LIKE A MAN,
LOOK LIKE MONEY.
GRECO
GUM

MAN'S WORLD

& RAW EGG JOURNAL

Issue 3

JULY 2021

ON THE COVER

10 The Oak Slayer

The third part in our exclusive serialisation of Raw Egg Nationalist's *Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders*. Continues with a focus on Chet's routine and diet on p.

18 Orwell N Goode

In his triumphant return to Man's World, our favourite doge-poster discusses the metapolitics of lifting, and why, in this age of convenience, lifting has become a revolutionary act

41 Mombacho Cigars

Mombacho big man Jared Ingrisano tells us about the rich history of tobacco smoking, a masculine pursuit par excellence. Also includes an exclusive offer from Mombacho for all readers

92 Sol Brah

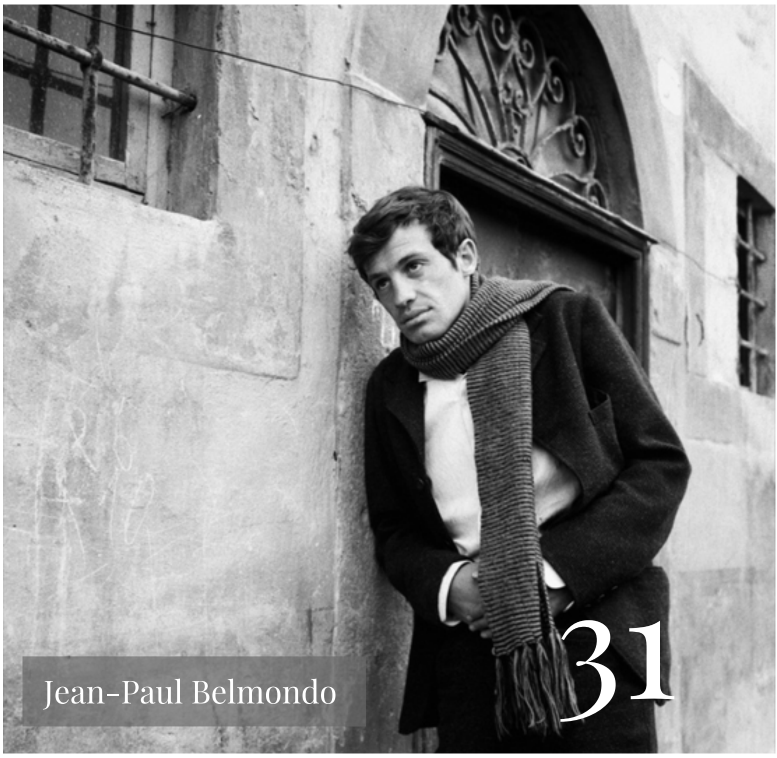
The wonder from Down Under tells us all about the abdominal vacuum, a neglected but extremely powerful exercise from the Golden Age of Bodybuilding

104 The End of Man?

Herculean Strength explain the dire fertility crisis facing mankind and what you can do to fight against it

109 Five Foods That Boost Your T Levels

Following on from the previous article, Herculean Strength give you the lowdown on five foods you should be eating if you want to have optimal testosterone levels



31

Jean-Paul Belmondo

49

Mike Mentzer

129

Company Sabre

bronzeagepervert
bronzeagemantis

BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST

ON THE COVER (cont.)

149 Seeking Out Adventure

Join Neoteric Masculinity as he re-enchants the sterile modern world with a spirit of wild adventure

OTHER FEATURES

20 Eternal Physique: John Grimek

Another gallery of the finest physiques in history, featuring the legendary 'Monarch of Muscledom' himself

57 An Elite Apart: The Biology of Hierarchy

In this exciting essay, Stone Age Herbalist takes us on a wild ride through history in search of the origins and development of hierarchy. In two parts; continues on p.

69 Eggs & Drugs & Rock 'N' Roll

Stone Age Herbalist sits down to interview Man's World founder and editor the Raw Egg Nationalist. In two parts; continues on p.

165 Mishima and the Lost Position

In this elegiac and rousing essay, Astral meditates on the life and death of Yukio Mishima and assures us that all is not lost

171 The Minnetonka Safe Haven Project

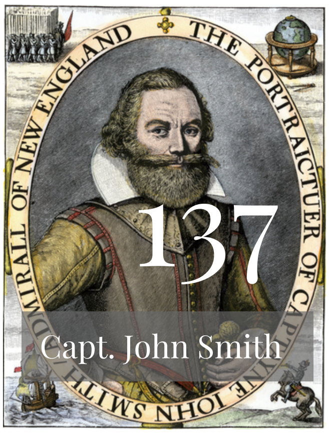
In this hilarious original new story, Faisal Marzipan transports us to a corporate interview where the candidate must arrange a 'hypothetical' resettlement of 250,000 refugees in one of five American cities

179 John Cold and the Weather Machine

Part three of the John Cold serialisation sees John Cold's day go from bad to worse when encounters the mysterious Derleta

76

WYIT: Exclusive from Reagan Lodge

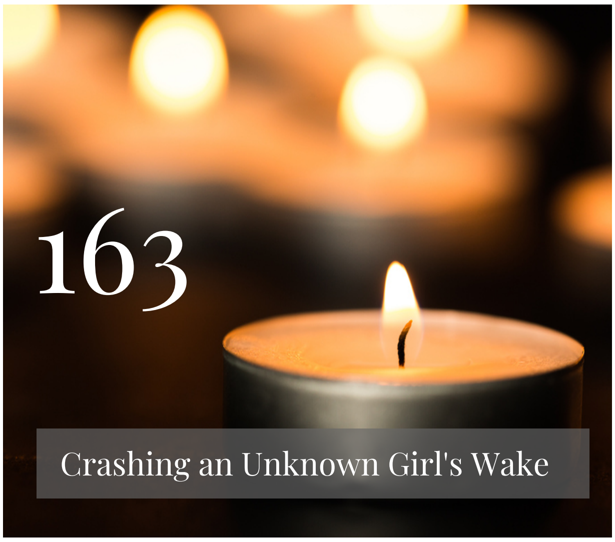

THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAYNE JOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND

137

Capt. John Smith

64

Rebirth of Honour



163

Crashing an Unknown Girl's Wake

ALSO: BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER, ANABOLIC ICE CREAM, BEEF LIVER CRISPS, WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER DRIVE AN ELECTRIC CAR

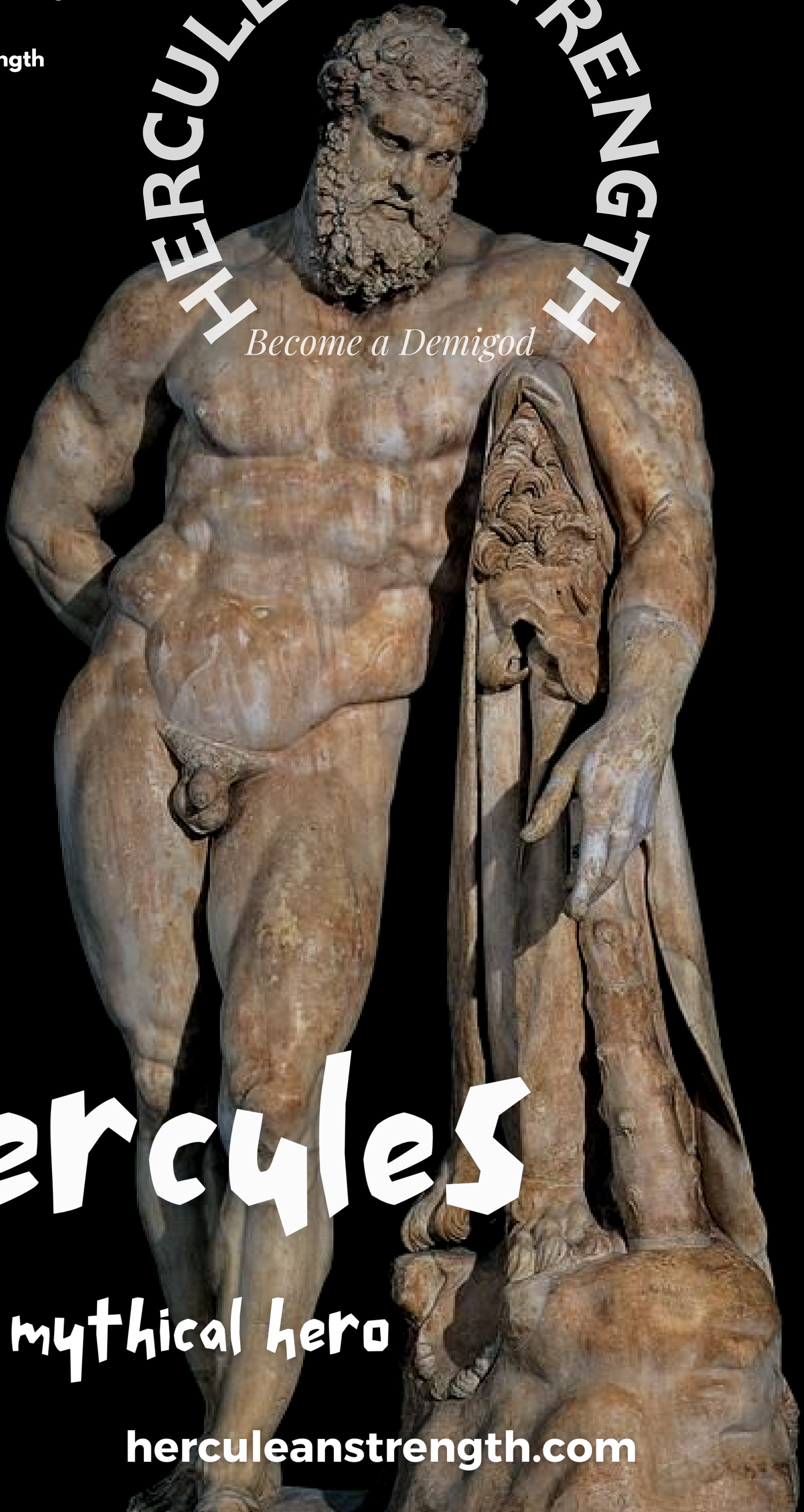
realherculeanstrength

herculeanstren1

herculeanstren1

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstrength



HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Become a Demigod

Hercules

The mythical hero

herculeanstrength.com

Born: 1 June 1939, Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Died: 7 November 2020, Woodland Hills, California

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 210lb

1960 Mr Wisconsin
1964 Mr Pacific Coast
1966 Mr America
1966 Mr Universe

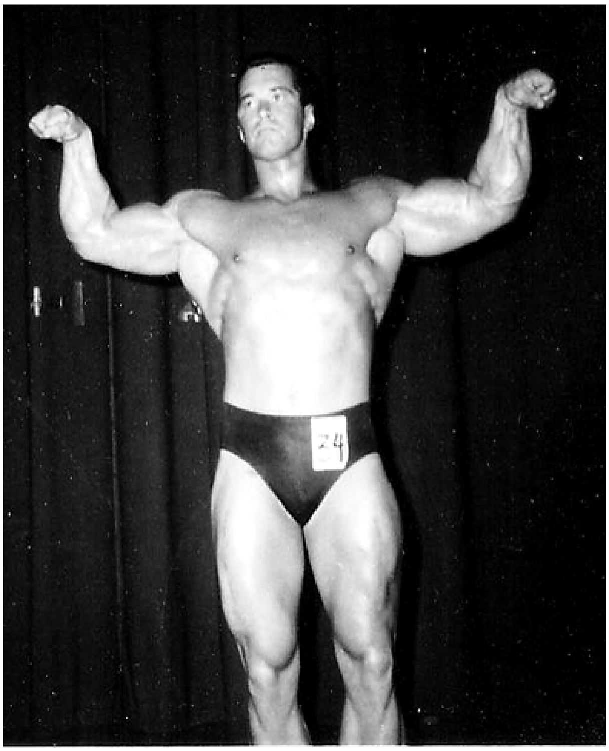
In the final instalment of our serialisation of his sophomore book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Raw Egg Nationalist tells the story of the man whose most famous victory changed the history of bodybuilding forever, earning him the nickname of...

THE OAK SLAYER

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

Scenes from the 1966 Mr Universe, including the direct pose-offs and lineup with Chet that Arnold feared so much upon first encountering the Malibu-based bodybuilder. Bottom right: Chet performs one of his signature poses.

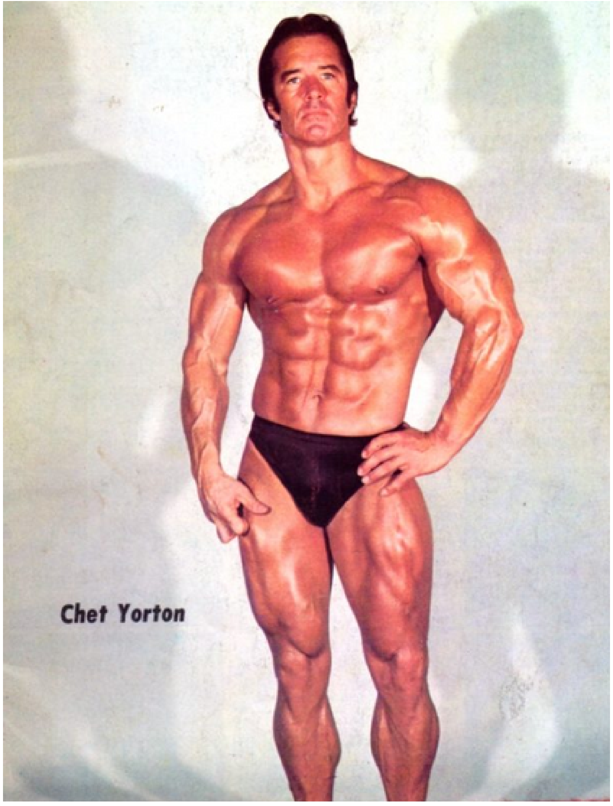
The NABBA Mr Universe 1966. The Royal Hotel, London. The Austrian's confidence is at an all-time high. He is Mr Europe now, at just 19 years old, and the subject of admiring glances not just in the street, but also from his competition, especially for his massive 20" arms. Confident, that is, until he meets the favourite, an American from Malibu Beach called Chet Yorton. As the man steps out of the lift, the Austrian's heart sinks. He knows at once that the magazines are right: this man will win. A formality. Chet is not just big: he's tanned, defined, with every muscle separate and criss-crossed by veins like a roadmap. He has a look of athleticism and energy, the ready suppleness of an apex predator. By comparison, the Austrian just feels fat.



Despite the applause and enthusiasm of the small audience during the first day, when the contest is decided behind closed doors, as the two men line up directly next to each other before the judges, the Austrian knows that their proximity will only highlight the superiority of the other man's physique.

At the Victoria Palace Theatre the next night, during the public performance, the Austrian is pushed back on stage for an encore. The crowd love him. Perhaps he really could do this! But then Chet Yorton takes to the stage for his posing routine. Taut, powerful, determined, he explodes from one pose to the next like a machine. He knows all sorts of little tricks to make his muscles pop out, to make his waist look smaller or display multiple muscles at once. 'I am the winner,' his face says – and he is right.

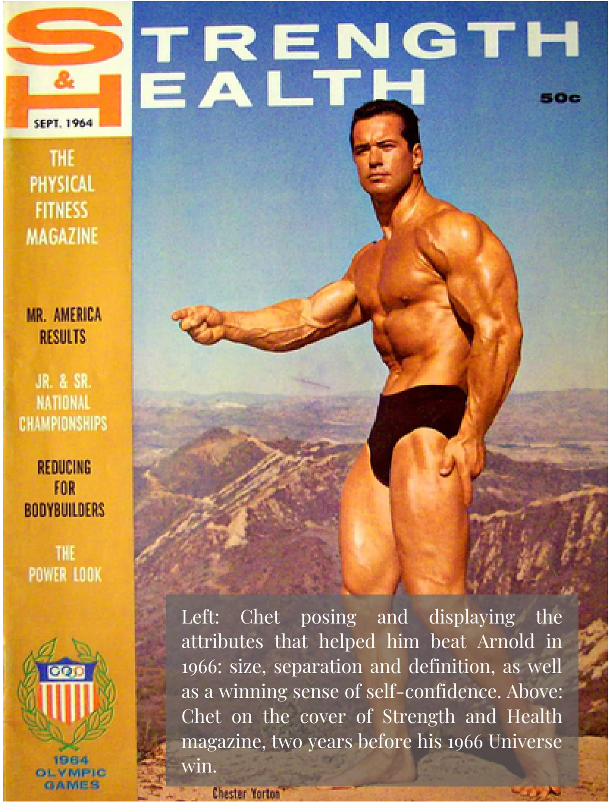
The young Austrian will never experience such humiliation again; though he takes it graciously, like a man. He will study every aspect of the science of bodybuilding in the closest detail. He will become a legend: Arnold, the 'Austrian Oak'. And Chet will always be known as the 'Oak Slayer', one of just three men to take him on in competition and win.



I lay in the car for half an hour until the police arrived and pried the doors open with crowbars to release me. The ambulance rushed me to the St. Francis hospital where the doctors then debated about amputating my right leg, but [with my] not consenting, they then performed surgery on it for four and one-half hours, putting in a five-inch steel plate and eight screws around my right thigh bone. Three days later they performed surgery on my left thigh bone and at which time they inserted a stainless steel rod about an inch in diameter, inside the femur bone of my left leg from the hip to knee by cutting my hip open and drilling out the hollow where the rod was to be inserted down the center of the thigh bone.

The teenage Chet Yorton had just survived a devastating car crash. He was alive, but things could scarcely have been said to be looking up for him. His body, like the car he had been a passenger in, was wrecked. As the car left the road and hit a tree, the impact of bracing himself against the floor had driven his hips from their sockets; his thighs were shattered, his left arm lacerated deeply from elbow to wrist. Miraculously, the piece of windshield glass that had pierced his left eyeball had stopped an eighth of an inch from penetrating his brain – an injury that would almost certainly have killed him. Instead, he suffered only a concussion. At this point, a future as a physique champion could barely have seemed less probable; he would be lucky if he even walked again, let alone got up on stage to pose majestically to the theme from 'Exodus'.

After surgery, with his lower body totally encased, Chet lay in traction for a month. Physical therapy began when the cast was removed from his left leg. Once he could bend his left leg enough, he was allowed to use crutches, placing his bodyweight on his right leg, which remained in cast. But his misfortune continued as soon as he returned home. Losing his balance on the porch, he fell down the front steps, re-breaking his left leg. Further surgery was required, and he would spend the next four months in a wheelchair; he would have to re-learn how to walk on crutches.



Left: Chet posing and displaying the attributes that helped him beat Arnold in 1966: size, separation and definition, as well as a winning sense of self-confidence. Above: Chet on the cover of Strength and Health magazine, two years before his 1966 Universe win.

It's from this point that his story becomes almost laughably improbable. Within just two years of his brush with death, Chet would be competing in physique competitions – and winning; from physical wreck to physical specimen, in just 24 months. The story goes that it was while convalescing in his wheelchair at the hospital that he saw a pair of dumbbells and decided to start pumping iron, for the very first time. Whatever athletic potential the young Chet had, it had not been much in evidence during his teenage years, when he had been an unremarkable sportsman; fast forward seven months from his first encounter with a dumbbell and he had put on 55lb of solid mass. His spectacular gains continued, and within a year and a half he had reached a massive 240lb (at 5' 11", remember), at which point he began to cut, down to a more svelte 210lb in readiness for his first competition. Of course, he won.

The refinement, and with it the victories, continued. He won titles at regional and national level through the 1960s, and began to appear on the covers of various magazines, including Strength and Health (1964), Mr America (1965), Muscle Builder (1965 and 1967) and Iron Man (1967). It was at 26, around eight years after he first began training, that Chet won the 1966 amateur Mr Universe (tall division), in London, the victory that earned him the moniker 'the Oak Slayer'. At that time, Arnold was already on his way to becoming the most famous bodybuilder in the world, having been crowned Mr Europe at 19; but in his own words, he looked like 'uncooked bread dough' on stage next to Yorton. Yorton had the modern bodybuilder's three most-prized attributes in spades – size, definition and vascularity; Arnold, who had only size, was simply blown away.

This was the beginning of a total rethink for Arnold, which as we well know would pay off – big time: the seventies were Arnold's decade in bodybuilding. He knew he had to have what Chet had.
What did he do that was different? The exercises he named were not in themselves different, but the way he did them was. His number of repetitions was higher. This helped separate the muscles and burn in the cuts.

Arnold clearly needed to change his routine from its early focus on strength and size. What Chet also had was a powerful, confident posing routine. We've already seen that Chuck Sipes failed to make the impact he should have done because of his disinterest in refining his posing routine; Arnold would not make that mistake.

Photographs of Yorton just don't do justice to the quality of his physique, according to fellow bodybuilder Bill Luttrell. Even some years later, after his competition days were well and truly over,

> *everything* was [still] in perfect proportion, separated, and cut. I swear, no need to add or subtract an ounce anywhere. The finish to his physique had that very rare quality reminiscent of a thoroughbred horse or large cat. I don't want to overstate this too much, but unlike a lot of bodybuilders before or since, a build like that looks like it was made by the hand of God rather than Man – everything went together that well. Arnold, Dave, Pearl, Zane and very few others I can think of fall into that category.

But it wasn't all just for show: Yorton was also very, very strong. He could squat and deadlift 600lb, and bench press around 500lb. Remember that it was only in the early 1950s that Doug Hepburn set the bench press record at 500lb (matched soon after by Reg Park), and not until 1967 that Pat Casey became the first man to press 600lb. Yorton's weird strength was fully on display in his weird training routine, which I'll lay out in as much detail as I can later. When it came to the bench press, for instance, in the off-season Yorton would press 225lb for 22 reps, then jump 100lb to 325lb and do another 22 reps. What's that I hear you say? 'Unbelievable'? No, not according to strength coach Bill Starr, who actually spotted for Yorton. 'I seriously doubt whether another bodybuilder—or strength athlete for that matter—in the world could duplicate such a feat.'

Everything about Chet Yorton's story seems designed to stretch credulity to breaking point – and beyond. And for the learned counsel of r/nattyorjuice, that would also include the crusade against steroids he took after his Mr Universe win, which led him on a Quixotic journey away from the mainstream for good. Chet's Damascus moment was similar to Chuck's. About two years before that famous night in London, Chet claims he was offered steroids by another 'top bodybuilder' at a gym, who waxed lyrical about the benefits; everybody was now taking them, he said. While Chet was initially intrigued, he was warned off by a doctor who told him of the potential side effects – gynecomastia, impotence, acne, hair loss, high blood pressure, etc. From then on, Chet began to speak out publicly. He came to see the rise of steroids as part of a broader destructive trend of immorality in bodybuilding, which compromised the integrity of bodybuilders as 'real' champions and role models; other shady practices included the sale of sexual favours for influence and an easy livelihood (sound familiar?) and political scheming in the governing bodies of the bodybuilding world (look up Arnold's comeback Olympia win, or Franco Colombo's second, in 1981, for example).

Chet had already incurred the wrath of the bodybuilding

3
LIVES OF
GOLDEN AGE
BODYBUILDERS
RAW EGG TRILOGY
BOOK TWO

Praise for *Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders*

"This book is very well written, entertaining, intriguing, motivational - all the stuff you'd expect from someone who's looking to motivate a nation full of gynomastic, Call of Duty playing, hot pocket eating zombies. Keep it up!"

"This is far from an ordinary fitness book, though it accomplishes all of what the best of that genre do in fewer words. In these mini biographies, Raw Egg Nationalist provides inspiration that in building a beautiful body, you can build a more beautiful world. I'm so grateful to have been able to share this with my sister who's getting into bodybuilding at a young age, to properly ground her ambition and sharpen her focus."

"If there's still a little boy inside you who loves reading about heroes, you will love this book."

Available now from Amazon, the Rogue Scholar bookstore or linktr.ee/raweggnationalist

authorities by starring in the 1964 film Muscle Beach Party with Larry Scott and a number of other muscle men, including Dan ‘Grizzly Adams’ Haggerty. Although the film was a light-hearted affair about a group of bodybuilders taking over the secret surfing spot of the ‘Beach Party Gang’ (and one of seven Beach Party films), the Amateur Athletic Union did not see the funny side of it, and Chet was apparently singled out to be made an example of. The story goes – although Chet denied this – that he had travelled to Chicago to compete in that year’s Mr America contest, only to be turned away. He starred in another film, Don’t Make Waves, with Dave Draper in 1966, the year when Chet won the NABBA Mr Universe and Draper the IFBB Mr Universe, but by this time Chet had stopped competing in AAU events, so the extra publicity could not harm his chances with that governing body at least.

After winning the 1966 Mr Universe, Chet chose to retire and focus on his supplement company, Muscle Beach Supplements, and his pool-cleaning business, which could boast Ronald Reagan and many of the Hollywood glitterati as customers. In 1972, he moved from California to Las Vegas and opened a gym called The Body Shop. After a few years, he was convinced he had what it took to compete again, and decided to enter the 1975 Mr Universe. Now his public stance on steroid use would apparently come back to bite him in his well-developed behind, as he lost – many say undeservingly – to self-admitted steroid user Boyer Coe. That loss was the final straw, and so the same year he founded the Natural Bodybuilder’s Association, the first association to test for drug use at every competition. In his speech at its first annual competition, he pointed to the competitors and said, ‘See, friends, these are the real champions.’ He competed a few more times against untested competitors, including for rival breakaway governing bodies, but ultimately without success. In 1981, he launched the magazine Natural Bodybuilding. His contributions to natural bodybuilding were recognised in 2004 by the Organization of Competitive Bodybuilders, which awarded the first ever annual Yorton Cups to its male and female champions.

Even if Yorton’s story isn’t a true example of the outer limits of natural human potential for muscle growth, there remains much to be inspired by. The next time you complain about having an inauspicious start to your lifting career – I wish I’d started lifting earlier / I wish my parents had fed me better / I wish I’d known then what I know now – just picture young Chet, his legs broken and torn from their sockets, his arm sliced to pieces, a big piece of glass in his eye, sitting unconscious in that car for half an hour until the police arrived; if that isn’t an inauspicious start – well, I don’t know what is (maybe falling headfirst from a plane without a functioning parachute?). It certainly wasn’t kvetching or finger-pointing that got him out of his wheelchair and onto the winner’s podium at the Mr Universe eight years later…

… or that kept him on the stage, even into his seventh decade. There’s a photo of him posing on stage at 67, and still looking more TST (thick, solid and tight) than most lifters half his age. ‘The first seventy years were easy’, he said on his seventieth birthday, ‘but the next seventy are going to be a bitch’.

Chet posing at the grand old age of 71 - and still putting men half his age to shame.

‘The first seventy years were easy’, he said on his seventieth birthday, ‘but the next seventy are going to be a bitch’.

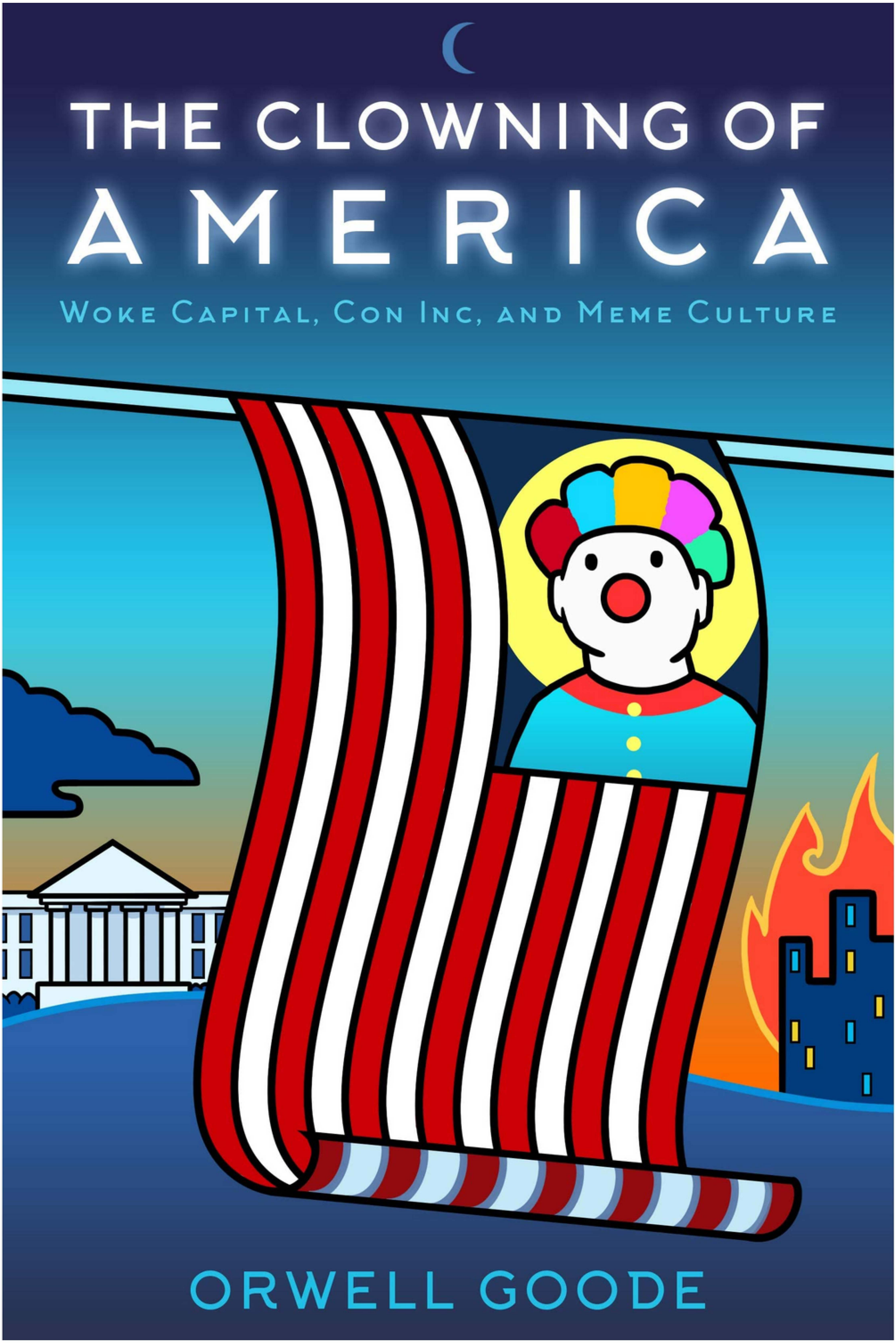
A triumph over adversity that would have killed or at the very least crippled a lesser man, Chester ‘Chet’ Yorton’s story is a testament to the human potential for self-transformation. As the 1964 article in Strength and Health, put it: ‘Just like the ancient Egyptian mythological bird, the phoenix, that was consumed by fire and then arose out of its own ashes to fly away and live another long life, so Chester Yorton climbed out of his own severely shattered bones to transform himself.’

Next issue: Vince Gironda

Exclusive extract from *Draw Me a Gironda*

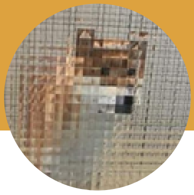
THE CLOWNING OF AMERICA

Woke Capital, Con Inc, and Meme Culture



ORWELL GOODE

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THE METAPOLITICS OF LIFTING



Words: Orwell N Goode (@orwellngoode)

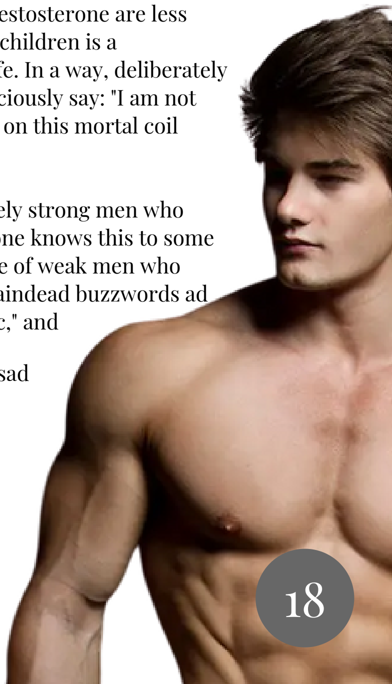
What is it about lifting weights in this day and age that almost without exception guarantees the lifter will reject the prevailing feminised order, becoming 'right wing' in the process? Well, it should be pretty obvious, says Orwell N Goode, especially to anybody who is already on the path of sun and steel. Even so, that doesn't mean that the metapolitics of lifting don't deserve explication. Far from it; as Mike Mentzer knew, the lifter's journey is one of both physical and mental exploration, as one comes not only to shape but to know one's body and mind more fully.

Lifting weights on a regular basis is becoming something of a revolutionary act. In an age of comfort, high time preferences, dereliction of duty to oneself, fat acceptance, body positivity, faux victimhood, and other pseudophilosophies celebrating mediocrity and baseness, lifting weights directly rejects fuzzy feel-good buzzfeeds in favor of the pursuit of something greater than oneself. Every lifter follows an ideal – self-improvement – to some degree or another. It connotes a feeling of anxiety within inaction; a need to increase one's station; a will to overcome the average.

We also live in an age where it has never been easier to rise to the top; the so-called "bugmen" deliberately sabotage their masculinity under the fallacious guise of "progress" with with estrogenic foods/drinks, avoid sunlight, eschew physical activities – all neatly dismissed by a number of absurd copes. No man who rejects physical training is truly content with himself; for he is a multiplicity of unrealized potentialities – a life that is never fully lived. Men who put themselves above lifting often do so to avoid addressing their insecurities, leaving their comfort zone, or out of narcissism to sidestep the very possibility of failure in an effort to preserve their fragile self-image. Oftentimes, these individuals will fall in the trap of believing that physical excellence is mutually exclusive to intellectual excellence.

Most people know what kind of man will have certain political worldviews. It's rarely high T bodybuilders who fanatically demand equality, to say the least. How many >700ng/dL dudes out there do you see with preferred pronouns in their bio? Likewise, there aren't many self-described male feminists with a 500lb+ deadlift donning pink hats and joining protests. I'm also yet to see a guy who lifts post his vasectomy to Reddit or talk about giving his significant other a free pass to satisfy her sexual urges outside of their relationship. I don't believe it to be an accident as to why men with lower testosterone are less inclined to pass on their genes. Having children is a continuation of life beyond your own life. In a way, deliberately choosing not to have kids is to subconsciously say: "I am not worthy of there being a facsimile of me on this mortal coil when my time is done."

I am preaching to the choir, but it's rarely strong men who despise their own identity – and everyone knows this to some degree. However, there is an abundance of weak men who chastize their fellow men, parroting braindead buzzwords ad nauseam, decrying masculinity as "toxic," and offering groveling apologies for their gender for the approval of e-girls. The sad irony is that if they stepped up and embraced some of the same "toxic" masculinity they militated against and picked up a barbell a few times a week, they wouldn't have to resort to self-



Which will you be, anon? Soyjak or Seid?

degradation for a modicum of attention from the opposite sex.

There's a reason why the form of "Soyjak" meme has transcended the political in internet circles. Originally, the "Soyjak" meme – depicting a low testosterone, soy-guzzling, know-it-all, "believe-the-experts," university-educated, over-socialized, balding, urban-dweller with progressive political leanings – was limited to dissident political circles. Subsequently, it took on a life of its own outside of political circles to convey a negative message within memes – your opinion bad [Soyjak], my opinion good [Chad]. This means that the average person – or meme-enjoyer – recognizes an objective good and an objective beauty outside of the prevailing subjective propaganda that is used to destroy beauty and simultaneously elevate the grotesque. The harbingers of equality are out for blood in their pursuit of power. Despite this, the average person online recognizes the emotional instability, lack of masculinity, and ugliness within the "Soyjak" trope and the steadfastness, masculinity, and handsomeness of the Chad and Chad-adjacent tropes. Androgenic features such as a square jaw and high cheekbones, high testosterone, and muscular development all represent traditional masculinity. And in spite of decades of propaganda, the average person continues to implicitly reject new estrogenized iterations of masculinity as the norm.

No man who rejects physical training is truly content with himself

Lifting weights boosts natural endogenous testosterone production. Correspondingly, eliminating toxic foods such as polyunsaturated fatty acids in vegetable oils, phytoestrogens such as soy and hopped beer, xenoestrogens found in plastics and other items, and the other lifestyle changes that come with lifting weights will also raise T levels. And you don't need to be high T to start lifting, either. Lifting, in itself, expresses the following qualities:

- discipline
- pain tolerance
- low time preferences
- a willingness to improve
- health orientation
- a recognition of one's imperfections/humility
- action

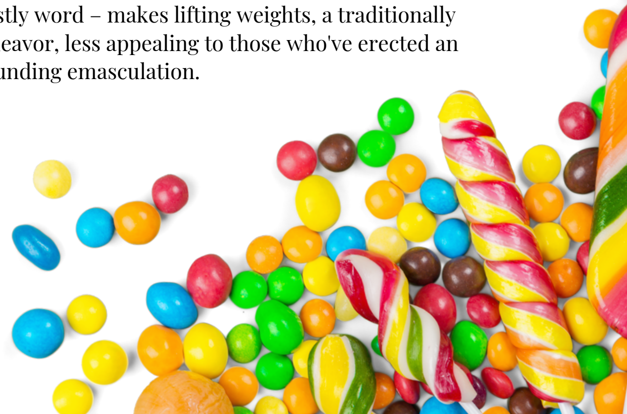
Imagine, if you will, receiving a brand new dismantled Lamborghini with an instruction manual outlining how to put it together, totally free of charge. You'd be mad not to take the time and effort in building your supercar in order to take it out for a spin. The same applies for your body. But millions out there find excuses to avoid going through the consistent effort to enjoy the rewards – to the point where they will make outlandish excuses for their laziness. You don't need high testosterone to start lifting, but weakness in men is never a positive trait and is often an indictment of their character.

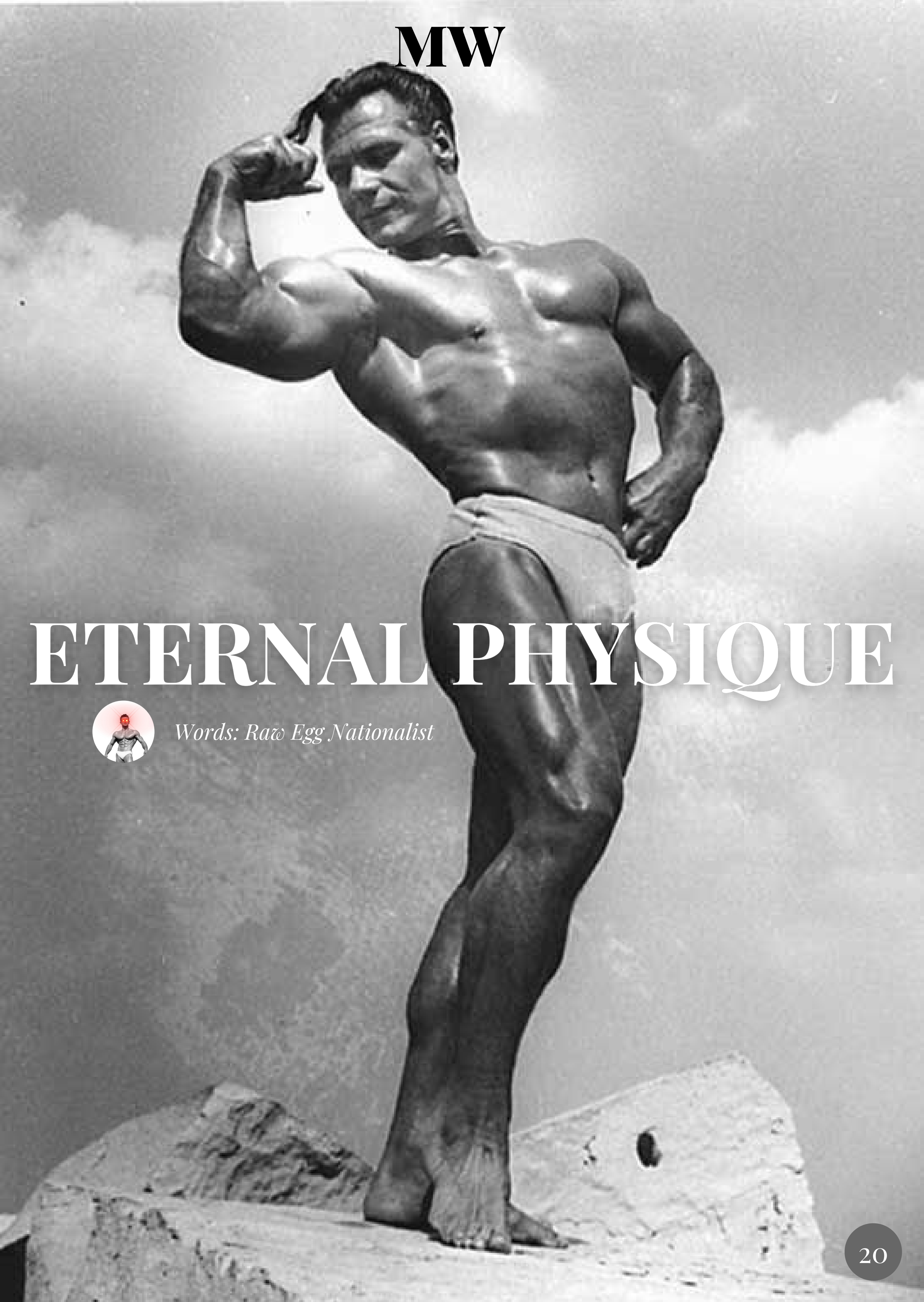
Nestlé
WHOLE GRAIN
good source of fibre
CHOCOLATEY CHIP
Cookie Crisp
COOKIE CEREAL
VEGAN
BEN&JERRY'S
SAVE OUR SWIRLED NOW!
STAR WARS

A weak man is often low testosterone, and low testosterone in men is often associated with the following:

- ill-discipline
- low trustworthiness
- bitchiness/gossiping
- mental/physical frailness
- excuse-making/inaction
- lower energy levels
- self-image issues
- obedience
- higher agreeableness
- over-socialization

Now, let's tie this back into politics; no strong man would ever champion ideological positions that would undermine himself for social approval. No self-respecting man would ever wear a "the Future Is Female" t-shirt for 10 minutes of clout. Again, no self-respecting man would support policies that jeopardizes their family's wellbeing – be it financial, spiritual, moral, or physical. There's only one side of the political aisle that vocally embraces obesity, ugliness, redefining beauty, destroying traditional standards, and physical apathy. And it follows that the untrained man is several fold likelier to support this side of the aisle – as it includes trendy reasoning to excuse his copes while remaining somewhat logically consistent. People often choose the path of least resistance; far less effort is exerted in adopting the prevailing socially-accepted politics over the discipline require to hit the gym 3-6 times per week, train with progressive overload, and cleaning up one's diet. No, it's far easier to collect Funko Pops, watch shows on Netflix, and order tasty fast food brimming with soy and vegetable oils. Rejecting your vices takes effort. Saying no to the general consensus can leave you friendless and ostracized in many major cities – so why bother? At a time where toxic masculinity is excoriated on a weekly basis by some random journo – and I apologize for using this ghastly word – makes lifting weights, a traditionally masculine endeavor, less appealing to those who've erected an identity surrounding emasculation.





ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

'THE MONARCH OF MUSCLEDOM'

JOHN GRIMEK

Like many bodybuilders of the Silver Age, John Grimek began his competitive career as a serious weightlifter, representing the US at the 1936 Olympics, in Berlin, where he placed 9th.

Grimek wielded beastly strength, including a 480lb bench press in training, a 700+lb Olympic-style squat — he could still squat 695lb at age 70 — and a 600lb deadlift.

> “[His total] is a lot of weight for any man, especially one who drives a yellow roadster around and rarely trains [the Olympic lifts]. . . . the man’s just too strong for words. He handles poundages over 300 easier than most lifters handle a hundred pounds less.”

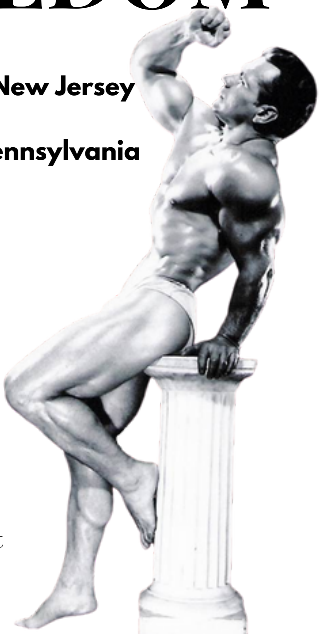
[redacted]

His crossover into the bodybuilding world was a fortuitous mistake. He entered the 1940 Mr America, which of course he easily won, at the instruction of his trainer, the great Bob Hoffman. When he entered the Mr America again the next year, it was only because of his visceral hatred of his fellow Olympian John Davis, who had decided to enter the competition. Grimek and his fellow stablemates had forced Davis to leave their gym when one of them threw a 45lb plate at him when he was lifting. Far more than the bodybuilding portion of the Mr America contest, which interested Grimek little, it was the weightlifting competition that most mattered to him, and in particular his desire to break Davis's 280lb press record, which he did.

Born: 17 June 1910, Perth Amboy, New Jersey

Died: 20 November 1998, York, Pennsylvania

Height: 5'8"
Weight: 221lb

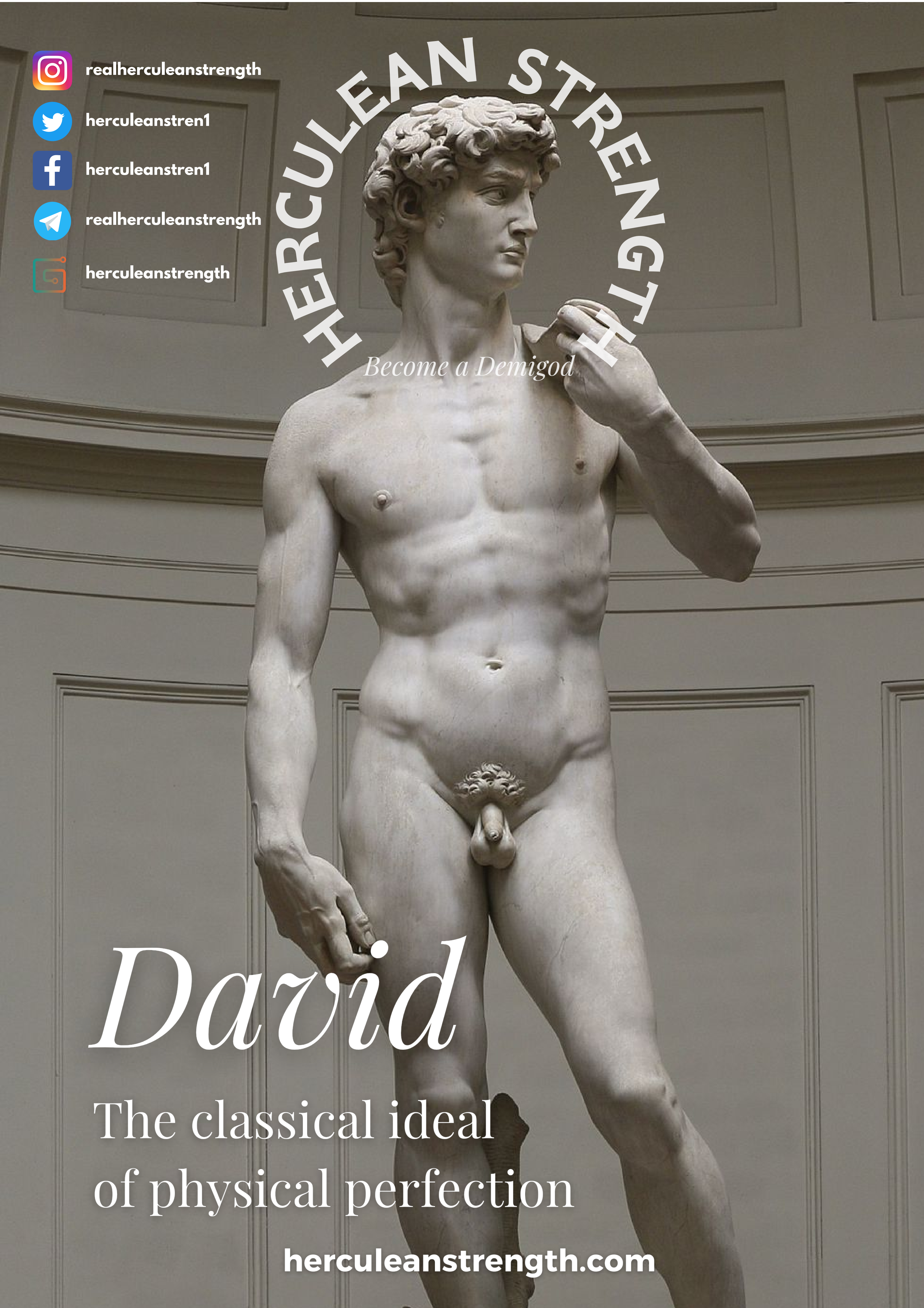


1940 Mr America
1941 Mr America
1948 Mr Universe
1949 Mr USA

Despite his disinterest in bodybuilding plain and simple, Grimek’s dominance of the nascent bodybuilding scene was so great that after his second win a new rule was made preventing previous winners of the Mr America from competing again. His other nickname, 'the Glow', was coined in reference to how brightly he stood out on stage in contrast to his competitors.

Like many early bodybuilders, Grimek did not train to a split, but instead trained his entire body five or six times a week. He rarely performed the same exercises two days in a row, which exasperated his trainer, Bob Hoffman, as did his refusal to train the Olympic lifts as much as he should have.

A yellow roadster just like the one John Grimek drove



realherculeanstrength
herculeanstren1
herculeanstren1
realherculeanstrength
herculeanstrength

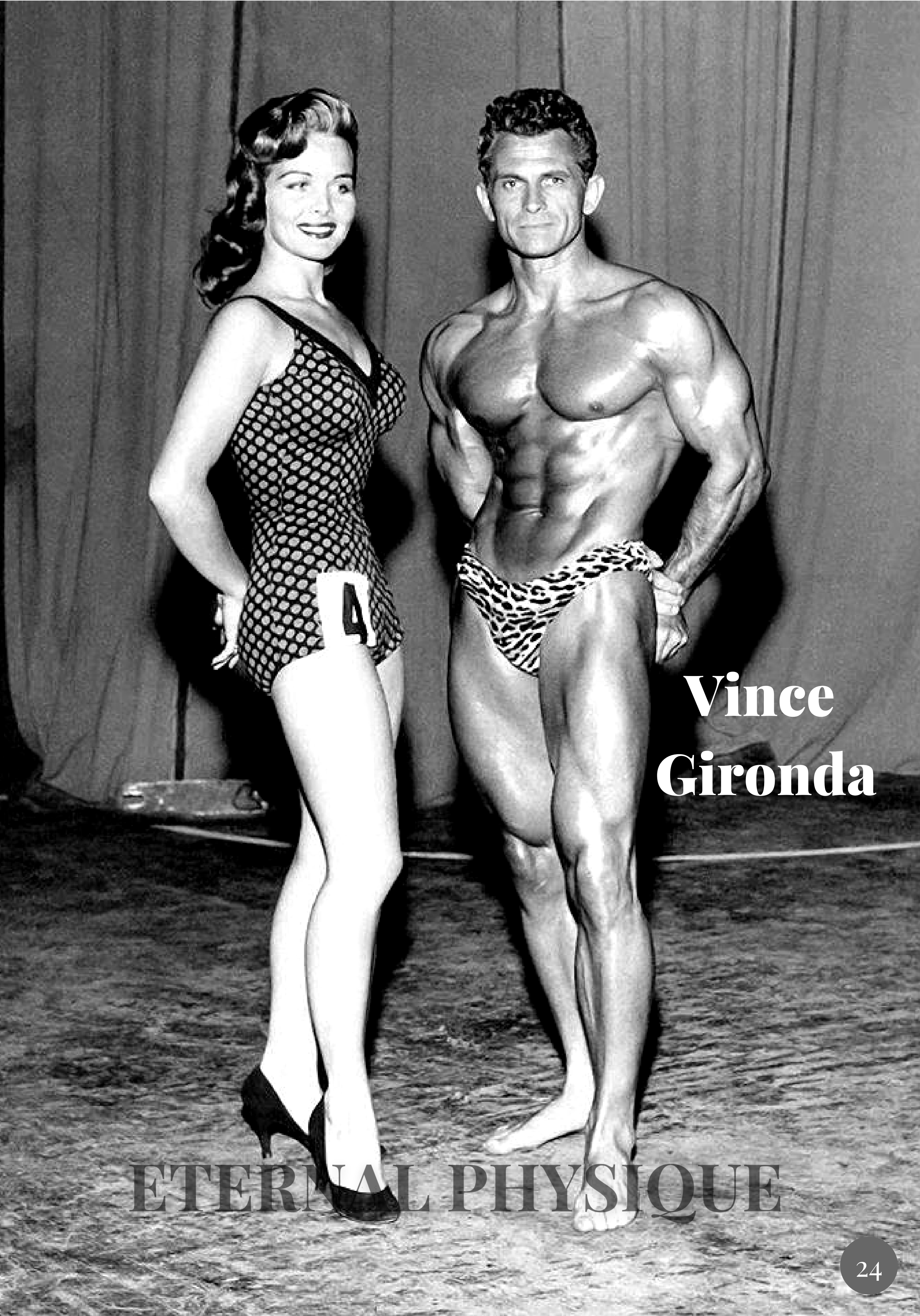
HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Become a Demigod

David

The classical ideal of physical perfection

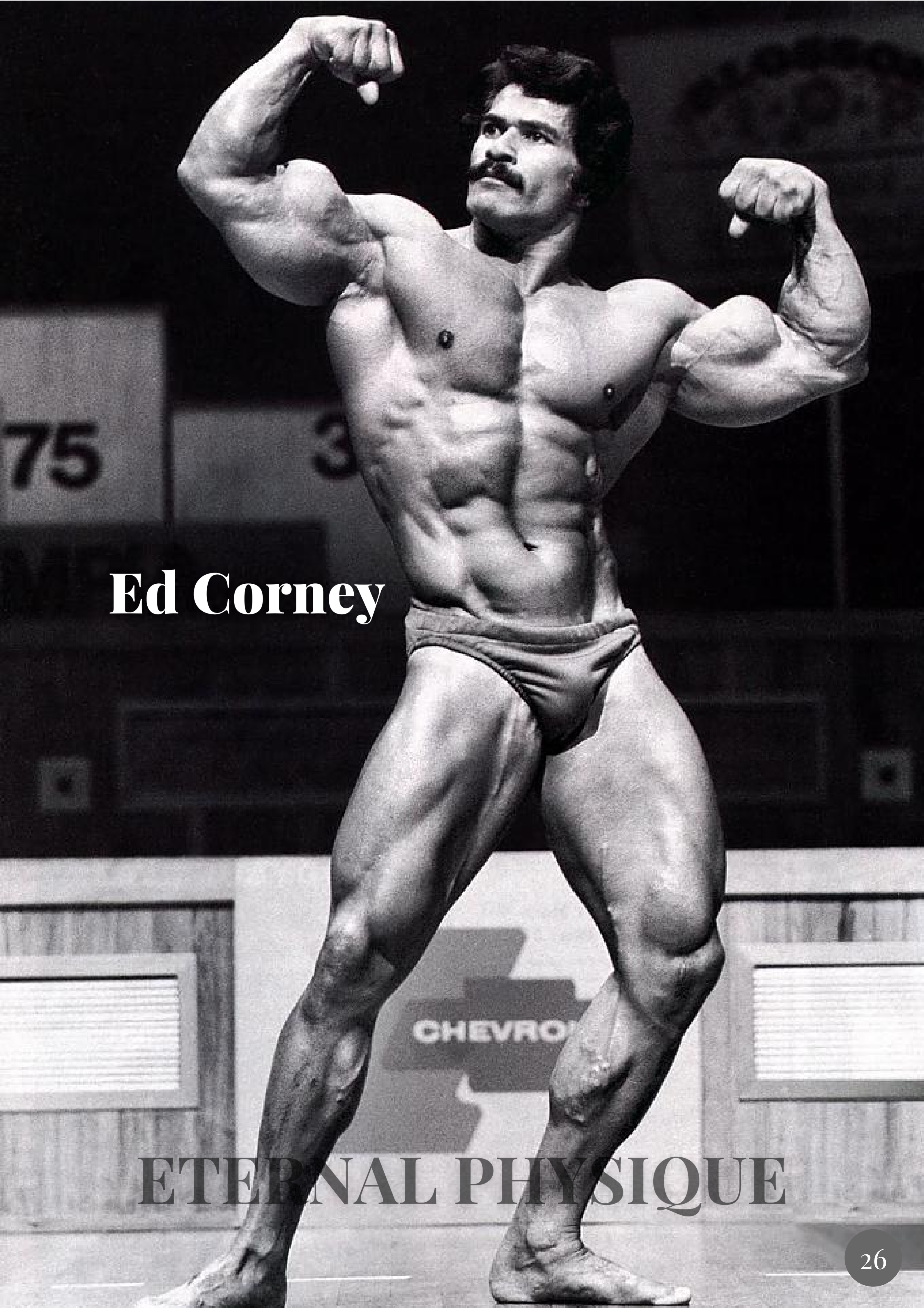
herculeanstrength.com



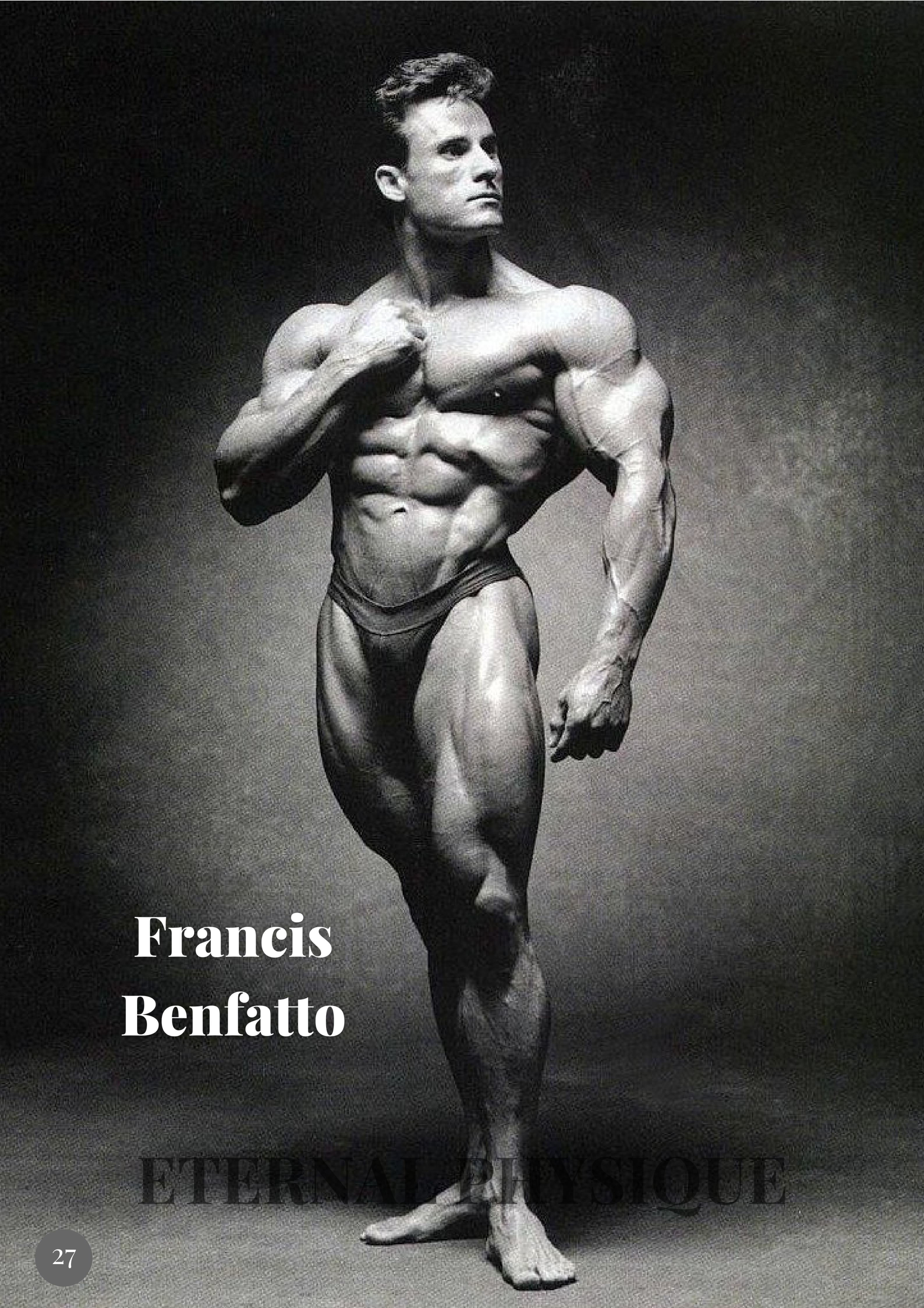
Vince Gironda

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

Bill Pearl

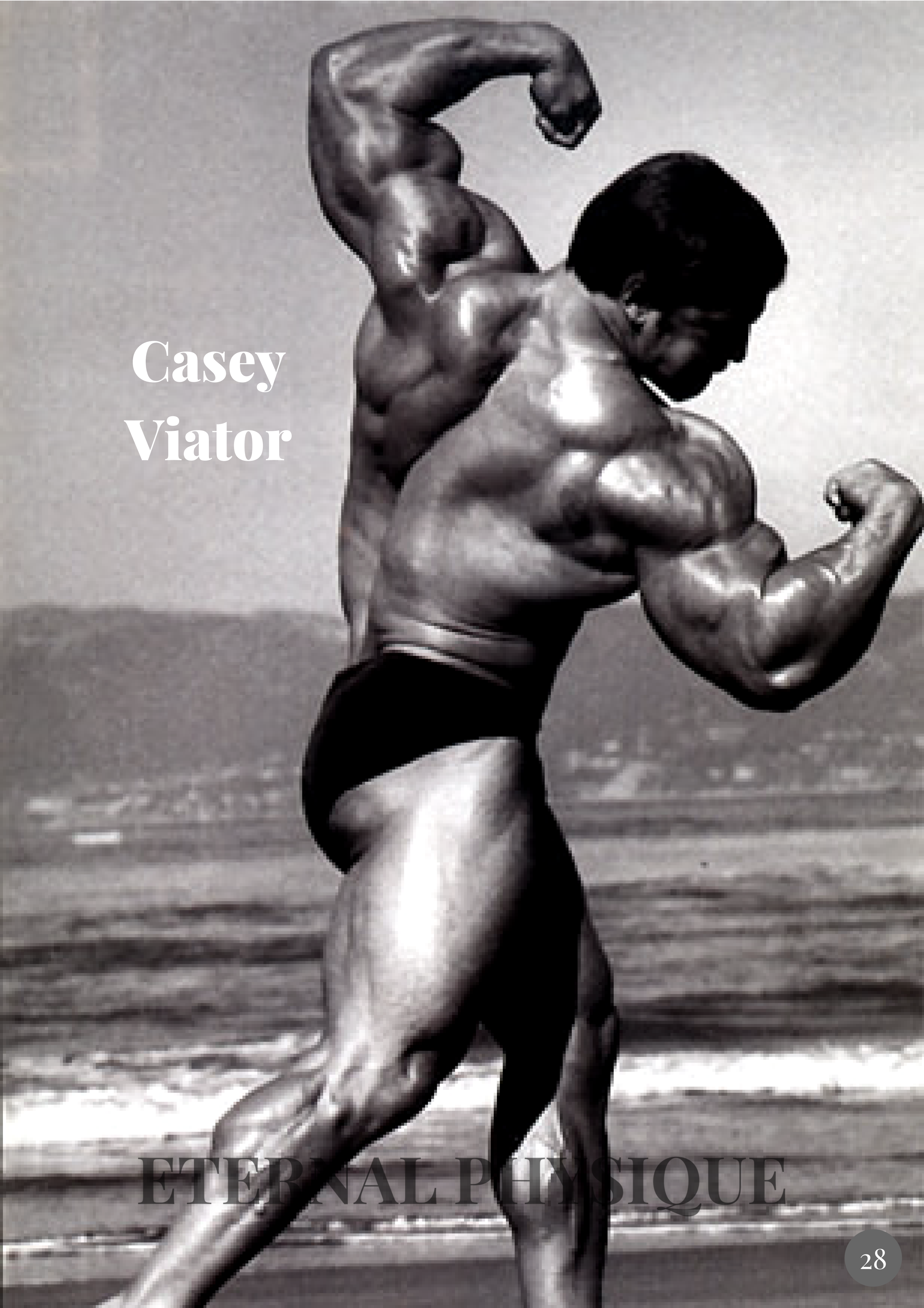


Ed Corney



Francis Benfatto

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE



Casey Viator

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

RAW EGG NATIONALISM

by Raw Egg Nationalist

RAW EGGS+NATIONALISM=

RAW EGG NATIONALISM

By strengthening the nation state, we make possible the strengthening of the individual, and a nation is only as strong as its people. Raw egg nationalism is a physical and political ethic built upon the massive consumption of raw eggs.

Just as no single food has been subject to greater calumnies in our time than the egg, no men have been more politically persecuted than nationalists.

31 Recipes for

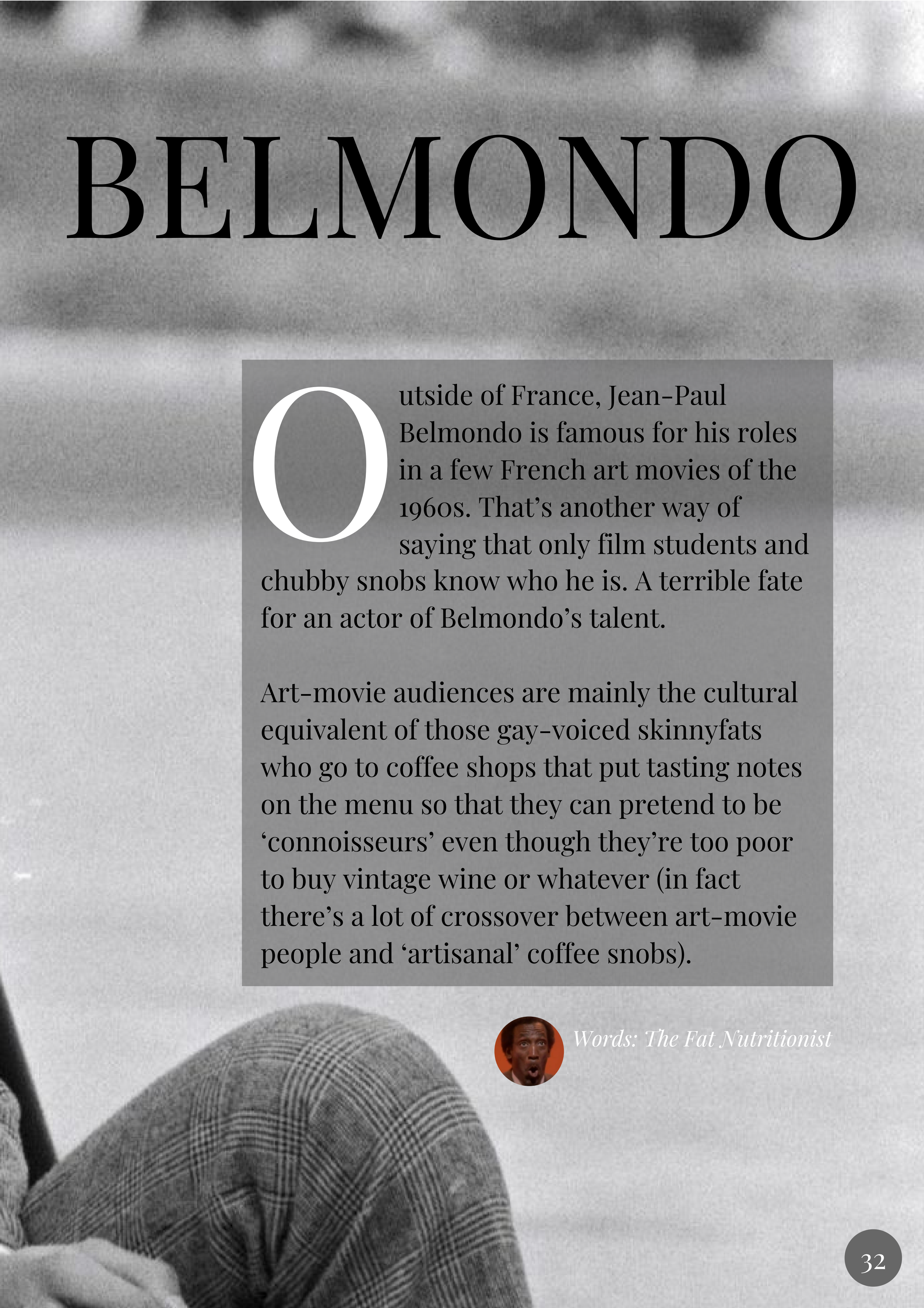
Shakes
Steaks
Sauces
Cooked Eggs
Cocktails
Treats

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

Put all your eggs in this basket, count your chickens before they hatch, and be the Chad you want to see in the world.

– Raw Egg Nationalist

Available in hardback and ebook versions, exclusively at antelopehillpublishing.com



BELMONDO

Outside of France, Jean-Paul Belmondo is famous for his roles in a few French art movies of the 1960s. That's another way of saying that only film students and chubby snobs know who he is. A terrible fate for an actor of Belmondo's talent.

Art-movie audiences are mainly the cultural equivalent of those gay-voiced skinnyfats who go to coffee shops that put tasting notes on the menu so that they can pretend to be 'connoisseurs' even though they're too poor to buy vintage wine or whatever (in fact there's a lot of crossover between art-movie people and 'artisanal' coffee snobs).

Words: The Fat Nutritionist

Belmondo and Anna Karina in Pierrot Le Fou

Being a real 'connoisseur' takes genuine taste, knowledge, effort and skill (and often money as well). If you try to fake it you will end up like those fedora-wearing losers who talk about "vintage erotica" because they think it's somehow classier to masturbate alone in a bathroom with a 1950s magazine than in front of a computer, never realising that there is literally no way to masturbate with style. Nobody is ever impressed by connoisseurs of junk (or pornography).

The whole point of a movie is to be seen and enjoyed by as many people as possible, not just by a handful of failed artists. Movies are a popular art form. There is no such thing as an 'exclusive' movie, unless it's a failure. If you can appreciate unpopular or boring movies, that just means you have a high tolerance for mediocrity, and/or no problem lying to yourself.

Luckily Belmondo has a lot of actual fans, and is recognised as a star in his native France. Not the oily, cheesy used-car salesman George Clooney type of star: Belmondo is the real thing. Men want to be like him, or at least hang around with friends like that. He's a natural leader who doesn't take himself too seriously, since everyone else takes his dominance for granted. When you watch one of his films, you feel like you can relax around him.

[redacted]

Belmondo's father Paul, a famous sculptor

Humphrey Bogart, an obvious inspiration for Nelmondo

Belmondo understands his audience and has the same interests that they do (detective stories, action movies, sports, jokes). Ultimately he's one of the crowd. Those 1960s art movies were just a cold-blooded career to help raise his international profile and make some money. He was never really interested in Serious Intellectual Cinema. When he admitted this in public, the intellectuals never forgave him: as he noted in an interview:

"What intellectuals don't like is success. Success in France is always looked down on, not by the public but by intellectuals. If I'm naked in a movie that's fine for the intellectuals. But if I jump from a helicopter they think it's terrible."

Jean-Paul Belmondo was born on 9th April 1933. His parents came from Italian peasant families that settled in Algeria when it was a French colony. But Paul Belmondo, Jean-Paul's father, was a classical-style sculptor who fought his way to the top of the French art establishment and became a professor at the École nationale supérieure des Beaux-Arts. There is even a museum dedicated to his work in the suburbs of Paris. Paul Belmondo wasn't a great artist, but he was talented, competent and serious, and had no pretensions about his work. Art was just a job for him. He didn't care about "self-expression".

You can see a lot of the father in the son. In photos Jean-Paul Belmondo looks like a peasant or fisherman: flattish, squishy, slightly bulbous nose; thin upper lip and huge lower lip; dark skin even in the winter. He isn't handsome, but in real life and on film nobody notices because there is something instantly magnetic about him. Despite his Sicilian ancestry he's solidly a gentleman. Not an effeminate Parisian dandy, but the sort of professional gentleman you see in provincial French towns having a four-course lunch in the middle of the week. Men like this are always happy to stop and have a cigarette with anybody; they will never suffer from striver anxiety or impostor syndrome like members of the American fake 'élite'. They know their station in life, and it happens to be above most other people's. The fact doesn't make them uncomfortable.

No matter what he plays on screen, Belmondo always seems like a professional who has risen to the top of his profession: he could be a surgeon, a mechanic, a policeman, a gangster or a financier; he can even be convincing as a priest (as in the 1961 film Léon Morin, prêtre). As long as he's done something that takes brains, judgment and superior skill. He could never play a bum, a loser or a layabout.

As a teenager, Belmondo had three interests: football, boxing and theatre. He was never much of a footballer, but as an amateur boxer he won his first three fights with first-round knockouts. Then he retired from the ring, aged seventeen. But he never stopped training: you can tell by his speed of movement, and the sheer physical grace of his performances. As an actor he understands how to control and master space without being obvious about it.

At twenty Belmondo entered the Conservatory of Dramatic Arts, where his professors hated him. By twenty-five he was a national star on the French stage, and started getting movie roles, initially in light comedies and historical swashbucklers. Then, at twenty-six, he was cast in Breathless (released in 1960, a month before his twenty-seventh birthday).

Breathless was a low-budget crime drama that became an international hit. The writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard, was a film critic from a rich family who had spent his twenties watching movies and writing essays about them. As a filmmaker he has a lot in common with Quentin Tarantino, except that his pseudo-intellectual streak can be even more irritating. Some films are completely wrecked by boring, half-baked Marxist commentary. Even his best films are ultimately just about other movies. But Breathless really is a masterpiece (if only by accident).

Godard was obsessed with Humphrey Bogart. If you watch a few Bogart movies from the 1940s you can understand why he would have been. Bogart isn't a muscle man, nor is he particularly good-looking. He seems jaded and weary, though

Main picture: as a priest in Léon Morin, prêtre (1961). Inset: with Jean Seberg in Breathless (1960)

NEW YORK
Herald Trib

not in a pathetic way. He has reached that point where he has no illusions left and can't be defeated. He's not really a hero; ordinary men can live up to his example. Or they think they can. Still, it takes a great performer to hold the screen the way Bogart did, and Jean-Paul Belmondo was the only French actor of his time who could have pulled off a Bogart imitation. His secret to getting it right was to make fun of Bogart, who wasn't naturally funny and could never do comedy.

Breathless isn't really an art movie in the usual sense. Instead it's a nerdish homage to Hollywood crime films of the 1930s and 1940s, updated to 1960s Paris on an extremely low budget. The movie succeeds because Godard managed to rip off everything from those old gangster movies that makes them entertaining. Also, Godard relies heavily on the screen presence of his two stars, Belmondo and the American actress Jean Seberg, to keep the audience interested.

Seberg is too boyish and pixie-like to be genuinely attractive, but she is easy to watch because she seems so natural. Belmondo is even more natural. He saunters through the film with a cigarette dangling from his lower lip, insolently making wisecracks and never quite believing in what he's doing. It all feels too much like a bad movie to him. You forget that he's an actor because he is constantly reminding you of how ridiculous and artificial the whole story is. His performance is the main reason Breathless was a hit. Intellectuals read complexity into Belmondo's performance without realising that he was taking the piss out of people like them (and Godard).

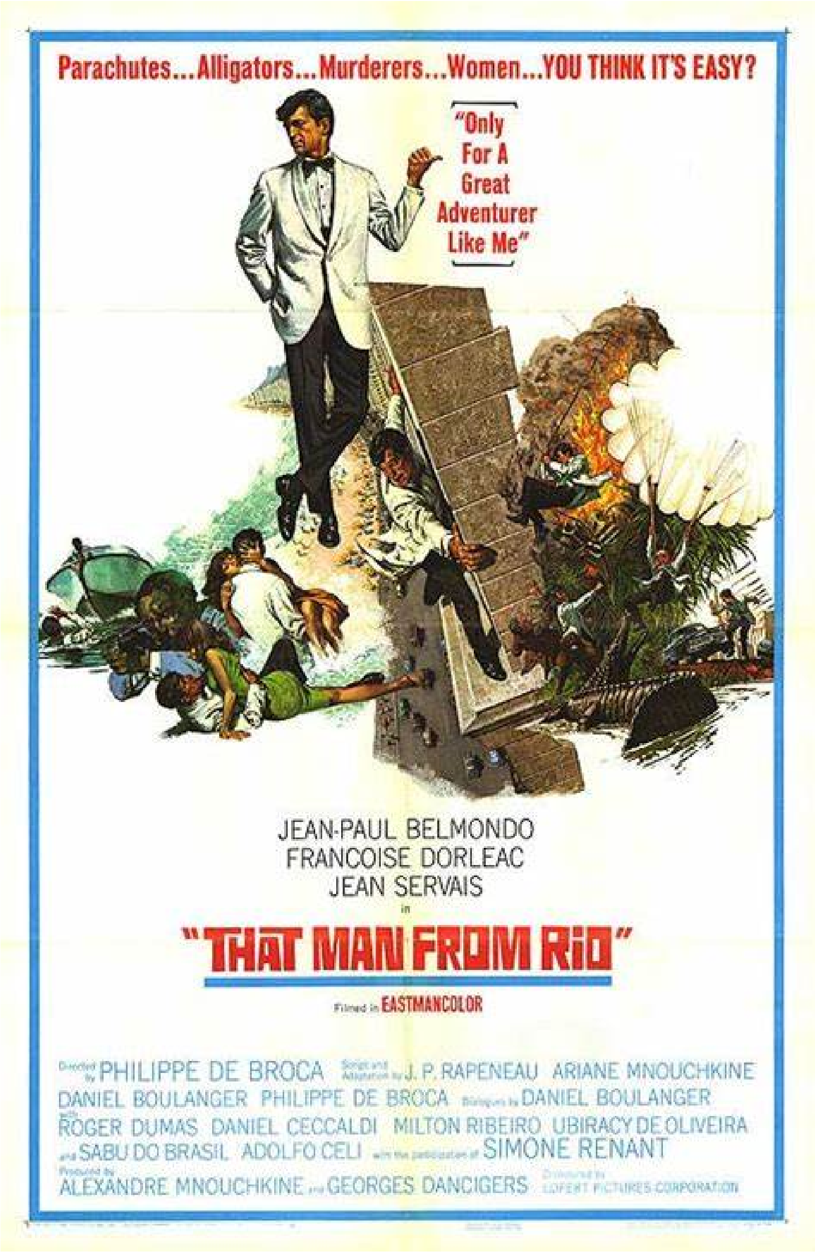
Godard never again made anything as enjoyable as Breathless. His second and last movie with Belmondo, Pierrot le Fou (1965) is the only other film of his worth watching.

We in the audience can put up with pretty much anything a filmmaker wants to throw at us if there is a good actor or attractive woman on the screen. We can even tolerate experimental crap, as long as there is a story, some characters and something nice to look at. Godard didn't realise this, and always thought people were flocking to his movies because of all the Marxist BS and avant-garde cinematic techniques that were only of interest to his film-critic friends. The truth is that his work all went to shit when he didn't have someone like Belmondo to hold it together. Try to enjoy anything else Godard ever made. Even his film criticism is boring. He has his moments, but has no idea how to create work for anybody other than himself.

Belmondo's real strengths are action movies and comedies, where he can take advantage of his natural agility. Also, his cynical wit. A lot of Americans and Englishmen don't realise just how funny Frenchmen can be, because their only experience of the French is with purse-lipped language teachers, boring tour guides or rude waiters in rip-off cafés near tourist traps in Paris. Jean-Paul Belmondo can single-handedly change your mind about French humourlessness. He is a perfect example of a certain kind of un-bitchy insolence that characterises all the best Frenchmen.

The aristocratic filmmaker Philippe de Broca knew how to exploit this side of Belmondo better than anybody else; you can see this in his 1964 classic That Man from Rio, the quintessential Belmondo movie.

Belmondo plays a soldier, Private Adrien Dufourquet, who arrives in Paris for eight days' leave. He intends to spend the time with his fiancée Agnès de Villermosa (played by Françoise Dorléac). But the day he arrives, a statuette from the Amazon is stolen from the Museum of Anthropology in Paris. This is one of three pre-Colombian statuettes discovered by Agnès' late father, Professor de Villermosa, a distinguished archaeologist. Agnès is kidnapped from in front of her flat right before Adrien's eyes: he leaps out of the window and chases the kidnappers on foot.


Parachutes...Alligators...Murderers...Women...YOU THINK IT'S EASY?
"Only For A Great Adventurer Like Me"
JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO
FRANCOISE DORLEAC
JEAN SERVAIS
in
"THAT MAN FROM RIO"
Filmed in EASTMANCOLOR
Directed by PHILIPPE DE BROCA
J. P. RAPENEAU ARIANE MNOUCHKINE
DANIEL BOULANGER PHILIPPE DE BROCA
DANIEL BOULANGER
ROGER DUMAS DANIEL CECCALDI MILTON RIBEIRO UBIRACY DE OLIVEIRA
and SABU DO BRASIL ADOLFO CELI
SIMONE RENANT
Produced by
ALEXANDRE MNOUCHKINE and GEORGES DANCIGERS
LOPERT PICTURES CORPORATION

Agnès is drugged by her kidnappers and taken to Orly airport. Adrien catches up with them and follows them onto a plane that turns out to be bound for Brazil. During the flight she does not recognise him. When they land in Rio de Janeiro, Adrien manages to elude the police, and enlists the help of 'Sir Winston', a shoeshine boy, to help him flee from assassins and find Agnès. He manages to free her from the hotel where her kidnappers have hidden her, and brings her back to her senses.

They try to find the second statuette, which was buried in the garden of the villa where Agnès lived as a child. But the kidnappers steal that from them, and they find their way to Brasilia to meet Marco de Castro, a rich businessman who owns the third statuette. Professor Catalan, Professor de Villermosa's old assistant, murders de Castro and kidnaps Agnès, and Adrien is forced to find his way into the jungle to save her and recover the statues.

The story is like a Tintin comic. Obviously it's preposterous, but the movie is so entertaining that you indulge the fantasy. The dialogue is often hilarious; there are some first-class chase and fight sequences, including one brilliantly filmed barroom brawl; and Belmondo has a real chemistry with Dorléac, who

That Man from Rio (1964)

was Catherine Deneuve's elder sister but seems more like her bratty, airheaded younger one. The best moments in That Man from Rio are the ones that highlight Belmondo's capacity for quick thinking and improvisation. His character is completely fearless, and never flinches from climbing on a window ledge ten stories above the ground, or flying a plane that he has no idea how to use.

Still, That Man from Rio isn't all heroic. You never forget that Adrien is just a normal soldier. The funniest scenes feature Adrien complaining about his fiancée, as when Agnès and Sir Winston end up leading him to a shanty town where a group of Afro-Brazilians are dancing the samba. Adrien comments to an old black man who can't understand him:

"I left my country, my family, my army, my friends and crossed the oceans to see some ho dancing around to people banging on pots and pans. Does this look normal to you?"

He complains to Sir Winston about how high-maintenance Agnès is:

"She always wants something we haven't got. [. . .] A woman, Sir Winston, is someone who's waiting at home, who's tender and understanding. You come home, she opens the door, she plays the piano or the harp. You're home. This ho can't boil an egg, but I follow her across the world. Is that normal?"

You would never see dialogue like this in a James Bond film, let alone one of those meathead American action movies from the 1980s. This is an action movie for grown-ups.

Until recently, French filmmakers rarely bothered very much about making movies for international markets. The audience at home is large, enthusiastic and knowledgeable so that there isn't that much of a need to cater to the tastes of the lowest common denominator, as has been the case in Hollywood for decades, even before producers began ignoring Americans in favour of Chinese and third-world markets. Belmondo is a patriot, and has always tried to make movies that please his fans at home. It shows, in the quality of almost everything he has made.

Belmondo prefers theatre to cinema because he knows that (at its best) it's a superior entertainment. Difficult to believe for those of us who have recently been forced to watch plays in London, New York or (worst of all) Berlin, but a good stage show is more satisfying than a great movie. Still, the big money is in motion pictures. From the 1970s until his retirement in the early 2000s, Belmondo was one of the most successful film producers in France.

Belmondo can do Clint Eastwood-type roles, but he's much less limited than Eastwood (who can be a great director but has never been much of a performer, despite his undeniable presence on screen). His heroes aren't cerebral in the sense of being slow-thinking or reflective; instead they are quick-witted and resourceful. They rely less on guns and weaponry than standard American action heroes. Belmondo's most iconic role in this vein is as the renegade secret service agent Josselin Beaumont, in the classic 1981 thriller Le Professionel.

This movie is based loosely on the novel Death of a Thin-Skinned Animal by the once-famous British crime writer Patrick Alexander. Belmondo initially wanted to make a movie about Françoise Claustre, the French archaeologist who was kidnapped and held hostage in Chad for three years (1974-1977). A French military officer sent to negotiate with the kidnappers was captured and executed. Belmondo wanted to work on this project with Yves Boisset, who wanted to make a 'serious' film instead of an action movie. In the end Belmondo's instincts were much sounder than Boisset's, and the film he ended up shooting with his old friend Georges Lautner is much more 'serious' than anything the self-important Boisset has ever made.

Le Professionel might be the best movie ever made about France's uneasy relationship with its former African colonies. Josselin Beaumont, known throughout the film as 'Joss', is sent to the nation of 'Malagawi' to take out the dictator Colonel N'Jala, until the political situation changes. Instead of being recalled to France, Joss is denounced to the dictator's government on the order of the French Foreign Ministry. He is subjected to a show trial during which he is drugged, and spends two years doing forced labour in a prison camp, where

BELMONDO
LE PROFESSIONNEL
UN FILM DE GEORGES LAUTNER
DIALOGUES MICHEL AUDIARD
JEAN DESAILLY
ROBERT HOSSEIN
CYRIELLE CLAIRE · MICHEL BEAUNE · ELYSABETH MARGONI · JEAN-LOUIS RICHARD
MARIE-CHRISTINE DESCOUARD
ENNIO MORRICONE

he is frequently subjected to torture. When Joss escapes, he decides to go back to Paris with two aims in mind: to get revenge on the superiors who sold him out, and to kill Colonel N'Jala during his diplomatic trip to France.

> Jean-Paul Belmondo has always understood what the cinema is for. It's for the audience, not the artist. Nobody working in cinema today has the same fine instincts for this special relationship that stars need to have with their public.

The men who betrayed Joss have many sleepless nights, as Colonel Martin (Jean-Louis Richard) and his men desperately try to find ways to find and capture or kill Joss, once he casually notifies them that he has escaped and returned to Paris. His greatest enemy is the brutal Commissaire Rosen (Robert Hossein), who hates him bitterly and will stop at nothing to have him taken out. The problem is that Joss is the best agent the Secret Service has ever had, and they cannot think of a way to outsmart him. He openly taunts them by visiting his wife (played by Élisabeth Margoni) and feeding information to his mistress (Cyrielle Clair), who works for the Secret Service.

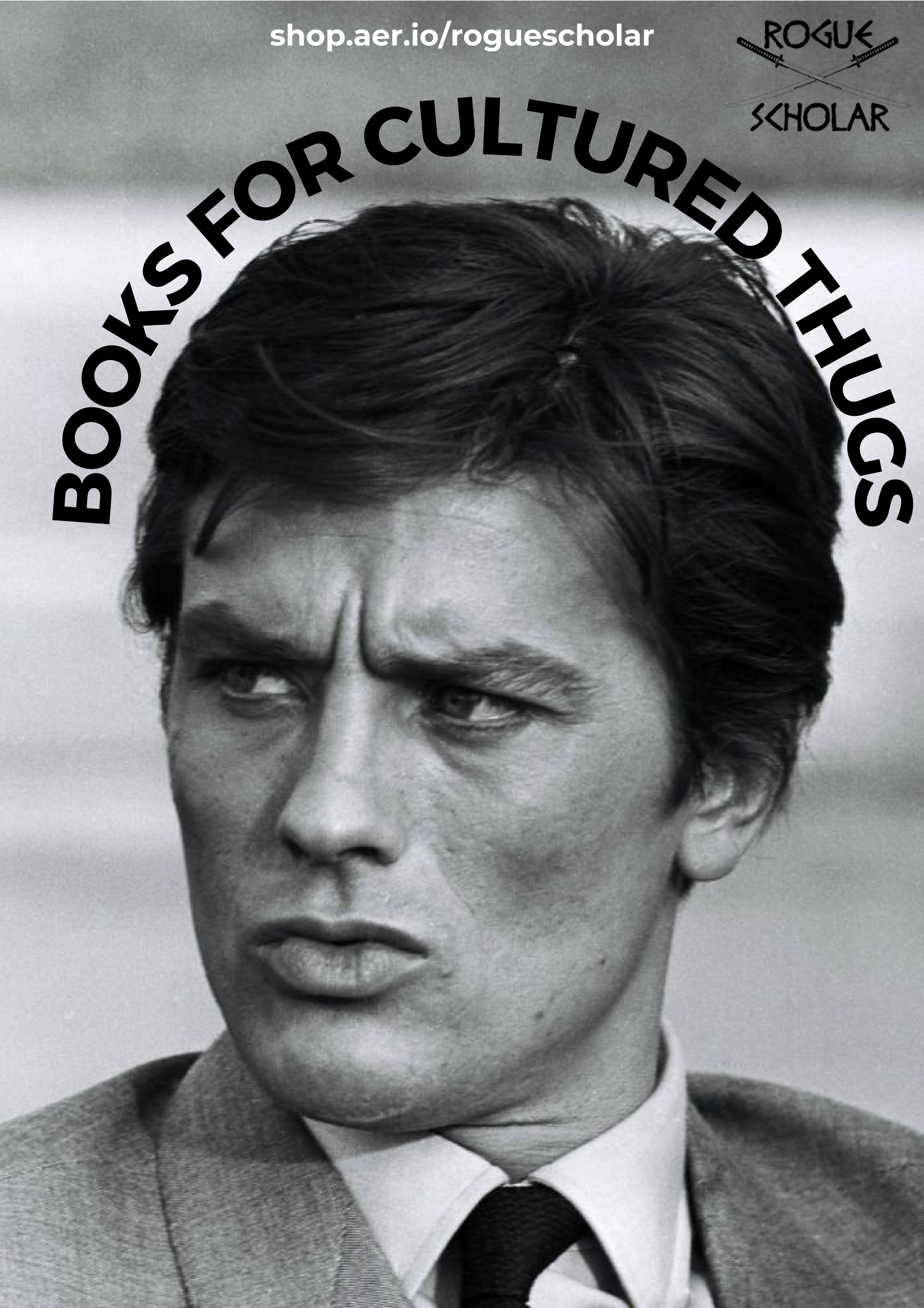
Commissaire Rosen's most competent men include the hapless Inspector Farges (Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu), who is repeatedly humiliated by Joss. One of the most memorable scenes in Le Professionel takes place in a café at breakfast-time. Inspector Farges stops for a coffee at the bar after staking out Joss's home. Before leaving, he'd hit Joss's wife and threatened her. Quietly he drinks his coffee. Suddenly a hand reaches over and dips a croissant into the cup. Joss has followed him. The coffee cup drops to the ground and shatters. Farges tries to reach for his gun, but Joss relieves him of it, then returns the insult by socking him in the jaw whilst continuing to munch on the croissant. A little dazed, Farges tries to explain the situation; Joss will have none of it, and punches him again, then slaps him with an open hand. The inspector stumbles and bloodies his nose against a pool table. On his way out, Joss tells the barman that his friend will pay for the croissant.

Joss's revenge on Commissaire Rosen is sheer perfection; throughout the movie the whole secret service is made to look like a bunch of bumbling amateurs. And of course the audience knows that Colonel N'Jala is doomed, but Joss is so ingenious that even an alert viewer would struggle to guess just how he might get back at the dictator. Belmondo's hero here is like a figure from ancient Greek legend: intelligence and calculation matter as much as prowess and strength.

Ultimately, Le Professionel is downbeat, and even slightly anticlimactic. The movie's soundtrack (by Ennio Morricone, who also composed the music for the 'spaghetti Westerns' that Sergio Leone made with Clint Eastwood) is curiously melancholic for an action movie. But it reflects the fact that a hero like Joss is too mythic in scale to be able to survive for very long surrounded by dishonourable, unimpressive, second-rate civil servants.

Jean-Paul Belmondo has always understood what the cinema is for. It's for the audience, not the artist. Nobody working in cinema today has the same fine instincts for this special relationship that stars need to have with their public. They let themselves be controlled by agents, publicists and all the various faceless, talentless commissars of corporate bureaucracy. There is too much envy and self-loathing in the movie industry for someone like Belmondo to arise today, especially in Hollywood. Or is it impossible? After all, Belmondo himself became an international star only because of the fluke that was Breathless.

The film industry all over the world is in such a fragile state right now that there are endless opportunities for something like Breathless to happen again. If someone reading these words is an actor, or knows an actor, and wants to make things like this happen again, study the three films discussed here and get going. We have been waiting too long for another Belmondo.


shop.aer.io/roguescholar
ROGUE
SCHOLAR
BOOKS FOR CULTURED THUGS

TOBACCO: A SHORT HISTORY OF MASCULINE USAGE

LIGA MAESTRO
MOMBACHO

Words: Jared Ingrisano (@jaredmichaeli)

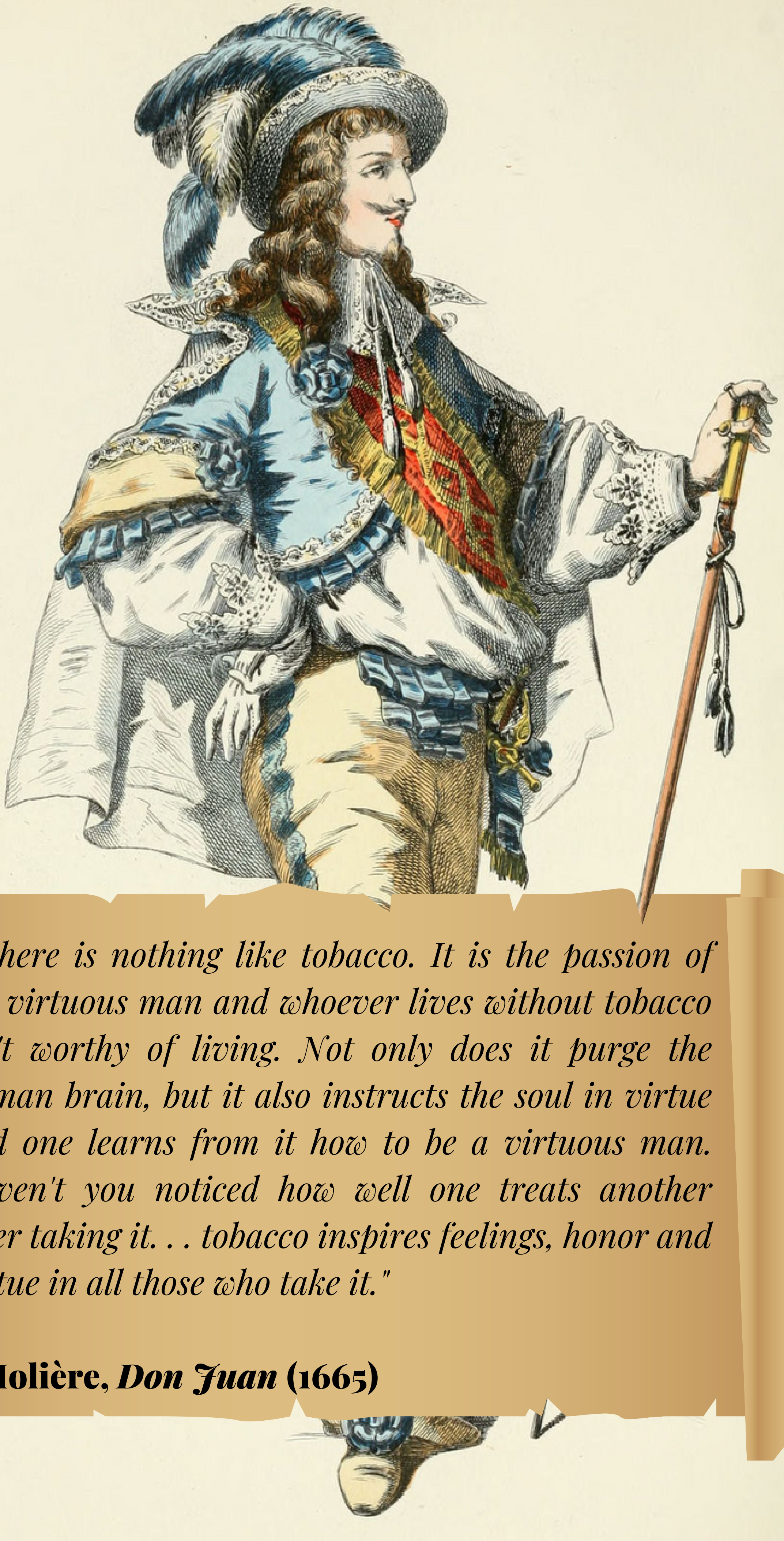
Jared Ingrisano, big man at Mombacho Cigars, Nicaragua's premier brand, invites us to take a seat with him and savour the rich aroma and the rich history of one of the ultimate manly pleasures.

Tobacco has long been an essential part of the traditional masculine man's repertoire. The refined man possesses an ardent respect for and enjoyment of premium tobacco, which was once the preserve of just a small group of tribal leaders who monopolized its use; in his own way, he guards its use now just as carefully as they did then. While in the modern democratic world any man can enjoy the myriad pleasures and benefits of this finest of plants, only some, a privileged few, will truly discover the finest of the fine.

Tobacco has a deep connection with masculine pursuits, for masculinity is its history. The name comes from the Taino language of the Arawak Indians of the Caribbean. Throughout the Caribbean and what is now Latin America, tobacco was grown and used by the natives. When Columbus arrived in the Caribbean in 1492, believing himself to be in Asia, the Arawaks greeted him with dried tobacco leaves as a token of friendship. Not long after, a party from Columbus's ship witnessed native men smoking the leaf throughy-shaped tubes inserted into their noses, inhaling the smoke until they passed out. A few decades later, the friar Bartolomé de las Casas provided one of the first detailed descriptions of smoking. He described how Columbus's men discovered

"men with half-burned wood in their hands and certain herbs to take their smokes, which are some dry herbs put in a certain leaf, also dry, like those the boys make on the day of the Passover of the Holy Ghost; and having lighted one part of it, by the other they suck, absorb, or receive that smoke inside with the breath, by which they become benumbed and almost drunk, and so it is said they do not feel fatigue. These, muskets as we will call them, they call tabacos. I knew Spaniards on this island of Española who were accustomed to take it, and being reprimanded for it, by telling them it was a vice, they replied they were unable to cease using it. I do not know what relish or benefit they found in it."

By this time, tobacco-smoking had already become an established masculine pleasure among the Spanish colonists in the New World and was fast becoming established in the Old World as well. The Spanish had



"...there is nothing like tobacco. It is the passion of the virtuous man and whoever lives without tobacco isn't worthy of living. Not only does it purge the human brain, but it also instructs the soul in virtue and one learns from it how to be a virtuous man. Haven't you noticed how well one treats another after taking it. . . tobacco inspires feelings, honor and virtue in all those who take it."

- Molière, *Don Juan* (1665)

introduced tobacco to Europe by about 1528, and already as early as 1533 there were dedicated tobacco merchants in cities like Lisbon, as evidenced by the will of Christopher Columbus's eldest son, Diego.

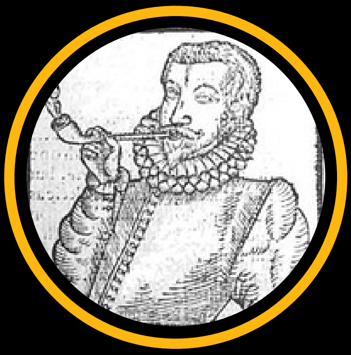
Although las Casas could see no value to the herb, tobacco was becoming as much of an obsession for Europeans as for the natives of the New World. The leaf's medicinal properties were sought in addition to its pleasures. More than a dozen books published around the middle of the sixteenth century mention tobacco as a cure for just about everything – from pains in the joints to epilepsy to plague. "Anything that harms a man inwardly from his girdle upward might be removed by a moderate use of the herb."

A notable early episode occurred in the 1560s, when the French ambassador to Portugal, Jean Nicot, used tobacco to cure the migraines suffered by Catherine de Medicis. As a result of his efforts, a tobacco craze began among the French, who called it 'herbe a tous les maux', the plant against evil, pains and other bad things. By 1565, tobacco was known as 'nicotaine'. The ambassador's surname still remains today as the basis of the scientific genus of the plant, and for the name of the substance, nicotine, from which many of tobacco's most beneficial properties are drawn.

With growing popularity came growing profits, and soon tobacco was an important part of the new colonial economies of the New World. In certain places, notably the English colonies, tobacco was used as a form of money throughout the 17th and 18th centuries. Tobacco was central to the growth, indeed the very survival, of the colony of Virginia, where cultivation had actually been limited by an early deputy governor, who feared that the settlers would neglect their basic needs in their eagerness to get rich. By 1640, the colony would be exporting over a million pounds of Virginia tobacco a year. Virginia tobacco was advertised in London with verses such as the following:

Life is a smoke! If this be true,
Tobacco will thy Life renew;
Then fear not Death, nor killing care
Whilst we have best Virginia here.

So within a matter of perhaps a hundred and fifty years, this humble leaf had gone from being an unusual gift to the first Europeans to set foot in the New World, to an essential part of the expanding economies of the European colonial powers. Tobacco had been released from its ritual context and become one of the first global commodities, to be enjoyed by prince and pauper alike. And even those princes who didn't enjoy it, such as England's James I, who famously denounced tobacco in his 1604 pamphlet 'A Counterblaste to Tobaco', could not deny the leaf's power, especially when it began to fill their coffers handsomely. Tobacco was here to stay.

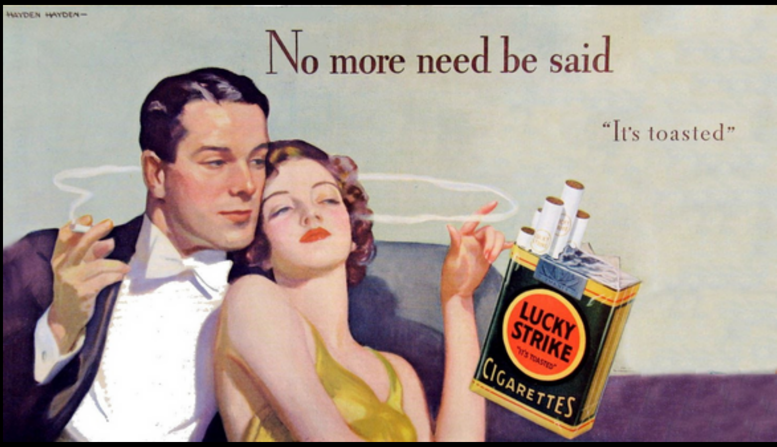


A man smoking a pipe, from Tabaco, by Anthony Chute, an Elizabethan poet and pamphleteer

For a long time snuff, snorted through the nose, was one of the most popular forms of tobacco. By the first quarter of the 19th century, cigars had taken over. In England in 1826, for example, just 26lbs of cigars were imported annually, but by 1830 this had exploded to 250,000lbs a year. Cigars became popular in the northern United States at around the same time, with soldiers bringing Latin American cigars back with them after the Mexican War. In the southern states, chewing tobacco remained the most popular form.

The roots of the tobacco industry as we know it began in the mid 1800s, when Philip Morris began to sell Turkish cigarettes in London, and J.E. Liggett established his tobacco business in St. Louis, Missouri. Matches, which made smoking more convenient, were also introduced for the first time.

In 1884 James Bonsack patented the first cigarette-rolling machine. Production speed increased from 2,000 a day to 120,000 a day. Bonsack went into business with the tobacco farmers Washington and James "Buck" Duke, and that year, the Dukes alone produced 744,000 cigarettes, more than the entire national total of the previous year. The economic impact of Bonsack's invention was incalculable, and has been compared with the invention of the lightbulb and telephone and the first powered flight.



An early advertisement for Lucky Strike cigarettes. Cigarette manufacture became more or less totally automated by the end of the nineteenth century

MOMBACHO
MOMBACHO
LIGA MAESTRO
MOMBACHO
TIERRA VOLCA
MOMBACHO

Now, in an age of mass-produced tobacco, the cigar – hand-rolled, of course – represents the finest product money can buy. Unlike the cigarette, which is now associated equally with both genders, the cigar remains an overwhelmingly masculine product. In many ways, it remains the last preserve of those ancient warriors and shamans who regarded tobacco as a sacred leaf and treated it with veneration. Where a cigarette can be manufactured in the blink of an eye, the construction of a proper cigar requires skill and artistry, work a machine could never replicate. This sacred care is something only a refined and mature man, one who takes quality seriously and appreciates the value of individuality, could truly understand and prize.

Here at Mombacho, it's the human touch that makes all the difference, from the binding of the filler tobacco to rolling cigars from the moulds. Mombacho cigars are truly artisanal products, invested with the personality and the passion of the people who make them.

At the same time, though, we have not neglected to embrace the latest technology that allows us to produce the finest product. Our aging room is equipped with an advanced humidification system which automatically sprays a mist of only purified and balanced water into the micro-climate. Our system produces a fine vapor of 5 micron water molecules, delivering a non-wetting humidity at regular intervals. The energy-efficient clean air conditioning unit keeps the room at the perfect cooling temperature and assists in controlling humidity levels. The blend of water mist and cool air keeps our Aging Room exactly at the optimal conditioning for aging and delivers to you the highest quality of aged and humidified cigars.

We age our cigars to perfection. Each one sleeps peacefully until it is ready to be woken. After this process is completed, our cigars are moved from the Aging Room to be hand-dressed in our Packaging Room. Here, our well-aged cigars are kept at a controlled temperature while they are sorted and labelled with a date stamp, certifying exactly when your Mombacho cigar was rolled.

For those lucky enough to know the sight and aroma of a cigar, fond memories usually follow – of that hard-working, kind grandfather who would sit on his porch and reflect, cigar between his thick fingers. Or that dashing great uncle who wouldn't button his vest if the pockets weren't brimming with a cigar and his various accoutrements. By today's standards, these men of blessed memory seem closer than we to the men who sailed back home with tobacco for the first time.

But cigars are not just for the past; memories can be made as well as recalled. If you have yet to enjoy a cigar, try one. If you have and much time has passed, there is no time like the present. Ask a friend to join you, split a few logs, start a fire and enjoy conversation heightened – spiced if you will – by the fine taste and aroma of a cigar.

In my experience as a global tobacco professional, premium tobacco is the single finest natural product that both evokes a seemingly timeless domain of masculinity and also draws the user in to it. With a fine cigar, you are not simply a smoker, but a man communing with many other men from ages past and yet to come. With a cigar, the history is the product, and there's much more still to be written. What will your place be in it?

How Cigars Are Made

1 PLANTING

Beginning with the tobacco plant, the plants are first seeded and then transplanted into a field, where they will remain for up to ten weeks. During this time, the leaves are carefully cultivated and remain covered with special cloths that protect them from the harmful rays of the sun. In some cases, these plants can take several months to reach maturity.

The raw materials, bound together

3 FERMENTATION

Once the tobacco has been cured, the leaves are then sorted based on size and color. Broken or smaller leaves will be set aside for the filler. Large leaves are reserved for the binder and the most attractive uniform leaves will be set aside for the wrapper. Leaves designed for the wrapper are often grown in the shade and receive more care than leaves used for filler or binders. The leaves are then tied into bundles that can consist of up to fifteen leaves per bundle. These bundles are placed in large casks or packed in boxes. The tobacco must remain stored in the casks or boxes for several months or years. In some cases, the leaves are left to ferment for up to five years. During this time, the leaves will undergo chemical changes. When fermenting, the aroma and taste of the tobacco develops. Typically, cigar tobacco is left to ferment for a much longer period of time compared to tobacco that's used for pipe or cigarette smoking. On average, most cigar tobacco is left to ferment for three to seven years for high-quality brands. Once this process is complete, the leaves will once again be sorted.

2 CURING

Once the plants have been harvested, the leaves must then be cured, which is allows them to develop their own special aroma. The leaves must be cured once they have changed from green to a yellowish or dried brown colour. On a chemical level, the chlorophyll content in the leaves will break down gradually and be replaced by carotene. In order to cure the leaves, the plants are hung on laths, narrow strips of wood suspended from the ceiling in a large curing barn which is well-ventilated. In hot and dry weather, the leaves can be cured by remaining hung up for a determined period of time, a process known as air-curing. However, leaves can also be flue-cured. For flue-curing, the leaves have to be closely monitored in order to prevent damage caused by rapid drying. Hardwood and sawdust may be burned to help with the drying process.

4 ROLLING

The leaves used for filler will need to have the main stem removed prior to processing otherwise the cigar will not have an even burn. This is usually done by hand, but it can also be done by machine.

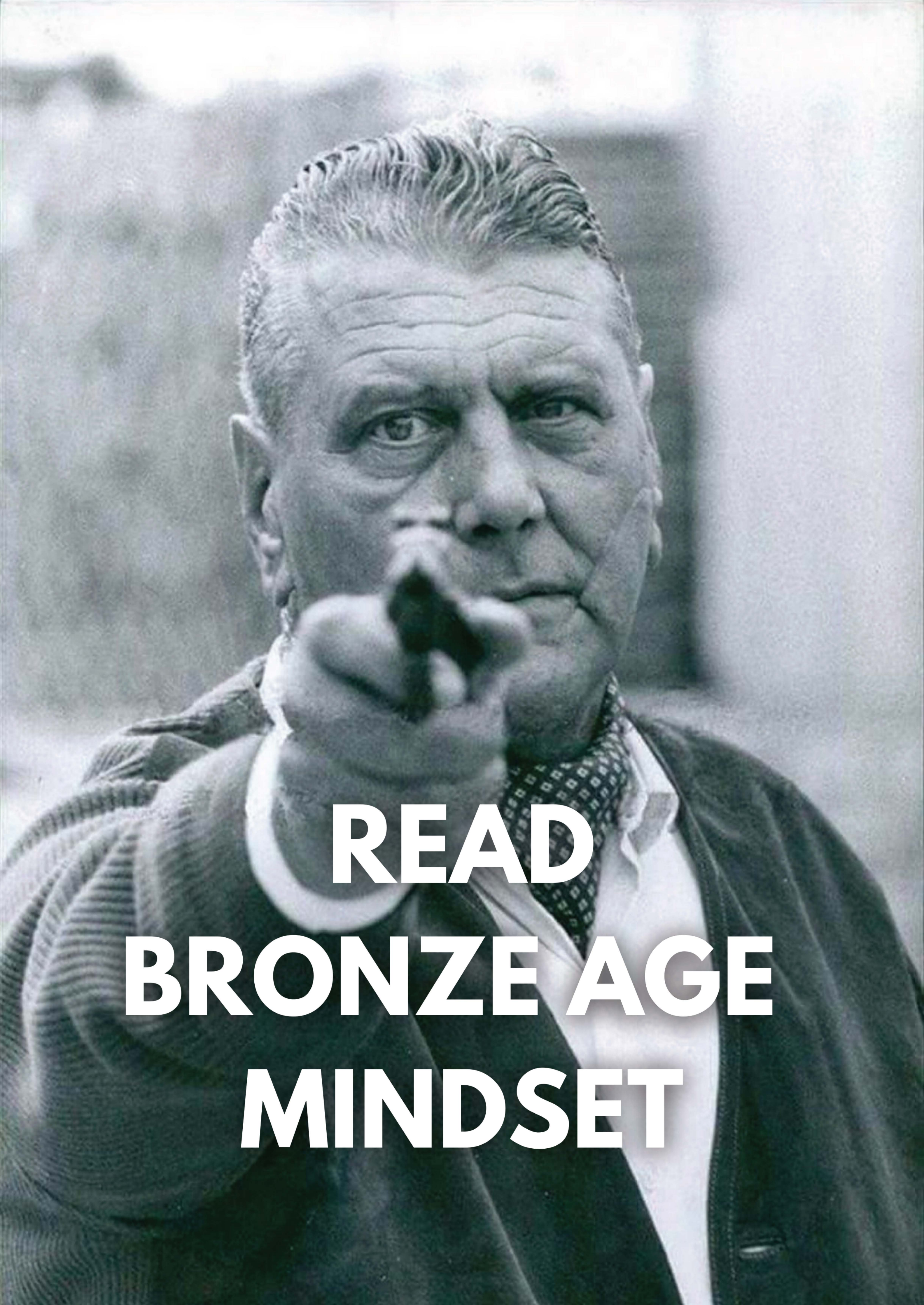
Leaves that are stripped are then stored for further fermentation after they have been wrapped in bales. The bales will be shipped at this time for the final step in the production process. But before the leaves are ready for the manufacturing process, they must be steamed in order to restore any humidity that was lost. This will help to prevent the leaves from breaking down.

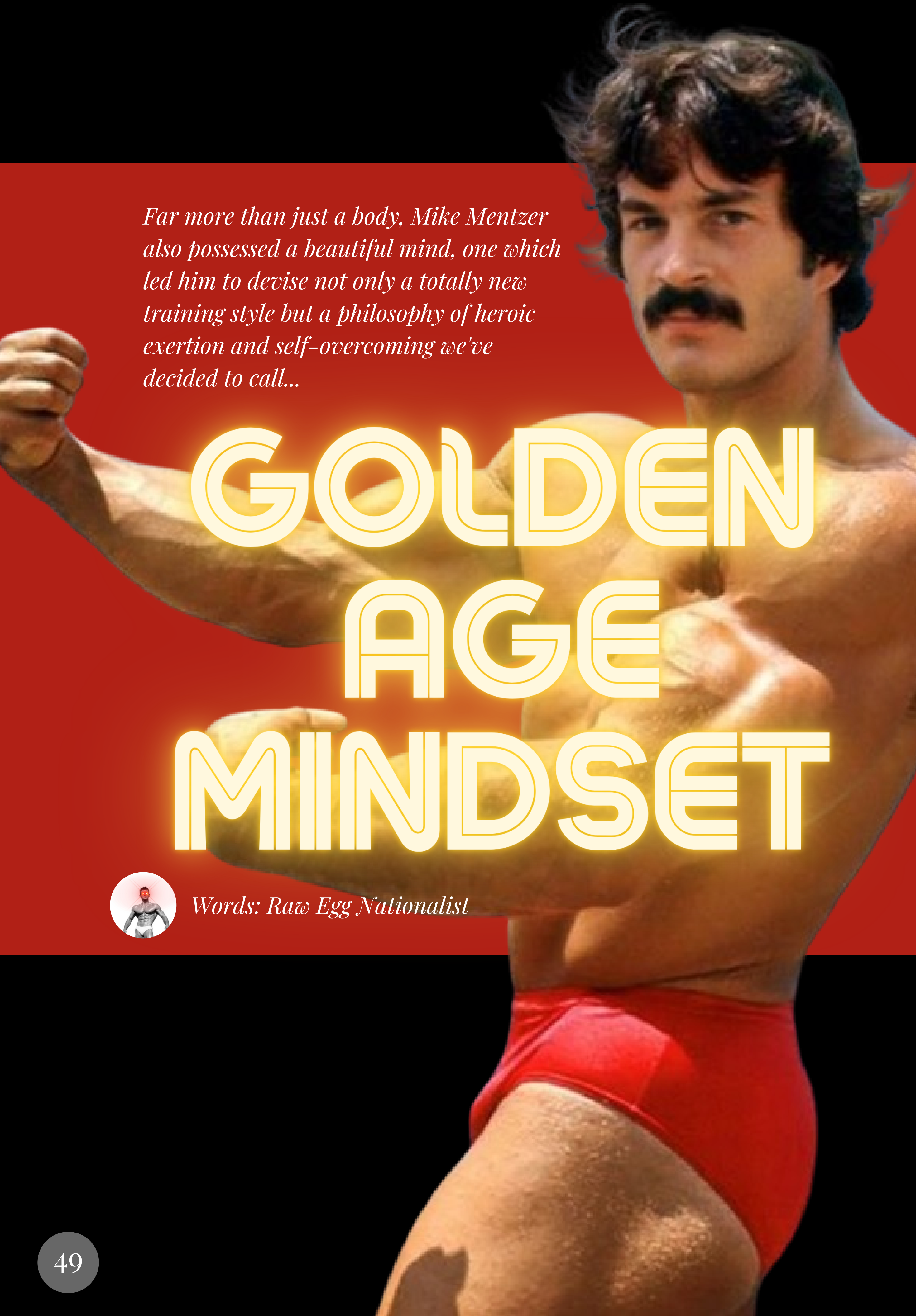
High-quality cigars are almost always rolled by hand, a process requiring great skill. The cigar filler must be evenly packed in order for the cigar to burn smoothly, while the wrapper must be wound in an even spiral around the length of the cigar. A hand roller will typically work in a small factory. Each hand roller will sit at a table with a stack of tobacco leaves and enough space to roll. The worker must first choose from several leaves used for the filler. These leaves are placed on top of each other and rolled into a tight bunch. The roller will then place this filler bunch on the binder leaf and roll it cylindrically around the filler leaves. These unfinished cigars are then placed in a wooden mould that will preserve their shape until the wrapping phase.

Wrapping cigars is the most difficult step in the entire process. The roller will take the almost complete cigar out of its mould and place the wrapper leaf around it. To do so, they will use a chaveta, which is a special type of rounded knife. The knife is used to trim off any filler irregularities. They will then roll the wrapper leaf around the binder and filler three and a half times, then finish by cutting a small round piece out of a different wrapper leaf and attaches it to the end of the cigar using a special paste.

MOMBACHO
1925
CASA FAVILLI
MOMBACHO
CIGARS S.A.
Cigars of Nicaragua
COSECHA 2015
10% off all
Mombacho cigars
with the code
"rawegg"

GOTHIC VIOLENCE
A BOOK BY MIKE MA

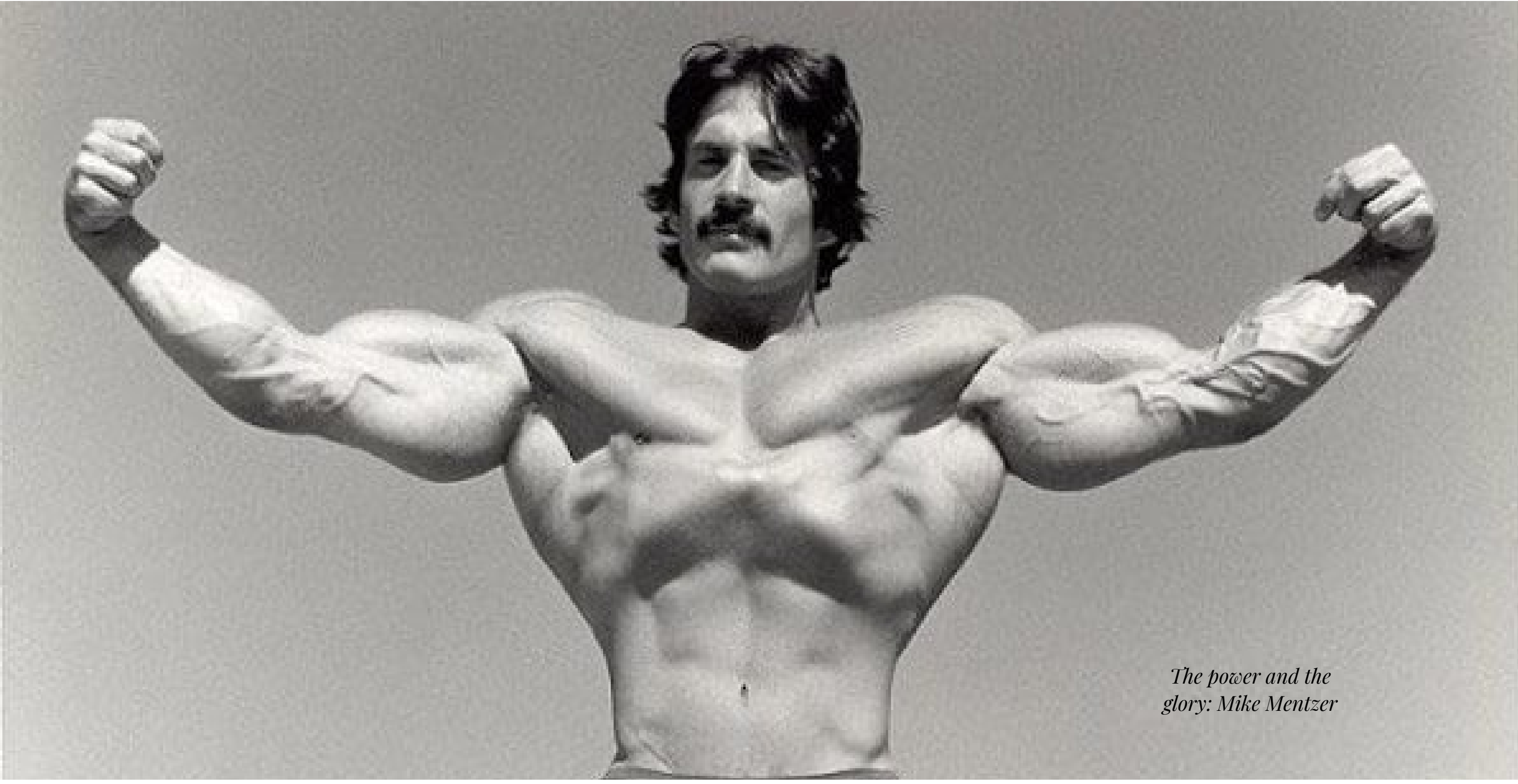

READ
BRONZE AGE
MINDSET



Far more than just a body, Mike Mentzer also possessed a beautiful mind, one which led him to devise not only a totally new training style but a philosophy of heroic exertion and self-overcoming we've decided to call...

GOLDEN AGE MINDSET

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist



The power and the glory: Mike Mentzer

Although his untimely death at the age of 49 from an heart attack – brought on by a congenital predisposition – would deprive the world of much further wisdom and insight into the twin process of physical and mental self-development, by the time of his death Mike Mentzer had already created and begun to spread an integrated philosophy of mind and body that goes far beyond anything we might expect a 'mere' bodybuilder to produce. Then again, Mike Mentzer was no mere bodybuilder.

The greatness of Mike Mentzer is somewhat belied by the list of his professional achievements as a bodybuilder. Although he won the Mr Universe with the first ever perfect score, he never won the Mr Olympia, bodybuilding's Superbowl. His final contest, the 1980 Olympia, is often seen as the sport's equivalent of the WWE's infamous Montreal Screwjob, with Arnold Schwarzenegger, rather than Shawn Michaels and Vince McMahon, as the villain. While some, perhaps Vince Gironda among them, might say that Mentzer's later physique marked a watershed in bodybuilding, a transitional form between the physiques of the Golden Age and the so-called 'mass monsters' of today, his physique was still a world away from the bloated, graceless forms disfiguring the Olympia stage today.

What makes Mentzer great, what makes him truly stand out from his peers, is his sincere attempt to build a new kind of bodybuilding and to furnish it with its own ethic, one drawn from his own extensive reading in philosophy and literature. In place of a 'bro' pseudo-philosophy relying by turns on platitudes and a bastardised notion of 'might is right', Mentzer preached an integrated philosophy of body and mind. 'Man is an indivisible entity, an integrated unit of mind and body.' Bodybuilding was to be an objective science rooted in first principles, and its practitioner an heroic figure participating in an immortal struggle.

These ideas, especially the belief that bodybuilding could and should be treated in this manner in the first place, were rooted in Objectivism, the philosophical system developed by the novelist Ayn Rand. Philosophy is not just some detached activity reserved for a select few in the musty halls of academe, but an essential part of living correctly and happily, and this should apply as much to bodybuilding as to any other meaningful human activity. Rand's most famous novels The Fountainhead and Atlas Shrugged were constant companions throughout Mentzer's life, their heroic characters – Howard Roark, John Galt – inspiration for the ethical aspect of his new bodybuilding system.

Mentzer's withdrawal from competition at the age of 29 was motivated as much by disgust at the way bodybuilders trained as by the way the sport was run. He wanted to ground bodybuilding in an evidence-based method – that is, in what he considered to be science. Despite the clear forward progress bodybuilders were making (i.e. they were getting bigger and bigger), he nonetheless believed that bodybuilding was still in its Dark Ages. In his mind, the 'Dark Age' bodybuilding of the 1970s and '80s was rooted in just three principles (intensity, frequency and duration), whereas the true scientific bodybuilding should instead be built around seven (identity, intensity, duration, frequency, specificity, adaptation and progression). The training method he developed using these seven principles would come to be known as 'high-intensity training' (not to be confused with the 'high-intensity interval training' (HIIT) so popular with Crossfitters and the like).

Mike had been formulating and playing around with these principles since the early 1970s, when he had trained with Casey Viator. Unlike Mentzer and most other bodybuilders, who were training up to five hours a day, the 19-year-old Viator was able to win the 1971 Mr America contest by training just an hour a day, three times a week.

Later, Mike would learn Casey's methods directly from his mentor, Arthur Jones, the inventor of the Nautilus range of equipment, and then take them even further himself. By the time of the 1978 Mr Universe, which he won with the first ever perfect score of 300, Mike in his own words 'was training roughly 45 minutes per workout and engaging in only two to three workouts per week'. After retiring from bodybuilding competition in 1980, he would continue to develop and apply these principles with private clients. Most famous among them was Dorian Yates, whose modified version of Mentzer's training methods, often referred to as 'blood and guts training', would lead him to six consecutive Mr Olympia titles.

The most complete account of Mike's training method is surely High-Intensity Training the Mike Mentzer Way, published in 2002, not long after his death. What distinguishes it from most scientific accounts – since that's what it's intended to be – is the attention given to personal motivation. The philosopher and sociologist of the natural sciences will deal very strictly with method; but how many will ever undertake to explain why people actually do science in the first place, or what keeps them doing it? What is it that moves scientists to pursue ever-increasing knowledge, even to the point of absurdity and existential threat to humanity? Few can bring themselves to ask these questions, let alone answer them. The small minority of accounts of the scientific endeavour that do ask and answer these questions, perhaps most notably Nietzsche's Genealogy of Morals, hardly present a flattering picture of the scientific practitioner and their desires...

BRONZE AGE MINDSET
BY BRONZE AGE PERVERT

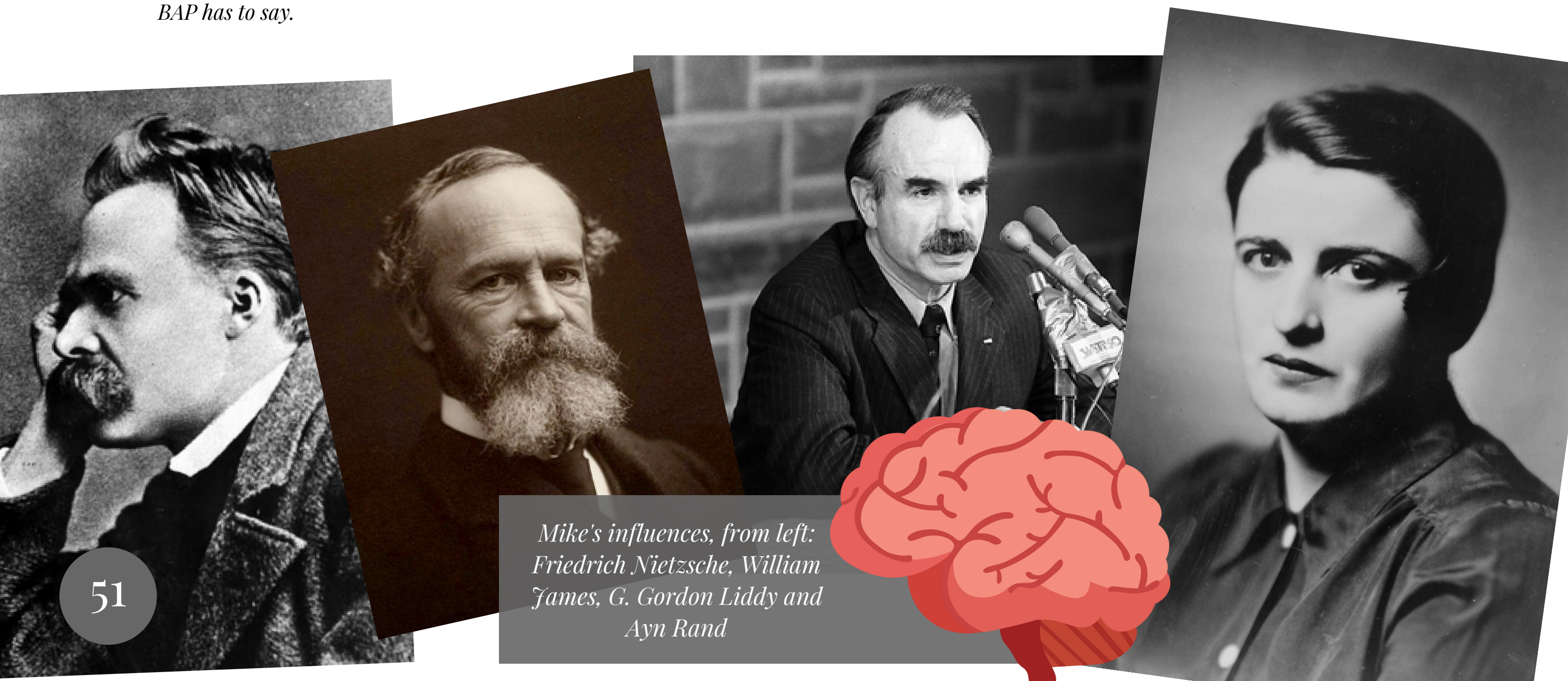
Bronze Age Mindset, Bronze Age Pervert's exhortation to renew the struggle against owned space and create a new world of adventure. It's hard to imagine Mike Mentzer disagreeing with most of what BAP has to say.

By contrast, Mike Mentzer's scientific bodybuilder has a very clear set of motivations, and these are described in detail in High-Intensity Training. The first chapter dedicated to motivation is entitled 'Developing a Siege Mentality in the Gym', and begins with a passage that's worth quoting at length.

'Although we are loath to admit it, the human race is by nature bellicose. History books are chronicles of our conflicts since Day One. And as much as our society decries the horrors of war, few would have our nation's past military glory erased from the history books. In ancient times, of course, men were hunters, and the most profitable and exciting way to live was to attack a neighbouring tribe, kill its men, take its women, and loot its villages. Because the most aggressive people endured, humankind's bellicose instincts have survived. The human race has evolved through struggle and combat. A life devoid of effort or struggle is enervating. Indeed, so much of civilized life today, while bestowing a certain amount of security, at the same time has withheld adventure.

Lacking a sufficient outlet for our biological drives and aggressive instincts, we are afflicted with depression and other nervous suffering – and no wonder! To flourish, the will needs a rallying point. At one time warfare gave individuals and societies that rallying point. But modern war is untenable. For myself and countless others, athletic training and sports competition provide a functional alternative to warfare.'

'The struggle against owned space' is one of the principal themes of Bronze Age Mindset, and there's nothing in the quotation above that would be out of place in that book. In both cases, we see modern man enervated, wilting for lack



Mike's influences, from left: Friedrich Nietzsche, William James, G. Gordon Liddy and Ayn Rand

Mike Mentzer as Hercules. In Mentzer's vision of a new kind of bodybuilding, the bodybuilder is an embodiment of timeless heroic ideals.

Bob Denard, the great French dog of war and ardent anti-communist whose career of foreign adventurism began with the Katanga secession crisis of the 1960s and continued in Congo, Angola, Rhodesia, Gabon and the Comoros Islands

of meaningful outlets for what the Greeks called thymos – the desiring, aggressive emotional force that pushes all men to seek distinction. For Mentzer as much as for BAP, warfare and its proxies are a purifying force, a crucible. Where Mentzer and BAP might appear to differ, at first glance at least, is in their attitude to modern warfare; for Mentzer, it is the failure of modern warfare to offer a satisfying outlet for thymos on a personal level that makes it ‘untenable’, as he says. After all, what good is heroism if your life can be ended by a lactating drone operator with Cheeto dust on her fingers, 5,000 miles away in an air-conditioned hanger? Bodybuilding, then, must be a kind of surrogate activity; the next-best-thing, if you will.

But does BAP really feel any differently about modern warfare? Despite his exhortations that those who are capable should seek to gain military experience, BAP is clearly looking to a time in the not-too-distant future when, as the great American empire collapses under the weight of its own contradictions, the domain of owned space contracts significantly across the globe and personal adventurism once more becomes a viable option. The new men of Bronze Age Mindset are not faceless operators of the military-industrial complex, but small brotherhoods of well-trained, disciplined soldiers of fortune – men like the great Mike Hoare and Bob Denard, whose personal brand of buccaneering flourished in the interstices of the Cold War.

The language of war, of war against oneself and one’s weaknesses, continues throughout the motivational sections of High-Intensity Training.

‘I always considered preparing for a contest to be my moral equivalent to war. Once contest preparation commenced, the gym ceased to be a mundane menagerie of grunting humans and was transformed into a mythical battlefield where the militaristic virtues of sweat, discipline and physical courage were applauded. The gym became the arena where I had the opportunity to become a hero.’

As for BAP, Nietzsche’s collected late notebooks, The Will to Power, were a text of great importance to Mentzer. He even describes Nietzsche as his ‘training partner’ for his triumph at the 1978 Mr Universe, and claims to have read The Will to Power for up to five hours a day to ‘put me in a certain state of mind and being’. Nietzsche’s focus on developing a strong will, on the triumph over suffering and personal limitations, were precisely what Mentzer needed to drive him towards victory and distinguish himself from his less motivated competitors.

‘There will be others,’ Mentzer writes, ‘who can dig deep and find the drive to train harder than they had ever dreamed possible, “to exceed themselves”, as Nietzsche exhorted us to do with his image of Ubermensch, or Overman.’

In 1980, as he prepared for his final Mr Olympia, it was G. Gordon Liddy, and his autobiography Will, that would be Mentzer’s new philosophical training partner. Liddy was variously an FBI agent, lawyer and one of the central figures in the Watergate scandal, for which he spent over four years in federal prisons. No doubt Mentzer chose this book not just for its title but because of its central drama, the author’s decision to face prison rather than betray his principles.

'I always considered preparing for a contest to be my moral equivalent to war... The gym became the arena where I had the opportunity to become a hero.'

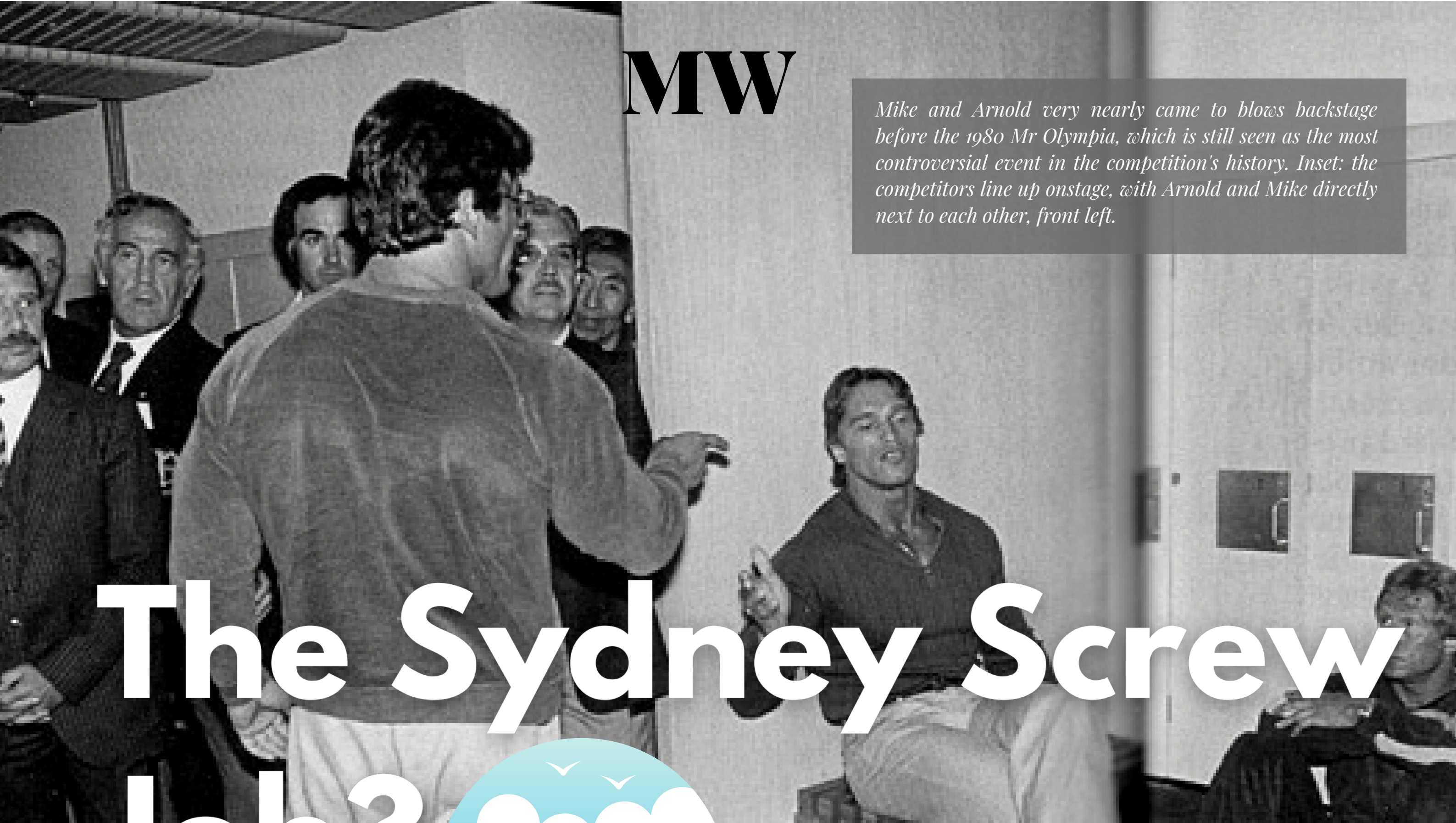
Clearly, Mentzer’s talk of combat, willpower and self-overcoming was not just empty posturing, but perhaps the best attempt to give bodybuilding a true ethic, one that goes beyond simply the pursuit of a beautiful physique. In doing so it restores to modern life, by way of the bodybuilder’s virtues and suffering, the heroic dimension that is so sorely lacking – the ‘archetypal human drama’, as Mentzer puts it.

And as part of that archetypal drama, the bodybuilder-philosopher’s story of course has its tragic element, and not just in his untimely death. After his retirement from bodybuilding, Mentzer faced a protracted nervous breakdown which may or may not, depending on who you ask, have involved running naked in the streets and directing traffic; prophesying the end of the world, Jeremiah-like; being arrested by the police; and awaiting the arrival of aliens. Confronted with these stories and asked if their publication would be an embarrassment to him, Mentzer laughed and replied, ‘I’ve been through so much that if you tried to embarrass me, you couldn’t do it!’

It’s difficult to resist the conclusion that bodybuilding alone, however much he elevated it, was not enough to sustain a man like Mike Mentzer. By his own admission, it was a substitute for war, the activity in which man finds the purest expression of his nature and his desire for growth and self-assertion.

Perhaps if he had been born 20 or 30 years later, a young Mentzer might now be assembling a crack team of bodybuilders in some tropical island stronghold, waiting for the right time to descend upon impoverished but resource-rich African nations...

Stranger things have happened.



Mike and Arnold very nearly came to blows backstage before the 1980 Mr Olympia, which is still seen as the most controversial event in the competition's history. Inset: the competitors line up onstage, with Arnold and Mike directly next to each other, front left.

The Sydney Screw Job?

The 1980 Mr. Olympia contest remains by far the most controversial in the event's history, for one (big) reason: Arnold Schwarzenegger. After a five-year hiatus from the sport, the six-type Mr Olympia shocked the bodybuilding world by announcing that he would be competing, less than a day before the contest was due to begin. Ostensibly in Sydney to commentate on the contest for CBS TV, Arnold had in fact been preparing in secret. Although Arnold was yet to be the international mega-star he became by the mid-eighties, he was already bodybuilding's biggest superstar and given his massive currency for the sport, the Mr Olympia and in particular the Weider brothers, who ran it, many sensed the fix was in.

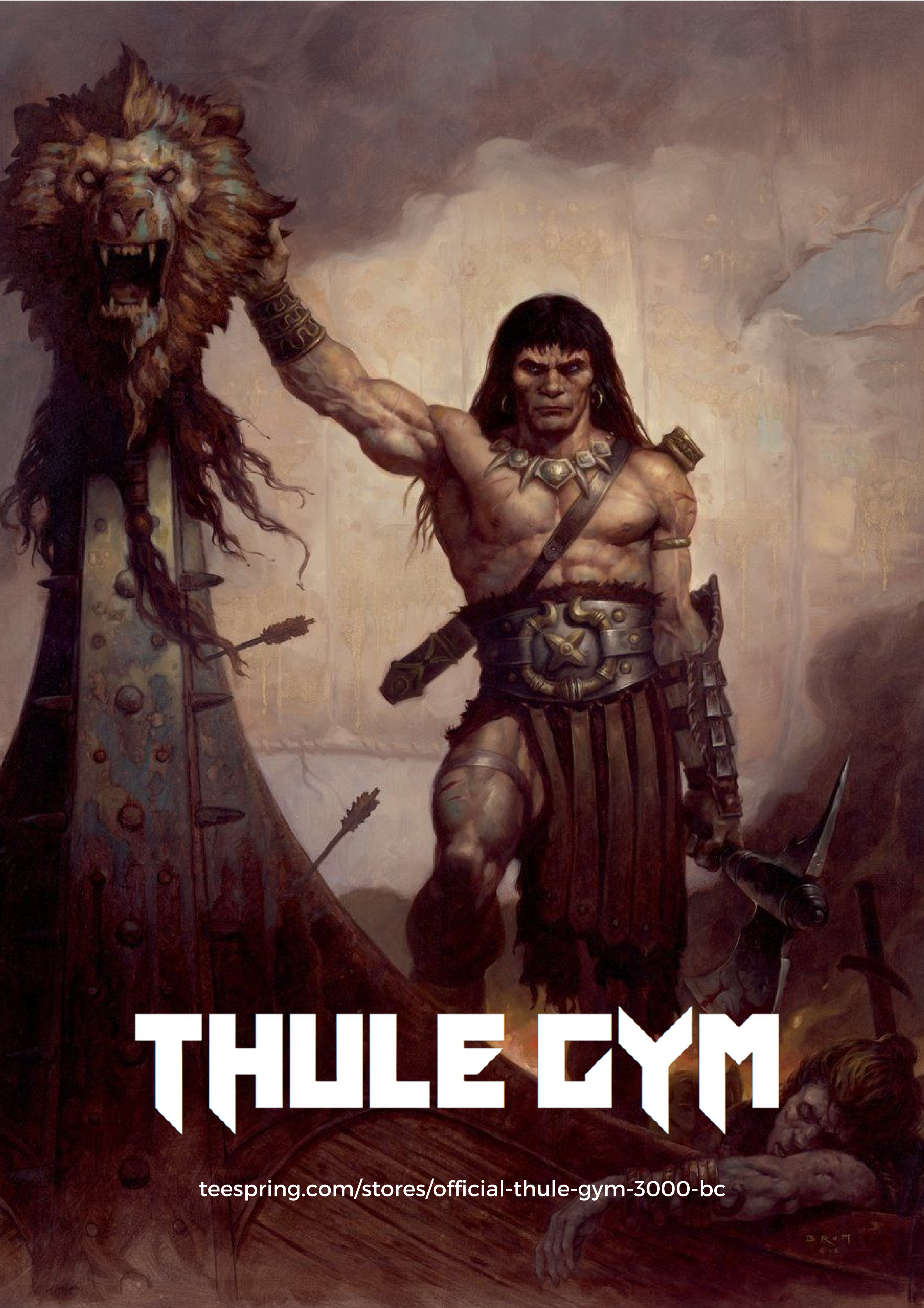
These fears were only confirmed when it became clear that Arnold was calling for a change to the rules whereby the competition would take place in two weight classes: under 200lbs and over 200lbs, with the two class winners posing off for the title. The Mr Olympia had actually taken place in this format between 1974 and 1979, but it had been decided to restore the competition to just a single open class for the 1980 contest, to avoid the possibility of the winner of the lighter class beating the winner of the heavier, or vice versa. Arnold knew that the 15 entrants had all previously petitioned for the restoration of a single weight class. Already suspicious, the other competitors were incensed, but Arnold seems not to have cared. He was famous for his mindgames, as anyone who has seen Pumping Iron will already know, and this was almost certainly one of them.

Things came to a head at the pre-contest meeting, as the argument over Arnold's demand descended into rancour. According to Mike Mentzer, Arnold directed a jibe at Samir Bannout and was then answered by Boyer Coe, who asked Arnold to explain why two weight classes were needed. When Mentzer interjected and asked why Arnold 'was so reluctant to see the open class introduced', the Austrian snapped back that he had lost to Frank Zane the previous year because of his fat stomach.

'I was seated 20 feet away from Arnold, who was standing holding court, and I perhaps allowed that comment to irritate me too much, as on impulse, I bolted toward him. As I approached him, I decided I wouldn't hit him, but nevertheless I was surprised when Arnold sat down as I continued to berate him. Wagging my finger at him, I told him, "Look, Arnold, Boyer Coe said what he did as a gentleman – he didn't deserve that response. You're the one who's acting like a baby, literally!" Arnold couldn't look me in the eye.'

At this point Joe Weider intervened and defused the situation. Arnold withdrew his proposal, which probably wouldn't have made a difference in any case. After five years away from competition, and with a clearly subpar physique (for him, at least), Arnold won. Mentzer, who many believe should have won, placed fifth.

LEGIOGLORIA.COM



THULE GYM

teespring.com/stores/official-thule-gym-3000-bc

An Elite Apart

The Biology of Hierarchy

Marriage à-la-mode: 1, the Marriage Settlement, William Hogarth, c.1743

In this exclusive essay, the Stone Age Herbalist (@Paracelsus1092) searches for the biological basis of hierarchy, leading us on a wild journey from the earliest hunter-gatherers, through the Neolithic and Indo-European migrations to the voodoo cults of 'Papa Doc' Duvalier.

A core principle of Western liberal politics, at least from the French Revolution, is the insistence that everyone is equal when our social roles are stripped away. The inherently horizontal nature of humanity is now the hegemonic view across most of the world; it’s hard for someone born and raised in modernity to think anything else. However, this was not always the dominant view and it demands closer scrutiny in light of our increased knowledge of prehistory and genetics.

Lurking questions stalk the fields of hunter-gatherer and early farming studies - how did social stratification occur and when? How was it maintained and developed, and what do these inequalities mean for us today? Did such a thing as a ‘biological hierarchy’ exist and how would it have arisen amid the much lauded egalitarian nomadic societies of our earliest ancestors? I’ll trace a winding path, from Voodoo priests to Polynesian chiefs, from Palaeolithic cannibal cults to Bronze Age island pyramids, all to show you how different conceptions of power and hierarchy function and to reveal the ancient roots of the enemy today.

Two Types of Forager

To begin the search for a natural hierarchy, we have to start with the traditional image of the small-scale nomadic foraging band, which is assumed to be the norm for the Palaeolithic. This social structure is defined as ‘simple’. This doesn’t mean that the group can’t have rich and complex traditions and stories and art, but it refers to the levels of social difference. A small band like this would be basically egalitarian.

This word is misleading though: it doesn't refer to the modern liberal idea of free individuals doing whatever they want. Even in small bands, people are governed by norms, precedents, group control methods such as mocking, enforced sharing and punishments like banishment. There will be natural hierarchies, between men and women, adults and children, the competent and the dependent, the elderly and the young. These form the texture and fabric of life, but they aren't institutionalised or fixed, much like a group of boys at school, or a club of friends. Dynamics change and shift and some people will rise and fall as coalitions form and fracture. Economically, this egalitarian form of social structure tends to also be simple. Food is collected and hunted and usually eaten on the spot. Very little if any is preserved.

Such an economy is referred to as 'immediate return': each person gets an immediate return on energy invested. The opposite to this is 'delayed return', associated with complex hunter-gatherers, groups with a more formal system of hierarchy and power, sometimes hereditary. It's not always obvious where the boundaries between these two lie, but what is clear is that highly complex hunter-gatherers mastered just about every technology typically associated with the Neolithic - ground stone tools, carpentry, astronomical maps and knowledge, pottery, early metalworking, warrior elites, slavery, monumental architecture and sacrificial rituals overseen by a shamanic or priestly class.

We know less about these complex hunter-gatherers, since they've been eradicated from history. We're left with anthropology, archaeology and surviving societies to bear witness to their achievements. In North America the two dominant examples are the fishing civilisations of the Pacific North-West and the Calusa people of Florida. Both were noted for their sedentary and stratified societies, based on aquatic resources, with rich traditions of boat building and a population of slaves. But how did we get from egalitarian nomads to slave owning forager-fishers without agriculture?

Secret Societies

One of the lesser known social realities of hunter-gatherers all around the world, is the presence of secret societies. Anthropologists have long documented their existence, but for some reason we prefer the simple nomad vision; it comes as a surprise to many that secret cults dedicated to sex, astronomy, cannibalism, music and art have been a normal part of human life since our origins. Brian Hayden, a specialist in forager religious and ritual practices, defines hunter-gatherer secret societies as:

"voluntary, ranked, ritual associations whose memberships, or at least the upper ranks of memberships, were exclusive and who typically claimed to possess ritual knowledge of great value to their own members or knowledge which could be used for the benefit of others, usually at a cost. This ritual knowledge constituted the 'secret' in these organizations. The existence of the societies and their memberships was typically public knowledge and was not part of the secret"

These secret societies often have similar characteristics: 1) a body of esoteric knowledge, 2) the use of costumes and masks to transform into animals and spirits, 3) instruments such as flutes and bull-roarers to create spirit noises, 4) images and artwork of powerful animals, 5) an initiation ritual involving an ecstatic experience, 6) the presence of human sacrifice and cannibalism, 7) use of prestige objects such as shells, precious stones, rare feathers etc, 8) a secret iconography, 9) special locations and structures for rituals, 10) exclusive and unusual burial practices for members, 11) exclusive male membership (usually) and 12) initiation of the members' children.

So: as hunter-gatherers develop in technological and social complexity, groups of men begin to form exclusive, hereditary organisations to enhance their wealth, power and prestige within the society. These rights and esoterica are jealously and violently defended from becoming common knowledge. Amazonian Mehinaku women, for instance, are terrified of accidentally seeing a secret ritual or even glimpsing the musical instruments:

"It has always been like that since our grandfathers' day. I don't want to see the sacred flutes. The men would rape me. I would die. Do you know what happened to the Waura woman who saw it? All the men raped her. She died later. Kauka had sex with her. I don't like it. But I would not get angry with the men if they did it to another woman."

It comes as a surprise to many that secret cults dedicated to sex, astronomy, cannibalism, music and art have been a normal part of human life since our origins.

Clockwise from top: San bushwomen forage for tubers; theLion Man of Hohlenstein-Stadel; Mehinaku Indians; a clay bison from Dolni Vestonice

---

Similar stories of rape and murder accompany the ethnographic record around the world when describing the relationship of women and girls to male secret societies. Sometimes women are violently initiated into the group, thus forcing them to guard the secret knowledge, but also trapping them somewhere between a biological female and a spiritual male; or women are simply killed for having witnessed a ritual, sacred instruments or artwork or for contaminating a ritual space. In the wider context male cults often serve to separate young boys from their mothers and extended female kin, to teach them the secrets of hunting magic and warriorhood. A useful outcome of this mechanism is to effectively recruit all kinship groups and their male leaders into one group, reducing competition and conflict and turning the secret society into a hereditary vehicle for power. In many cases there were strict rules around who could be admitted and even who could procreate. The Tahitian / Polynesian Arioi, a priestly secret society which worshipped the war god 'Oro, while admitting both men and women into their ranks, had severe control over their reproduction. While members of the Arioi had total sexual freedom before marriage, any child was killed at birth, to prevent contamination between the serf class and the nobility. Similarly the Hamatsa cannibal society of the Kwakiutl people of British Columbia had clear rules about the lineage of any candidate boy, who had to be from a high ranking aristocratic family.

Paleolithic Cults

Having seen some of the characteristics of documented secret societies, we can turn to the prehistoric evidence to look for patterns and commonalities which might point to the existence of similar organisations. One of the most dominant pieces of evidence comes from the spectacular and ornate burials in the Upper Palaeolithic. At sites such as Sunghir, Arene Candide, Dolni Vestonice, Grotte des Enfants and La Madeleine, the rich burials and adults and children with mammoth beads, ivory spears, shell bead caps, large flint knives and other prestige objects, show a likely class divide within Palaeolithic groups. The mammoth beads buried with the Sunghir children took thousands of hours to manufacture and the children themselves may have been ritually executed – all classic signs of a secret society. The cave art which adorns the walls of Lascaux and Chauvet, among other sites, undoubtedly shows a society which could afford to have dedicated artists and the time and resources to grind huge amounts of pigment and build scaffolding in the pitch dark of a cave to access roof spaces.

Animal figurines such as the Lion Man of Hohlenstein-Stadel or the exploded clay animals of Dolni Vestonice are also rare prestige magical objects. In the case of Dolni Vestonice, the animals were intentionally made with a wet clay called loess which was deliberately overloaded with water to make them explode when placed on the fire. The kiln itself was a small secretive structure away from the main campsite, all of which speaks to the trickery and deception used by secret societies to demonstrate their power over their people. Caves are a perfect place for secret and exclusive rituals and many have offered up evidence of specialised cannibalistic rites, such as the 'skull caps' of Gough's Cave in Somerset, which are interpreted as drinking vessels. The heads were carefully de-fleshed and the skulls broken in a specific way to produce a vessel shape.

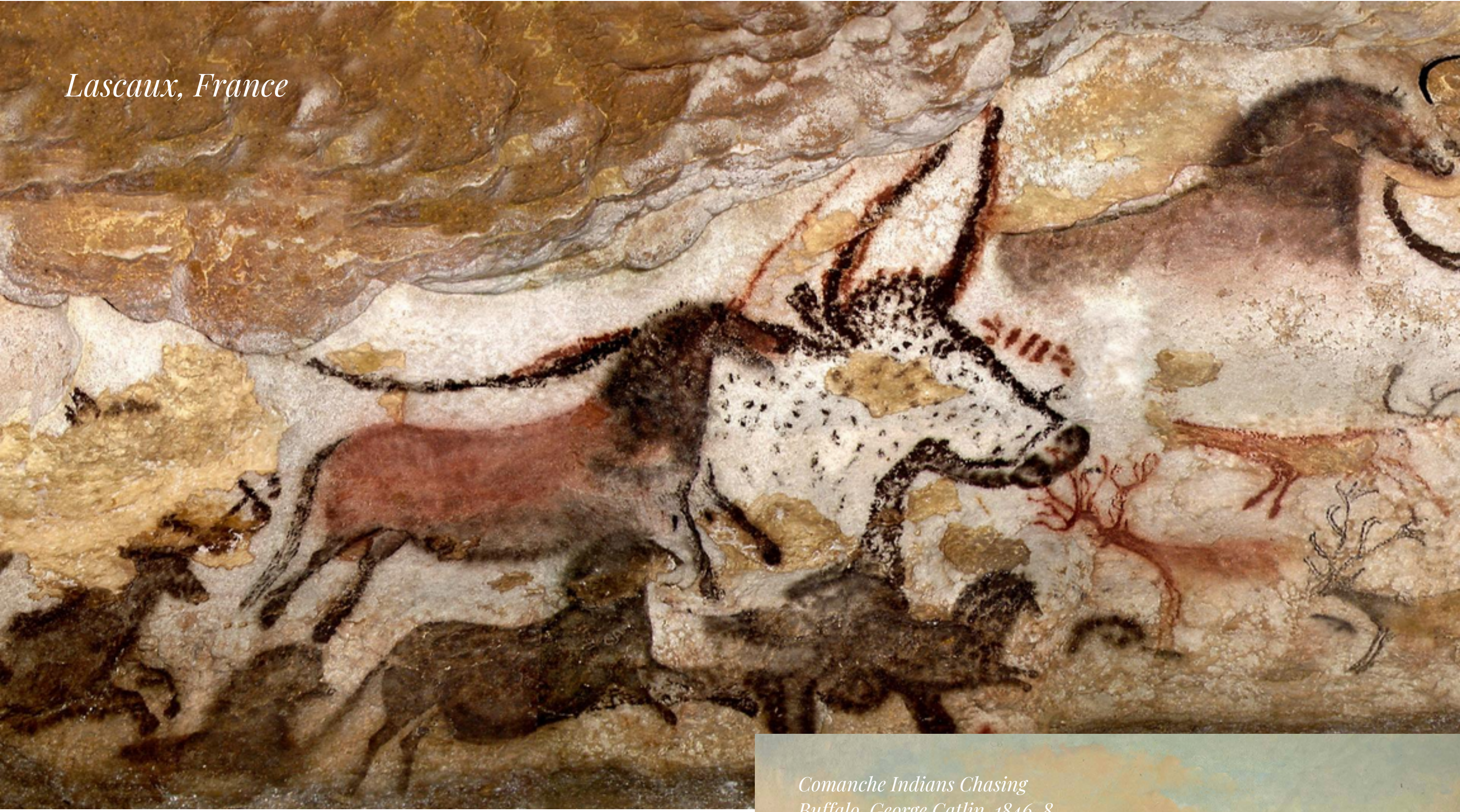
Dysgenic Shamans

If we accept the premise that secret societies likely existed among Palaeolithic and later hunter-gatherers then we broadly have to accept the existence of some form of religious, priestly or elite class. Palaeolithic archaeology is comfortable with the presence of shamanism during this time period, meaning people who engage in specialised forms of ritual designed to alter their states of consciousness and travel through other realms or worlds to cure disease, find animals and perform other important social tasks.

A common feature of shamans often goes unrecognised: they are typically ill or diseased, deformed, neurologically atypical, epileptic or physically unusual in some other way. Eliade and other specialists in shamanic studies often call them the 'Wounded Healer', an archetype of the doctor or medicine man. This leads to the curious phenomenon where a sickly and deformed person ends up with a huge amount of social power. Examples of potential shamans in the archaeological record often focus on physical impairments of the skeletal remains, such as the Romito Dwarf, Lady of Bad Durrenberg or the Sunghir children. Secret societies then, could end up being ruled by the least strong member.

In a Nietzschean analysis, this could lead to the prioritisation of a resentful form of politics, characterised by spitefulness, petty disputes, cruelty, trickery, vengefulness and backstabbing. And this is borne out in the literature - a study of Buriat shamans highlighted the importance of gossip, rivalry and constant magical attacks between shamans, vying for status. Among the Venezuelan Hoti, shamans are the main source of fear within a highly egalitarian and peaceful society. More disturbing

A Buriat shaman, with drum



Lascaux, France

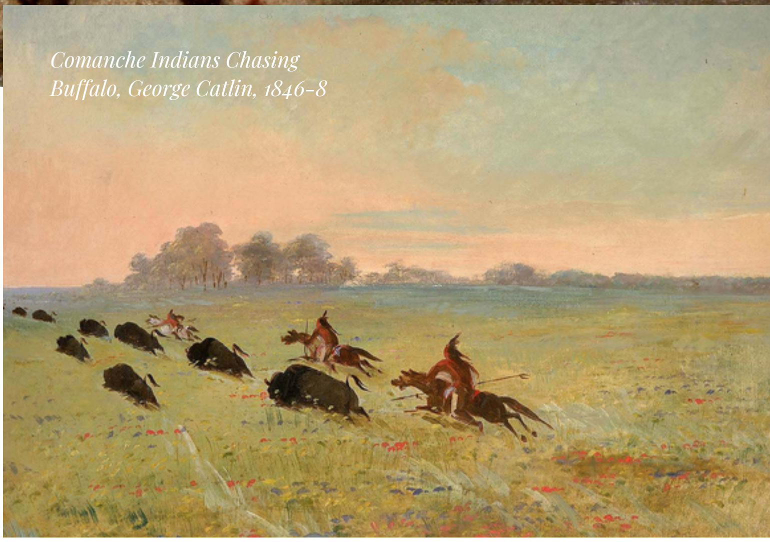
are the ‘dark shamans’ of the Warao people, those who perform the horrific ‘kanaima’ revenge ritual, leaving their communities trapped in a constant cycle of feuding.

Hunting Elites

Could we begin the search for hierarchy within a foraging society based on biology? The first place to start would be diet, which traditionally is one of the most important factors in population differences. A poor diet leads to poor health, which in turn reduces the health of one’s offspring and begins the epigenetic differentiation from the group which eats a good diet. While agricultural civilisations show a far more pronounced difference in diet quality, hunter-gatherers can still create significant differences in nutrition.

A well-documented example comes from the Comanche people, who divided up their tribe by the foods they ate - the Yamparika (root-eaters), Kotsoteka (buffalo eaters), Penateka (honey-eaters), Taykahpwai (no-meat) and the Tanima (liver-eaters), to name a few. An interesting paper by Germonpré and colleagues investigated whether Palaeolithic dogs were a source of social inequality, by helping distribute wealth, food and prestige vertically as individuals and families gathered and bred more dogs. There is also a marked decline in bone robustness, individual height and tooth health as the Palaeolithic gives way to the Holocene Mesolithic fisher-foragers, but it’s unlikely that we have enough skeletal remains to pinpoint when and where biological differentiation began to occur as the Mesolithic communities became more sedentary and hierarchical.

What is more clear-cut is the case for biological difference as agriculture becomes the dominant mode of food production. In pre-pottery Neolithic cemeteries in the Levant, we begin to see dental caries being unequally distributed, and in later Portuguese Neolithic burials, the isotope markers for diet show social differentiation based on meat vs plant consumption. This shouldn’t be a surprise: meat is the most highly valued food group across the world, regardless of economic system. The relegation of a lower class to a life of grain eating while an elite class consumes more meat is a trope which continues to the present day. An interesting exception to this trend are some highly mobile pastoralist cultures, such as in the Ligurian Neolithic. Skeletal analysis from this period show individuals with higher upper and lower limb density than Mesolithic hunter gatherers, most likely due to the rugged terrain and a high protein diet.



Comanche Indians Chasing Buffalo, George Catlin, 1846-8

With this new system of stratification in place, and the rise and dominance of agriculture and domesticated livestock, we can weave the threads together so far and make the following statements:

-Hunter-gatherers often organised their systems of hierarchy through secret societies

-Secret societies allowed for the hereditary maintenance of power

-This social differentiation was likely marked by minor differences in nutrition

-Agriculture hugely widened the differences between groups, particularly in diet

Warrior Aristocracies

The so-called 'Mask of Agamemnon, discovered by Heinrich Schliemann at Mycenae, in 1876

"Between 1600 and 1500 BC in Bronze Age Europe, warrior aristocracies appeared along an axis from mainland Greece in the south to Norway in the north. In the archaeological record, the new warrior aristocracy is identified by graves under barrows containing valuable equipment, including bronze weapons. The personal equipment of this emerging group centred on four themes: warfare, horse riding and chariot driving, bodily decoration, and alcohol drinking"

This passage sums up the sweeping social change from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age across Europe and Eurasia. The emergence of a warrior elite, largely driven by the earlier expansion of mounted steppe warriors and Beaker people on boats, developed into a full hereditary aristocracy at the beginning of the Iron Age. This change, from a relatively egalitarian settled farming community to a highly stratified warrior society, is best summed up by Joseph Campbell:

"It is now perfectly clear that before the violent entry of the late Bronze Age ... there had prevailed in that world an essentially organic, vegetal, non-heroic view of the nature and necessities of life that was completely repugnant to those lion hearts for whom not the patient toil of earth but the battle spear and its plunder were the source of both wealth and joy"

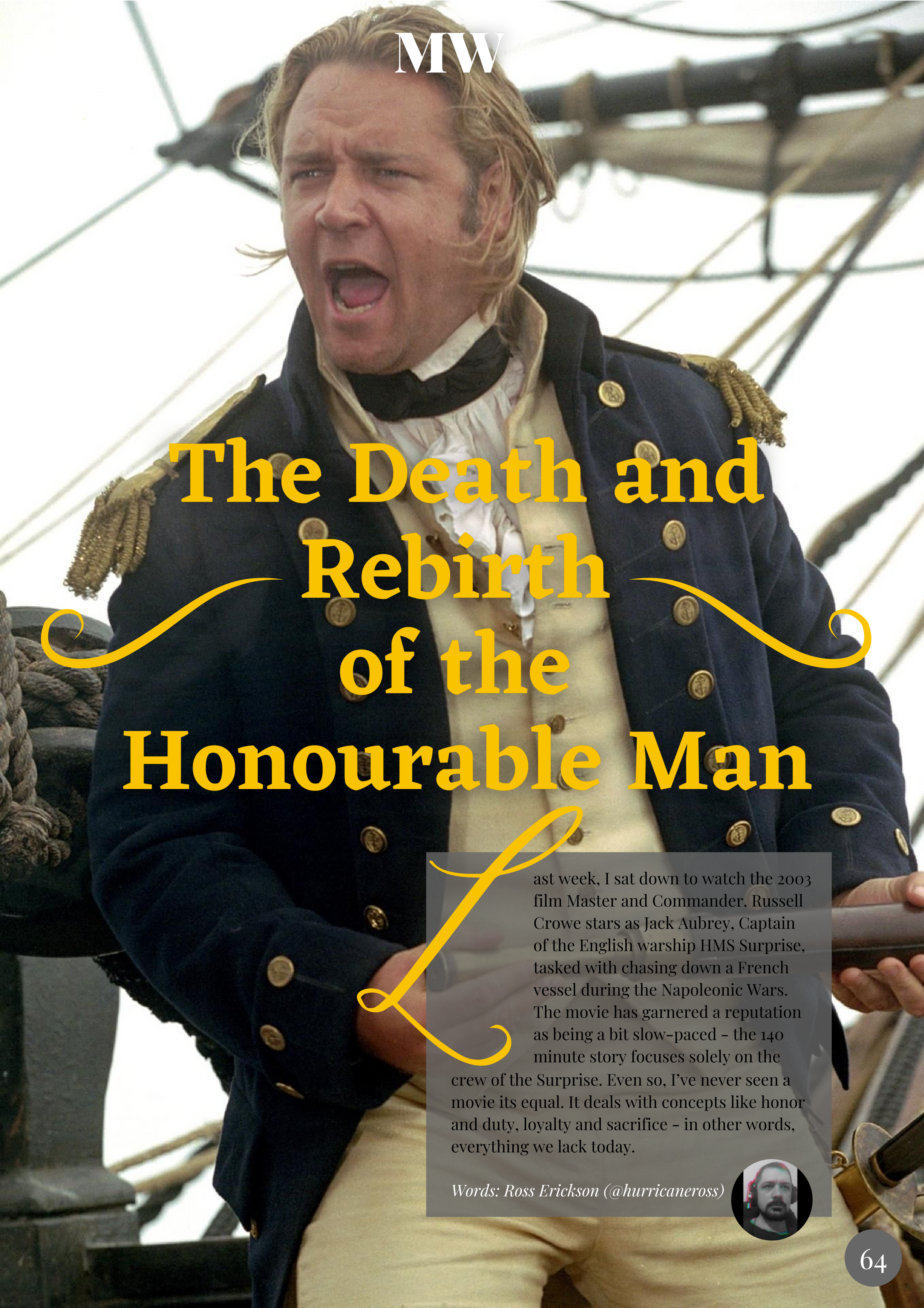
One of the most crucial changes here is the rise of a young male elite, tasked with expansion and conflict, in direct conflict with the older shamanic elites that seem to have been in control for much of human history. As has been noted: "minding flocks against depredations of wild animals, or, above all, by other shepherds ... constitutes a permanent training in violence". The move from a hunting economy, in which the hunt itself was managed by a potent spiritual animism, to a pastoral herding economy, in which the shepherds themselves were responsible for physically defending their charges, broke the original and ancient order of control, and liberated young men in particular to create new orders outside of the control of their elders.

It's not inconceivable that these youthful war bands were in direct conflict with older, more secretive forms of political and religious power. Prior to the palace dominance of the Aegean and Minoan Bronze Age, there is evidence for more classic secret-society rituals. In caves across Europe from the Grottes des Perrats to Nakavona Cave, evidence of cannibalism, bronze drinking cauldrons and smashed drinking cups suggests cultic activity. On the Greek island of Keros, there is ample evidence of powerful rituals, including a pyramid made from hundreds of tons of marble, complete with underground drains and raised monuments. Similarly on Crete, many shrines and caves show the remains of drinking feasts and a possible human sacrifice. It has been argued that these pre-palace societies gained enough power to either become or be incorporated into the kingships that came to dominate the Late Bronze Age in the Mediterannean. It could be that these sites represent a youthful, exuberant energy, unleashed to conquer islands and build statues. But it could equally be the continuation of a more secretive sclerotic form of power, which held down any aggressive energy with carefully managed displays of prestige.

The essay continues on p.146

The mysterious pyramid island off Keros, Greece

SELOOLIVE
seloolive.com



The Death and Rebirth of the Honourable Man

Last week, I sat down to watch the 2003 film Master and Commander. Russell Crowe stars as Jack Aubrey, Captain of the English warship HMS Surprise, tasked with chasing down a French vessel during the Napoleonic Wars. The movie has garnered a reputation as being a bit slow-paced – the 140 minute story focuses solely on the crew of the Surprise. Even so, I've never seen a movie its equal. It deals with concepts like honor and duty, loyalty and sacrifice – in other words, everything we lack today.

Words: Ross Erickson (@hurricaneross)

Every crewman knew his station - some of them old and weathered, others boys no more than seven - but every man, young or old, was expected to fulfil his responsibilities. There are no other characters in the film, save for those in a climactic battle against the other ship (the film contains zero women). As I watched the members of the crew, my reactions startled me. Occasionally, crewmen would die - from accident, illness, battle, even suicide. Every time I witnessed a death, I thought: "This man is completely irreplaceable. Where under Heaven could I find another man as honourable as this?" I gaped at Aubrey's ability to leave behind a man overboard, simply because he would have slowed their pursuit. But then I remembered - this story took place 200 years ago. Back then, you could probably find a man this self-sacrificing on every corner! I only thought it unusual because I see so very few men like this in my 21st century world.

And so a man must ask: What on Earth changed? When did society stop producing honourable men? Why? How did the ties that bind us come to be dissolved, and why is that important?

To illustrate its importance, imagine you want to speak something that is true, yet unpopular. "A nation should have borders", "Pedophiles should be executed", or even "Children need a father". You know - statements of the nature you would be afraid to speak at work. After all, it's a dangerous thing to be right when everyone else is wrong. To fight for truth in a world of lies is to kick the hornet's nest. If you want to speak what is true, what you need is backup.

Backup is imperative: ask any police officer willing to work still in an American city. He can get on his radio, and in five minutes he'll have half a dozen guns behind him. When a policeman gets in a fight and has backup, it means he has a police force. And when you speak the truth and have backup, it means you have a culture. A culture is simply a group of people who push together in a certain direction. Some cultures are small, and some are large; but any culture, by definition, has the power to push.

Right now, we have a culture that punishes you for speaking the truth. Likewise, our culture also discourages you from instructing men to be honourable, as they were 200 years ago. "Young man, you must always tell the truth, no matter what." "Son, you've got to be brave and face your fears." "Suffering builds character." "Sacrifice for your family." How many young boys hear these lessons today? Did you hear them in your home? If you have sons, you can raise them this way, sure; but when your daughters marry, how do you expect to find a man who has taken these instructions to heart? The kind of worthy man found everywhere in the past, in the world of Master and Commander - can we find such a one as this?

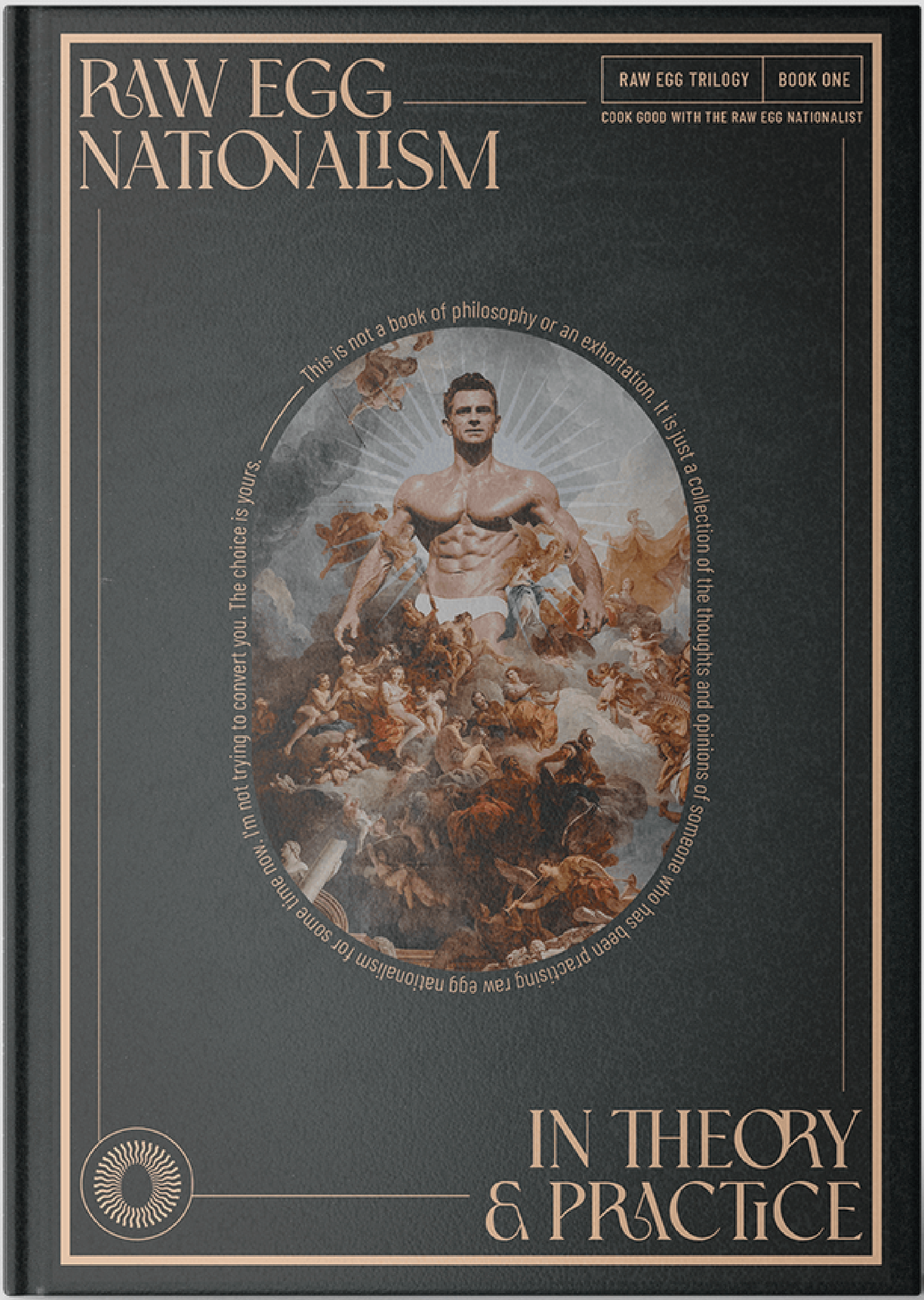
Gentlemen, I tell you that if we cannot find the man, we must build him ourselves. Take young men under your wing. Find three good friends who you would trust with your life, and confide in them, and let them confide in you. Become a deacon in a church, or perhaps a local fraternal organization. Build your own local culture from scratch, if that's what it takes. Such a prospect is preposterous, insane - but what alternative do we have? Sit by and watch, as honour fades and dies? That I cannot swallow.

In time, you may find yourself surrounded with like-minded men - the kind who surrounded Captain Aubrey on the HMS Surprise. When you do, I know that you will not take it for granted. Such a group of men is an incredible asset, to be prized above any gold or jewels.

Speaking of building a culture from scratch: Our friend, the Raw Egg Nationalist, built this magazine up from nothing. Go look at Issue 1 compared to Issue 3 here, to see the improvement. Back then, I was a humble reader - just like you. After I read the first issue, I was inspired to help him along his journey. Perhaps you have graphic design skill, or you fancy yourself a writer. You could send some money - even a retweet or a share with a friend can change the world. It all starts with you - so what are you waiting for?

Read more @rossmerickson.substack.com

The original books
that started a movement...


RAW EGG NATIONALISM
RAW EGG TRILOGY
BOOK ONE
COOK GOOD WITH THE RAW EGG NATIONALIST
This is not a book of philosophy or an exhortation. It is just a collection of the thoughts and opinions of someone who has been practising raw egg nationalism for some time now. I'm not trying to convert you. The choice is yours.
IN THEORY & PRACTICE

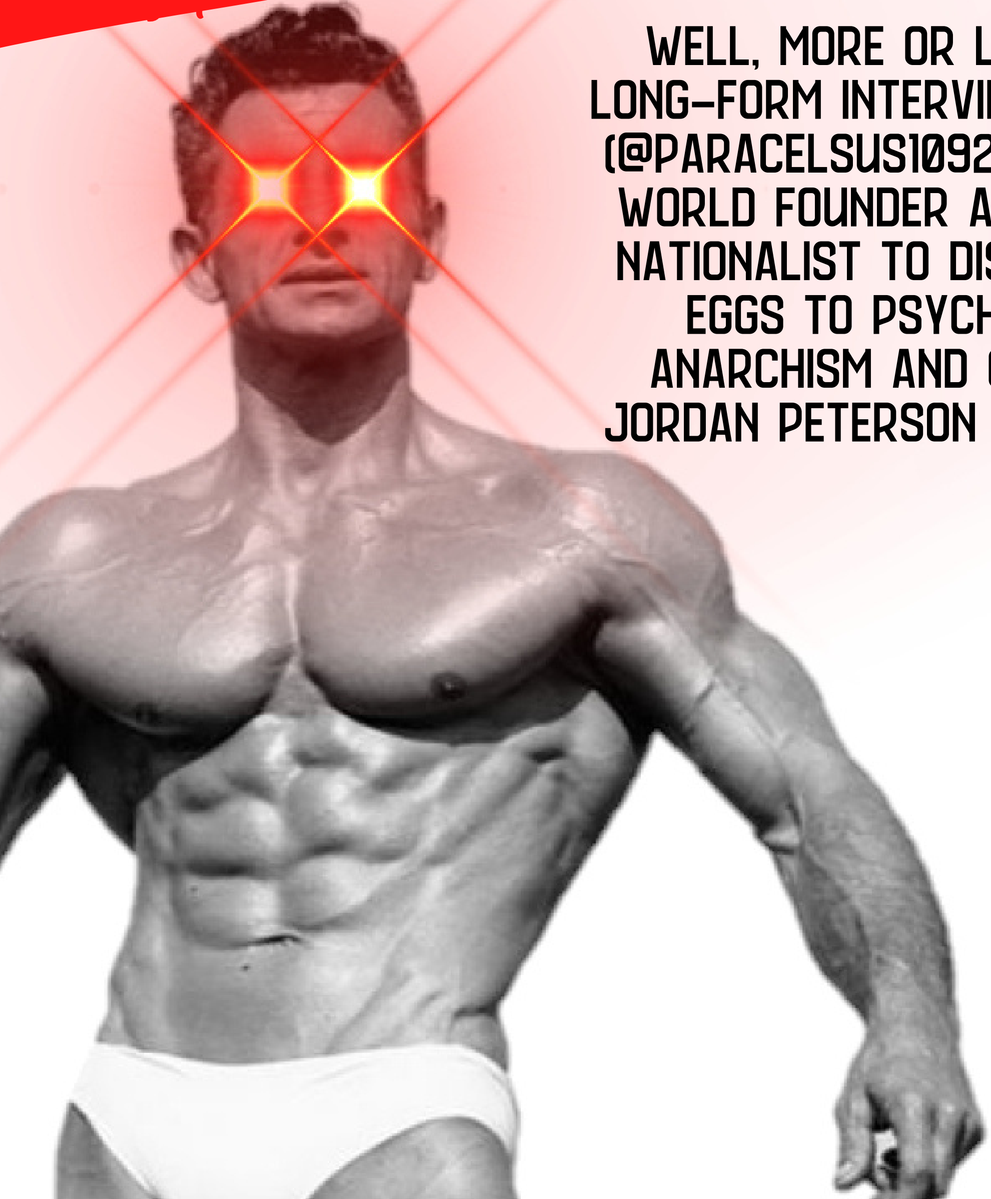
...just got an amazing makeover

3
LIVES OF
GOLDEN AGE
BODYBUILDERS
RAW EGG TRILOGY
BOOK TWO

Raw Egg Nationalism, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Draw Me a Gironda and Raw Egg Trilogy: Available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store

EGGS &
& ROCK

DRUGS 'N' ROLL



WELL, MORE OR LESS. IN THIS EXCLUSIVE LONG-FORM INTERVIEW, STONE AGE HERBALIST (@PARACELSUS1092) SITS DOWN WITH MAN'S WORLD FOUNDER AND EDITOR THE RAW EGG NATIONALIST TO DISCUSS EVERYTHING FROM EGGS TO PSYCHEDELICS; SHAMANISM, ANARCHISM AND CAPITALISM; HEIDEGGER, JORDAN PETERSON AND... CONNOR MURPHY.

1 SAH: FIRST OFF, HUGE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE SUCCESS OF MAN'S WORLD, YOU'VE REALLY MADE AN IMPACT BY BRINGING TOGETHER SO MANY WRITERS AND THINKERS. HOW'S IT GOING WITH FUTURE RELEASES AND ANY EXCITING PLANS IN THE WORKS?

REN: Thank you. I'm still rather taken aback by the success it's had. Although I've longed for a decent men's mag for some time, it's been extremely heartening to see that I'm not the only one. Far from it, in fact; the first issue has had 60k+ views and downloads, the second was at around 30k after just a month. And there's so much talent on this side of Twitter – so many funny, interesting, intelligent people – that I really do feel like I'm doing a service by giving them a platform and helping to package their thoughts and ideas in a novel and aesthetically pleasing way.

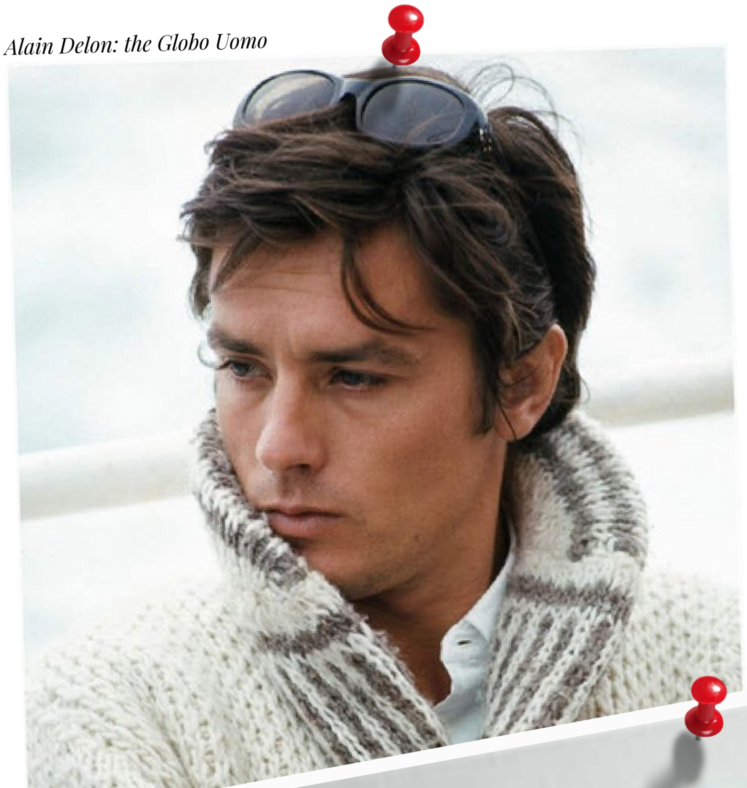
I know I said this about the second issue, but the third is really going to be a sight to behold. I think it may break 200 pages (the first two issues were around 130 pages each, but I'd say the second had double the actual content of the first). We've got articles from old favourites, including Orwell N Goode and Sol Brah, the conclusion of Peter Hopkirk Respecter's thrilling tale of the career of William Hodson and some firsts for the magazine, including the first appearance of a comic, by the fantastically talented Reagan Lodge (@reaganlodge).

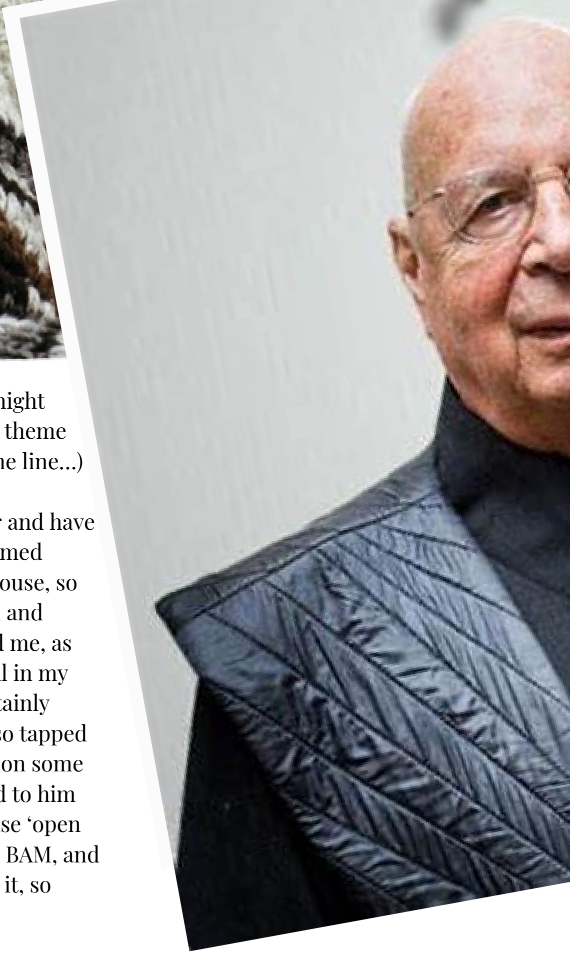
As far as the future beyond that goes, I'm thinking very carefully about releasing a Man's World Annual at the end of the year, in hardback form, to meet the demand for physical copies. In an ideal world, every issue would have been and would be available in physical form, but sadly capitalism and copyright law aren't always amenable to the heartfelt desires of creators. I'd rather not have the jannies kicking in my door – THE FIRST THREE ISSUES WERE A SCHOOL ART PROJECT – so I'm looking for a totally above-board way of doing it. I've got a glossy version of my original cookbook, Raw Egg Nationalism in Theory and Practice, coming out very soon with Antelope Hill, and I'm thinking we might be able to work together to produce a legit physical Man's World product too. I really hope so. As great as the digital version is, it's just not the same as having an actual physical mag in your hands – something you can read by the pool, on board your yacht, or in your smoking room, perhaps while savouring one of Mombacho's finest cigars (we have an exclusive offer with them in Issue Three, by the way).

2 THE CHOICE TO THEME THE MOST RECENT EDITION AROUND THE SEA PROVED VERY FRUITFUL, WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO FOCUS ON THAT SPECIFICALLY?

Yeah, I think it really worked. The first issue had a theme – 'the globo uomo', a handsome nationalist who is basically the opposite of the globo homo, the new globalist man – but it wasn't really a theme, beyond the essay that I wrote on the globo uomo and the focus on Alain Delon, the face of globo uomo. With the second issue, I needed something that could tie together the entire range of content I wanted in the magazine – history, anthropology, style, literature – so I knew it would have to be something big, something capacious. Well, what's more capacious than the sea, apart from space? (That might actually be a decent theme somewhere down the line…)

Alain Delon: the Globo Uomo





I live near the water and have a lot of nautical-themed things around the house, so just looking at them and having them around me, as well as the salt smell in my nostrils, almost certainly played a part. I'd also tapped BAP for a contribution some time before and said to him that I liked the phrase 'open steppe of the sea' in BAM, and could he enlarge on it, so there's that too.

The process of putting together a magazine, especially when you have zero prior experience, has been a real education. I have a great deal of respect for the people who put them together professionally, even if I think most magazines nowadays, and especially men's magazines, are absolute guff and worthless even as toilet paper (too glossy, for one thing). A magazine isn't just an assemblage of disparate bits of writing, or at least it shouldn't be. A strong theme, whether that's simply the general theme of the magazine itself or of a particular issue, is absolutely necessary. Even without a

specific theme – Issue Three doesn't have one – I think we've already got a distinct identity for Man's World, so it will hold together just fine.

3

BAP'S VISION OF THE SEA AS AN OPEN SPACE AKIN TO THE STEPPE IS EXCITING, IT RE-FRAMES EUROPEAN HISTORY, ESPECIALLY THE ERA OF EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY. DOES IT CHIME WITH WHAT YOU'VE WRITTEN BEFORE ABOUT GROUPS OF MALE FRIENDS PUSHING OUT INTO THE WORLD?

As I just said, 'the open steppe of the sea' was a phrase I found intriguing in BAM, and so I asked BAP to enlarge upon it however he saw fit. What he came back with didn't disappoint at all. What I take away from his piece is that the steppe is not just a physical territory – an actual location with particular physical characteristics that distinguish it from other kinds of physical territory – but also a mental location or mindset as well. There is a kind of steppe mentality, whether you've actually ever set foot on the great Eurasian steppe or not; and one mentality it's opposed to, of course, is the longhouse mentality, which also exists regardless of whether or not you were raised in a smoky Neolithic longhouse by a tribe of browbeaten men in utter thrall to their steatopygeous wives and mammies.

Left: WEF founder and pantomime villain Klaus Schwab. Below: The successful journalist responsible for the MEL magazine hitpiece on raw egg nationalism

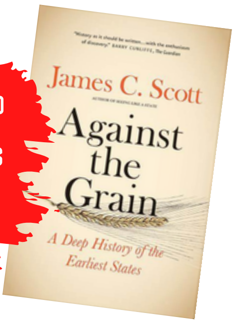
One of the challenges of the past, or of using the past, is to make it actionable in the present. Of course, there are plenty of people, academic historians among them, who would claim that the past is no model for the present; but I think that notion is wrong on an obvious, intuitive level and collapses totally on examination. In Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, my second book, I tried to show that past models of a beautiful body could be put into service of a beautiful life in the present. The notion of a steppe mindset, although it may have originated in a place most of us have never been to, many thousands of years ago, nonetheless has a present relevance, especially with the growing revival and ascendancy of the longhouse mentality.

> **I don't think it's a coincidence that our political overlords are now pushing a global plant-based diet as part of the Great Reset either. This is a diet made for workers – for peasants – and not for healthy, free individuals.**

So, yes, to answer your question directly, I think that the notion of the 'open steppe of the sea', if we think of it as a broad mindset, definitely chimes with what I've written about groups of men discovering the world together and enlarging the boundaries of their action and power. The Greeks sought expansion and a wild freedom on the seas, and in humbler ways, even if we don't follow them to the boats as it were, we can still push outwards together, with like-minded individuals, where otherwise the boundaries for independent action and self-expansion are rapidly narrowing.

4

THE LINK BETWEEN THE STEPPE EXPANSIONS AND DIET IS VERY PROMINENT IN OUR CORNER OF TWITTER. DO YOU SEE RAW EGG NATIONALISM AS REKINDLING A 'BARBARIAN DIET', ONE THAT IS UNACCEPTABLE TO THE MAINSTREAM?



I don't know if you saw, but around February or March last year this bizarre hit-piece on raw egg nationalism appeared in Mel Magazine. The author, some total unknown who is destined to remain thus forever, laid exactly the kind of charges against the movement you'd expect from a mainstream 'journalist': white nationalism, homophobia, and so on. He also said that we believed eating raw eggs was some kind of ancestral diet and actually interviewed an 'expert' on historical diets to deboonk this claim! While I have no doubt that eggs have been eaten raw throughout history, I've never said that the raw egg part of raw egg nationalism is a 'return to tradition' any deeper than the Golden Age of Bodybuilding (1950s to 1970s, roughly), so I found that rather funny. But what else would you expect from a journalist? These people see only what they want to see.

Beyond the raw eggs, your proposed notion of a 'barbarian diet' is, I think, quite apposite. I sometimes refer to my diet, with the exception of the raw eggs, as the 'Mongol diet', because it's built around red meat and dairy products: lean red meat, organ meat, butter, milk, cheese, yoghurt and cream – these are the foods that I consume on a daily basis. I know that others have followed my lead. This involves a rejection of grains and, together with the big meat and dairy consumption, there's definitely something political about this, now and in the past too.

I say in the cookbook (Raw Egg Nationalism in Theory and Practice) to reject grains not only on nutritional grounds – including rising gluten intolerance and the growing freight of toxic chemicals found in modern grains – but also because they are a food that goes hand-in-hand with unfreedom.

One of the books that I’ve quoted extensively from, especially in the cookbook, is James Scott’s Against the Grain. In the book Scott basically argues that the historical introduction of grain agriculture, far from being the ‘dawn of civilisation’, was actually a disaster for the people it was imposed upon – and it was imposed, rather than being a voluntary choice. Under the early agrarian states, the ordinary man was shorter, weaker and more prone to disease than his hunter-gatherer ancestors, at the same time as being subject to a harder lifestyle and also the exploitation of aristocracies who used his labour to help maintain their customary non-settled lifestyle, including hunting and feasting. Scott sees this as a process akin to animal domestication, and I don’t disagree.

I don’t think it’s a coincidence that our political overlords are now pushing a global plant-based diet as part of the Great Reset either. This is a diet made for workers – for peasants – and not for healthy, free individuals. One aspect of Plato’s Republic that receives very little attention, far less than it should, is the discussion of diet (I actually talk about this in my new glossy cookbook). Plato reserves a grain-and-vegetable-heavy diet for the working class of the ideal republic precisely because it instils in them a placid disposition and makes them amenable to their lowly status. He even says that if a meat diet were introduced, the workers would revolt. Now, I know that the Republic is not a ‘political manual’ – Plato didn’t think that it would actually be used to build a perfect society – but these passages do at least show a deep continuity of thinking about the relationship between diet and political control, one that continues to this day. The modern-day counterparts of Plato’s guardians – Bill Gates, Klaus Schwab – know what they are doing. They want us to be grain brains for a reason.

5

DO YOU SEE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE IDEA OF ‘NON-STATE SPACE’, AS DISCUSSED IN THE WORKS OF JAMES C SCOTT AND PIERRE CLASTRES (FRENCH ANARCHIST ANTHROPOLOGIST, AUTHOR OF SOCIETY AGAINST THE STATE) AND THE ONLINE DISSIDENT SPACES BEING CONSTANTLY CREATED AND SHUT DOWN?

Clastres! It’s been about ten years since I’ve read anything by him, but I remember liking it. I’m much more familiar with Scott’s work, most of which I’ve read at one time or another. I know that Clastres has been a big influence, among many others, on Scott.

But yes, I think that’s an interesting way to think about such spaces; although I don’t know that there are many or even any spaces online that really are beyond the reach of the state in the way that James Scott’s Zomia truly is. Zomia, for those who don’t know, is an upland area of South-East Asia that has historically been beyond the reach of states because of its inaccessibility and the desire of the people to remain ‘barbaric by design’, as Scott puts it (the book is The Art of Not Being Governed). There’s something like 100 million people in the region, which covers parts of China, Myanmar, Cambodia, Thailand, Laos and Vietnam.

These new internet spaces, by contrast, usually end up being heavily patrolled and even infiltrated by agents of the state (‘glowies’, ‘feds’, etc.), if they aren’t just shut down. If we take Twitter as an example, I suppose the ‘barbarism by design’ would be the constant shifting of identities by anonymous users (‘anons’), the use of other anonymising or evasive technology such as VPNs and the coining of euphemisms and argots that distinguish insider from outsider. It’s a game of cat and mouse – or cat and frog, right?

One concept of Scott’s that I like is ‘legibility’ and I think it can do some interesting work in this case. Basically, in his later work (beginning with Seeing Like a State) Scott has been concerned with how the state makes its subjects legible, which is to say, how it makes them ‘show up’ in a way that is meaningful to its purposes, which include principally control and taxation. Enforcing regularity and uniformity is an important part of this process. Even Against the Grain is a study of legibility. The imposition of agriculture was a way for early states to emerge and at the same time put and keep their new subjects in boxes, if you will. Grain farmers, unlike hunter-gatherers, must be sedentary – i.e. they must remain in place year-round – which means they can be controlled and corralled and they can also be subjected to regular extractions. And grain makes the perfect fodder for extraction because it can be gathered together and counted. That’s legibility: a fixed population providing fixed amounts of produce for the maintenance of the state. Hunter gatherers on the other hand, are illegible: they move as they please and need and their food production is erratic; they also look to themselves, rather than others (i.e. the state) for their own protection. It’s an anthropomorphic way to think about the state – as an agent with desires – but I think it’s a fruitful one nevertheless.

So, after that somewhat lengthy preface, I think we could see these dissident spaces as places where individuals attempt to make themselves illegible to the state, principally through anonymity, but also by other means. It’s not so much that the state isn’t there, but that it doesn’t necessarily know what to think or how to ‘read’ these people. Of course, the state has its own pre-existing categories that it tries to fit these people into – ‘white supremacists’, ‘incels’, ‘domestic terrorists’, ‘extremists’, etc. – but these labels very seldom fit. If somebody in a control room somewhere is reading my tweets and DMs, I’m sure they must be scratching their head in absolute puzzlement. Here’s this chap (?) who urges his (?) followers to eat raw eggs, red meat and organ meat, give up grains, work out, be kind to small animals and find similar-minded friends; and who talks privately about the glory days of alcopops, cricket and what constitutes a perfect English breakfast. Who or what am I? Foe? Friend? Something else?

If you want a good idea of what state-sponsored incomprehension of this milieu really looks like, try C. Bradley Thompson’s dire series of essays (available on his Substack) on what he calls ‘the BAP boys’, or his discussion of BAP with Yaron Brook on Youtube.

I FIND CLASTRES’ WORK ABOUT HOW TRIBAL SOCIETIES USED RITUAL VIOLENCE TO PREVENT THE RISE OF A STATE FASCINATING IN THE CONTEXT OF TODAY’S WORLD – ONE WHICH IS DOMESTICATING EVERY SPACE AND PRODUCING A GENERATION OF ENTIRELY PASSIVE MEN. OBVIOUSLY VIOLENCE IS OFF THE TABLE, BUT DO YOU SEE ANY OTHER ACTIVITIES OR ORGANISING PRINCIPLES THAT MODERN MEN COULD ENGAGE WITH TO HELP FEND OFF THE DOMESTICATING INSTINCT AND CARVE OUT FREE SPACES?

6

As far as I can see, one of the most important organising principles available to us today in our efforts to resist domestication is self-reliance, plain and simple. By that I mean exactly what you’d think I mean. Try to make yourself as capable and as self-reliant a man as possible. Of course, totally self-reliance is a chimera, but the less you can rely on the state, shaky infrastructure and people of dubious allegiance, the better.

C. Bradley Thompson. This is the man calling you a 'pyjama-boy Nietzschean'

...and that's why BAP, on his Twitter, like every day is posting photographs of sort of half-naked musclebound, usually European, male models.

Self-reliance in food will also become increasingly important in the coming years as the Great Reset really begins to bite... control over the food supply and tyranny have gone hand in hand since the dawn of agriculture at least...

One of the principal ways to do this is to get fit. There you go: you've thrown off one of the heaviest shackles most people wear in the developed world. In fact, it's a shackle most people wear their entire lives. The sickly are wards of the state, pure and simple. And if you've been paying any attention at all over the past year – and I hope you have – you will surely have seen that a) being overweight and having an underlying health condition is not a good thing, least of all when a new highly transmissible infectious disease springs out of a Chinese lab (and this isn't the first time); and b) that medicalisation is a very effective way to increase the reach and power of the state over its subjects. Medicalisation and reliance on the state are only going to increase. Of course, being fit has its own benefits beyond allowing you to resist becoming a perpetual child in the state's ball pool...

I won't list all the ways that you can be self-reliant, but I will also mention food. Producing or securing locally as much high-quality food as you can is a good idea, full stop. It's how you ensure the highest quality nutrition and avoid ingesting as much of the hideous toxic freight of modern food – pthalates, xenoestrogens, mycotoxins, glyphosate and atrazine residue – as possible, as well as ensuring that the animals you consume are treated properly; most farm animals lead lives of absolute misery and you *really* should care about this. You'd be surprised by just how much you can grow in a garden, even a small garden, and if you can add half a dozen or a dozen chickens and maybe even a goat for milk – well, you're on your way. There are all sorts of schemes for full or part ownership of larger farm animals – you can buy shares in livestock, for instance – and you could visit local farms, if you live in a rural area, to see if you can come to some sort of agreement with the right kind of farmer (i.e. who treats his livestock properly).

Self-reliance in food will also become increasingly important in the coming years as the Great Reset really begins to bite. I've already talked about how control over the food supply and tyranny have gone hand in hand since the dawn of agriculture at least, and there's no question that people are going to be made, whether they like it or not, to change their habits. Whether it will come down to force or not, remains to be seen. One essential mechanism, it seems, will be shame and social pressure. Look at Oatly's recent 'Help Dad' campaign if you want an example of what I mean: a horrible series of adverts in which misshapen teenagers shame their hapless fathers for daring to drink cow's milk. Even if people aren't directly forced, I think there will be artificial efforts to make traditional agriculture untenable. Look at the supply-chain breakdowns during the pandemic and also pay close attention to what Bill Gates is doing. Very silently during the pandemic he became the largest single owner of agricultural land in the US, at exactly the same time as telling us that we all need to eat bugs and drink poop-water (look it up) to avoid a global catastrophe. It may become very difficult soon for anybody but the cream of society to buy animal products. How soon, I don't know, but things are definitely accelerating.

THE INTERVIEW CONTINUES ON P.156

Rebel Print'n
Rebel Print'n
Rebel Print'n

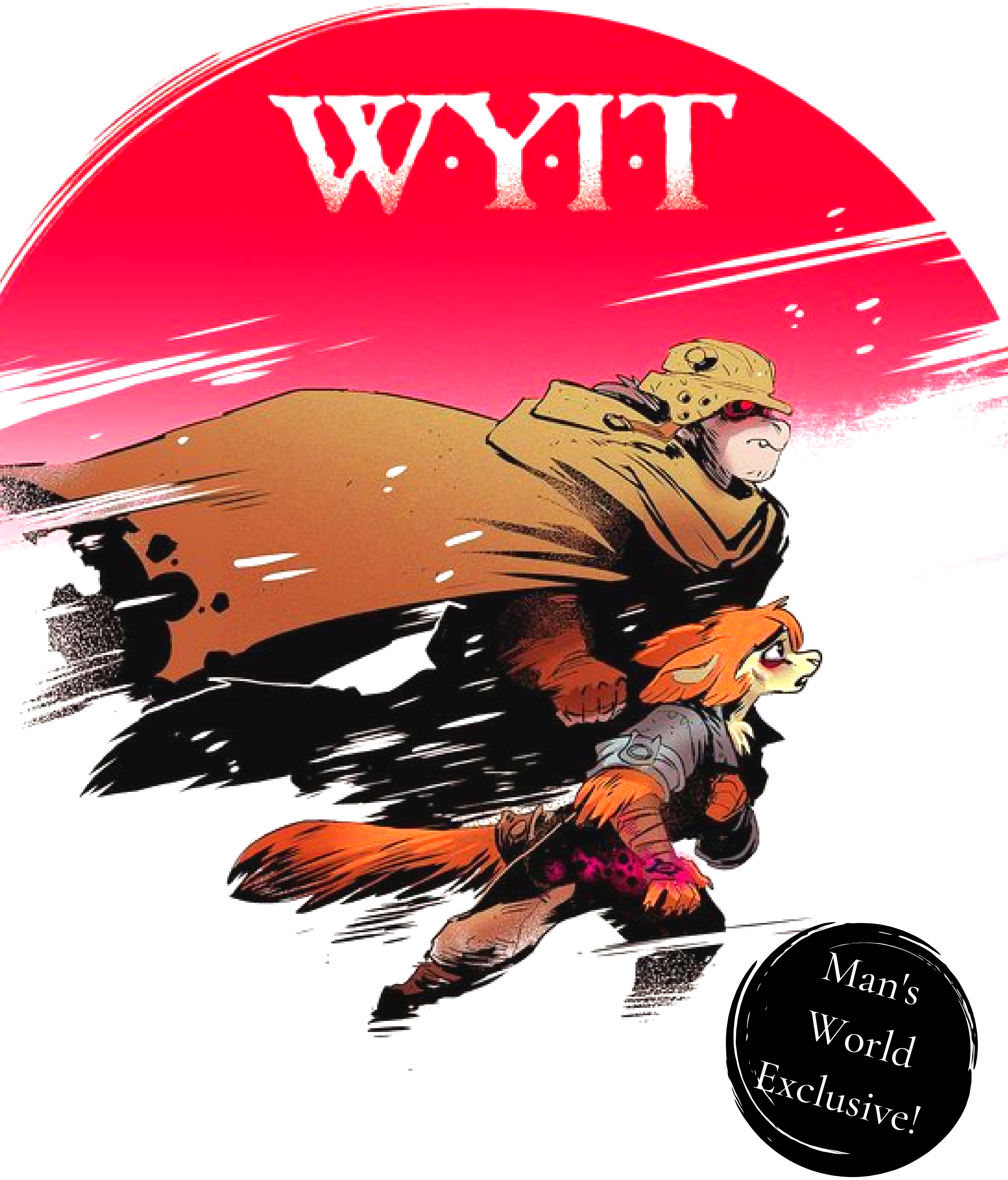
make
your
casual
classic

&
&
&
&

evoke
sheer
force
in style

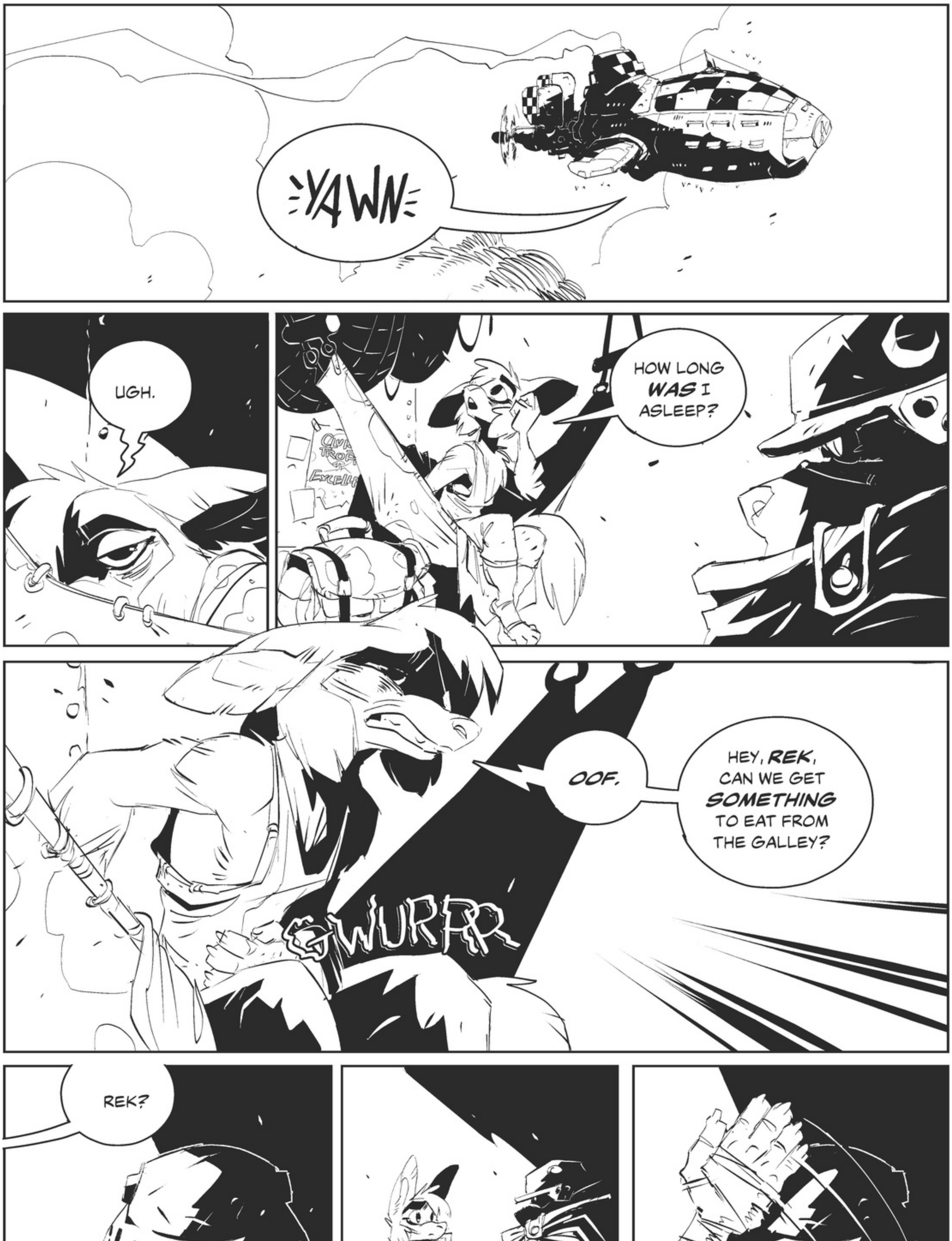
ig: rebel_printn

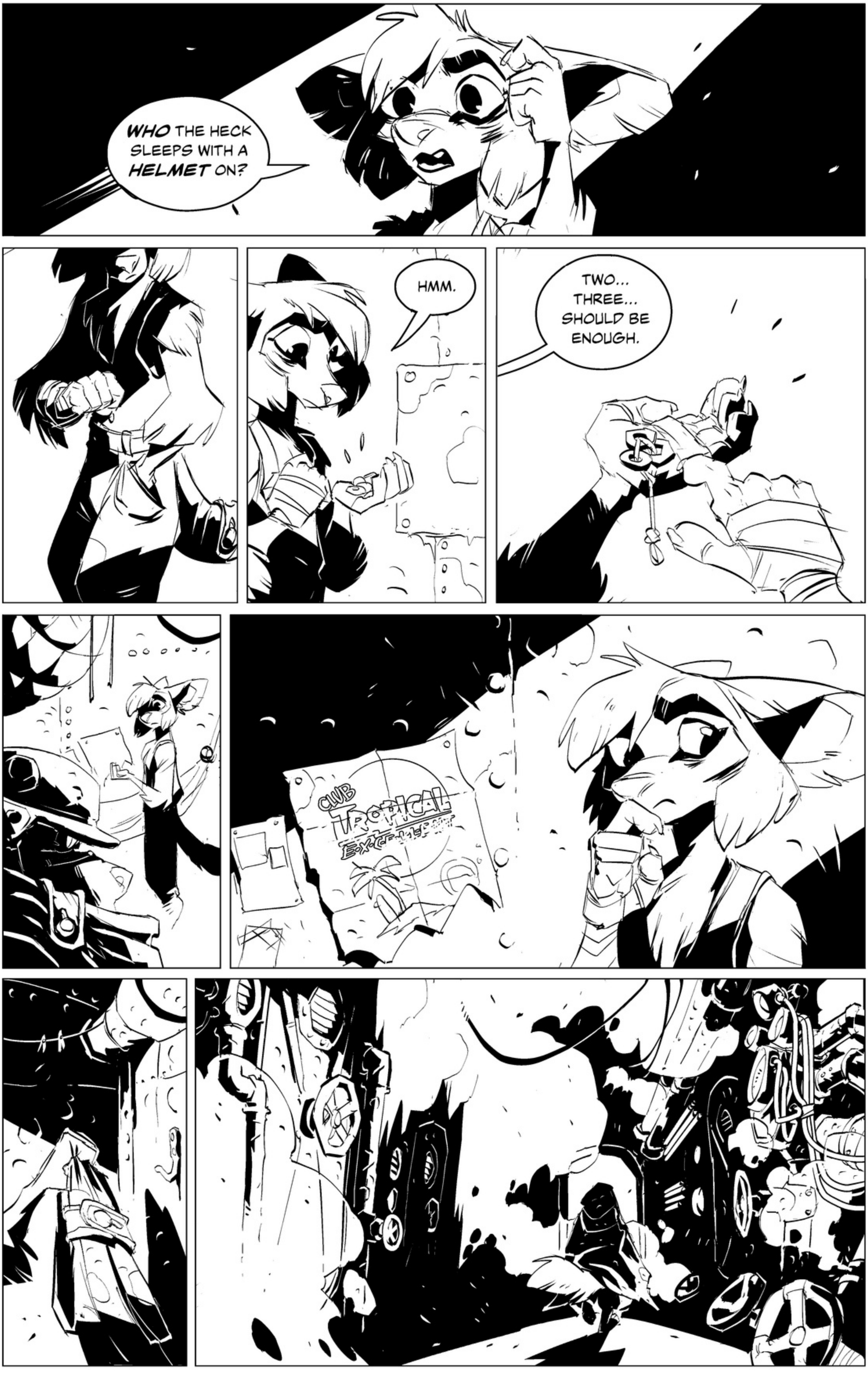
www.rebelprintn.com

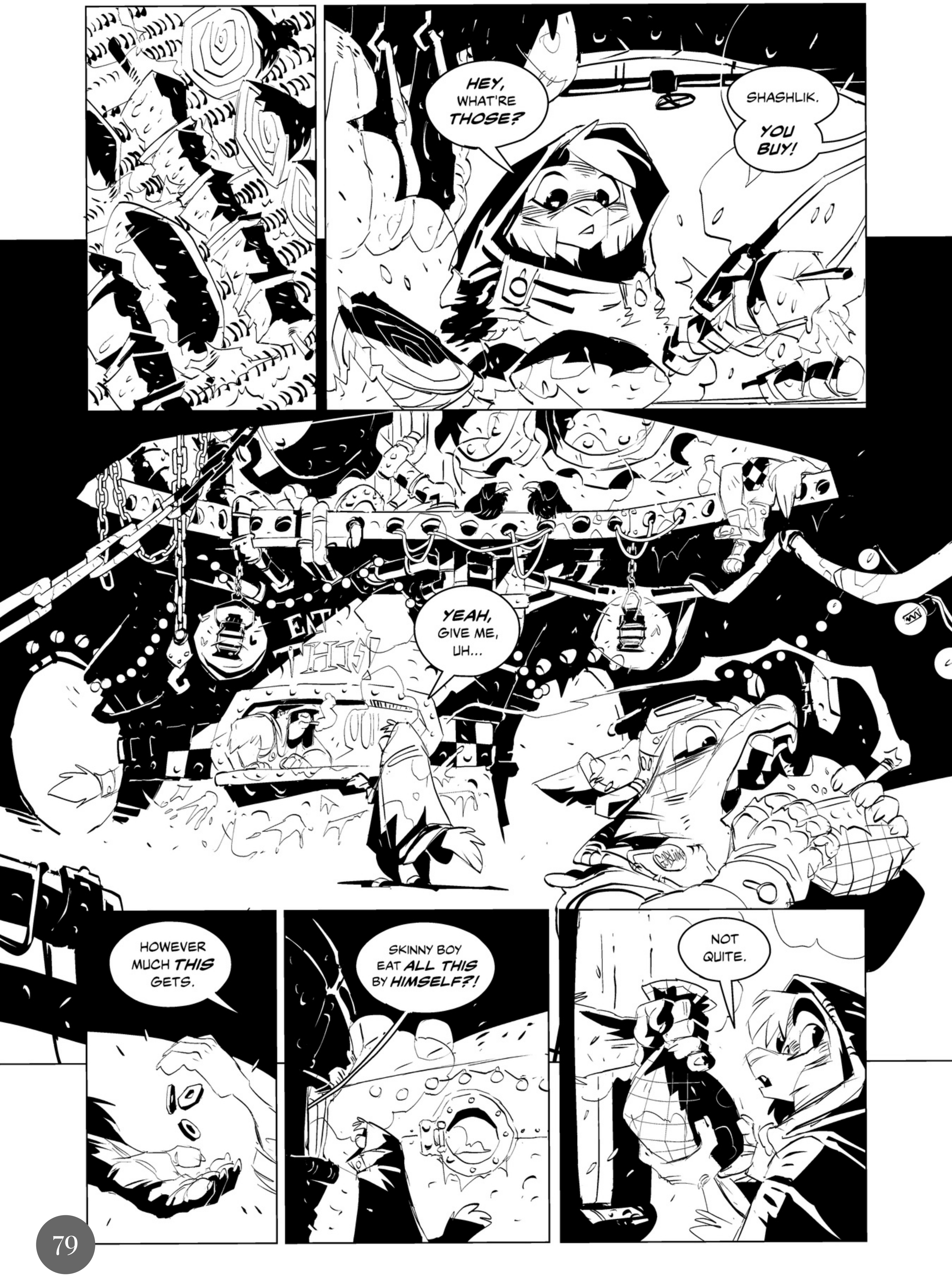


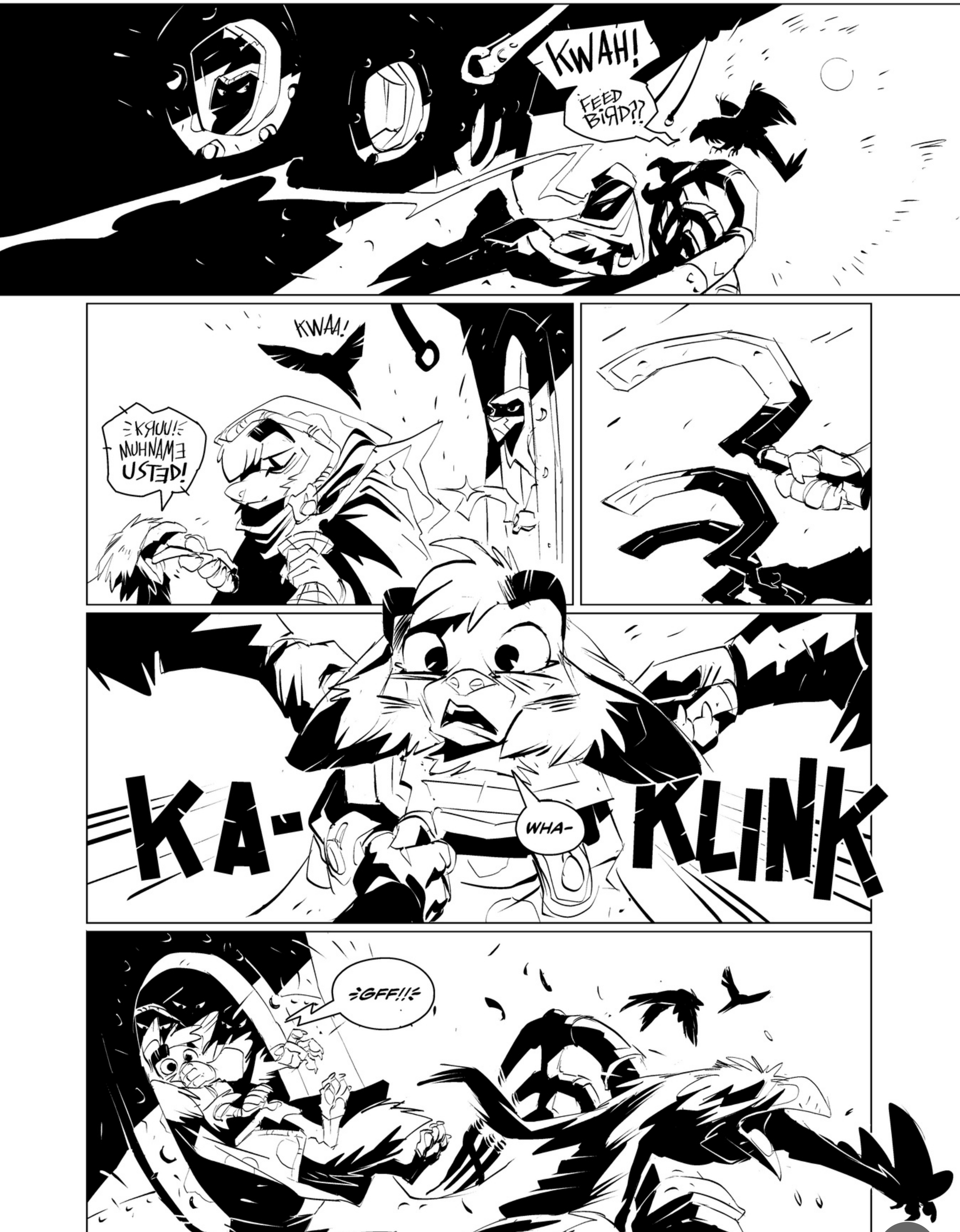
Man's World Exclusive!

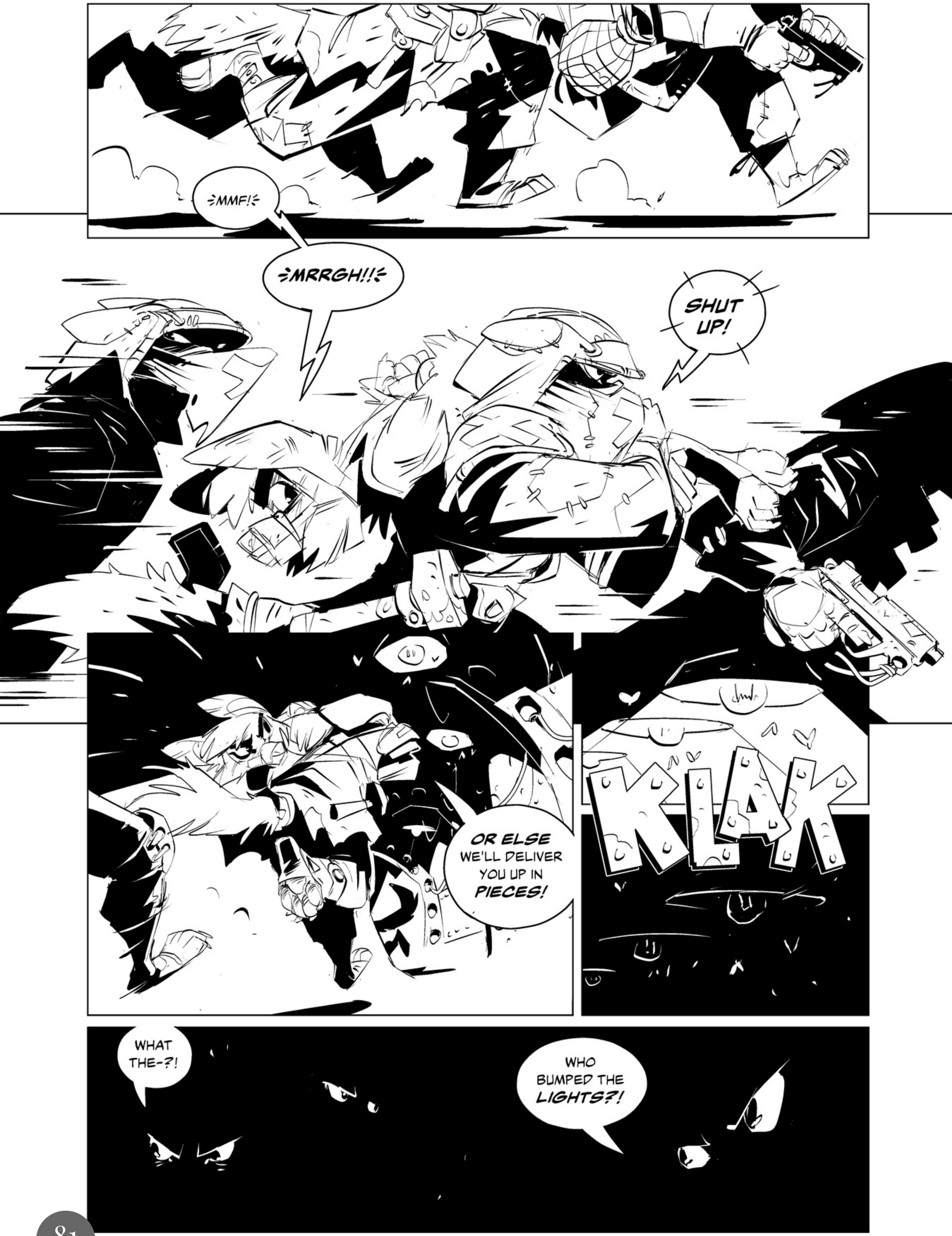
Words and pictures: Reagan Lodge (@reaganlodge)

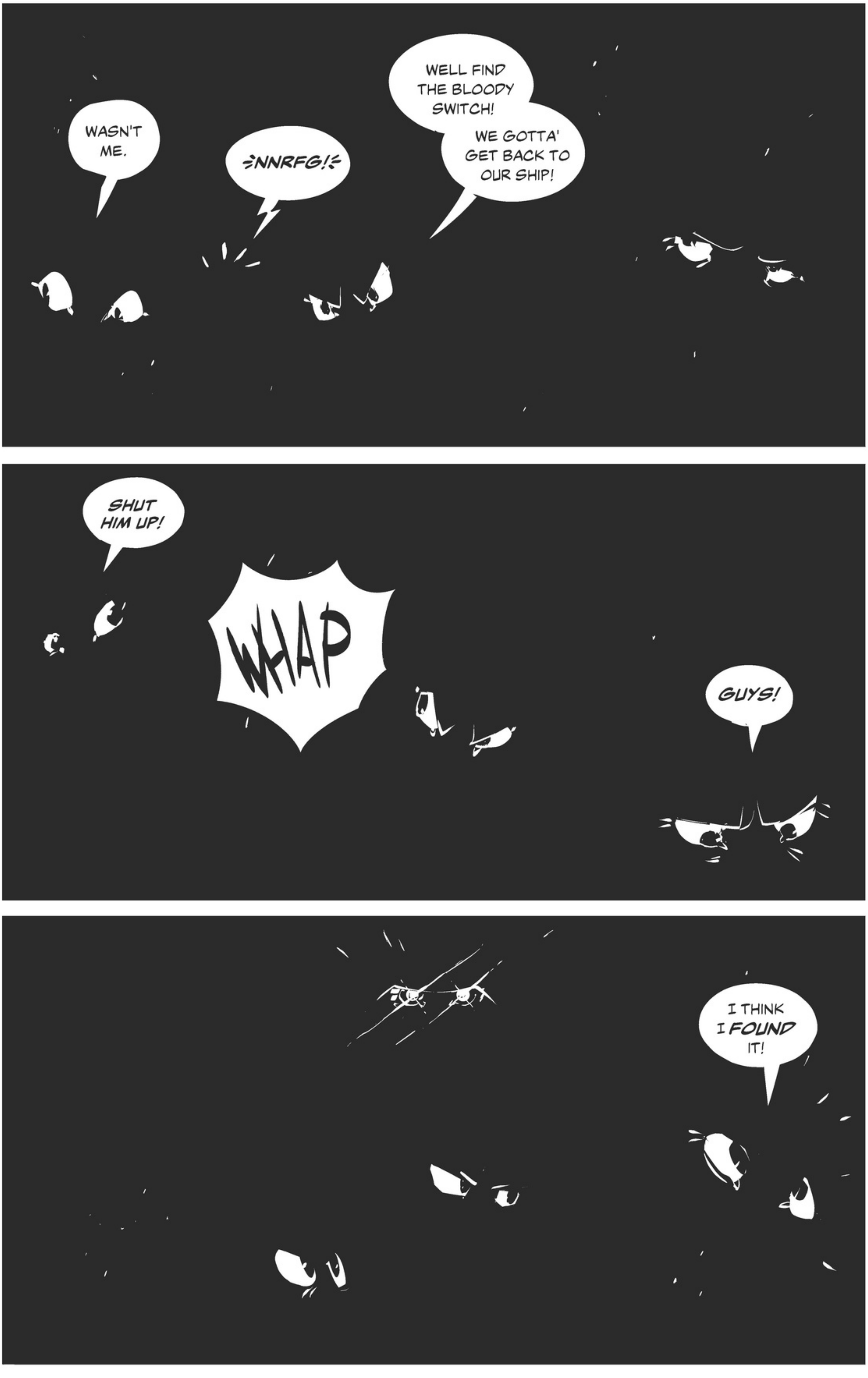

YAWN
UGH.
HOW LONG **WAS** I ASLEEP?
OOF.
HEY, **REK**, CAN WE GET ***SOMETHING*** TO EAT FROM THE GALLEY?
GWURRR
REK?

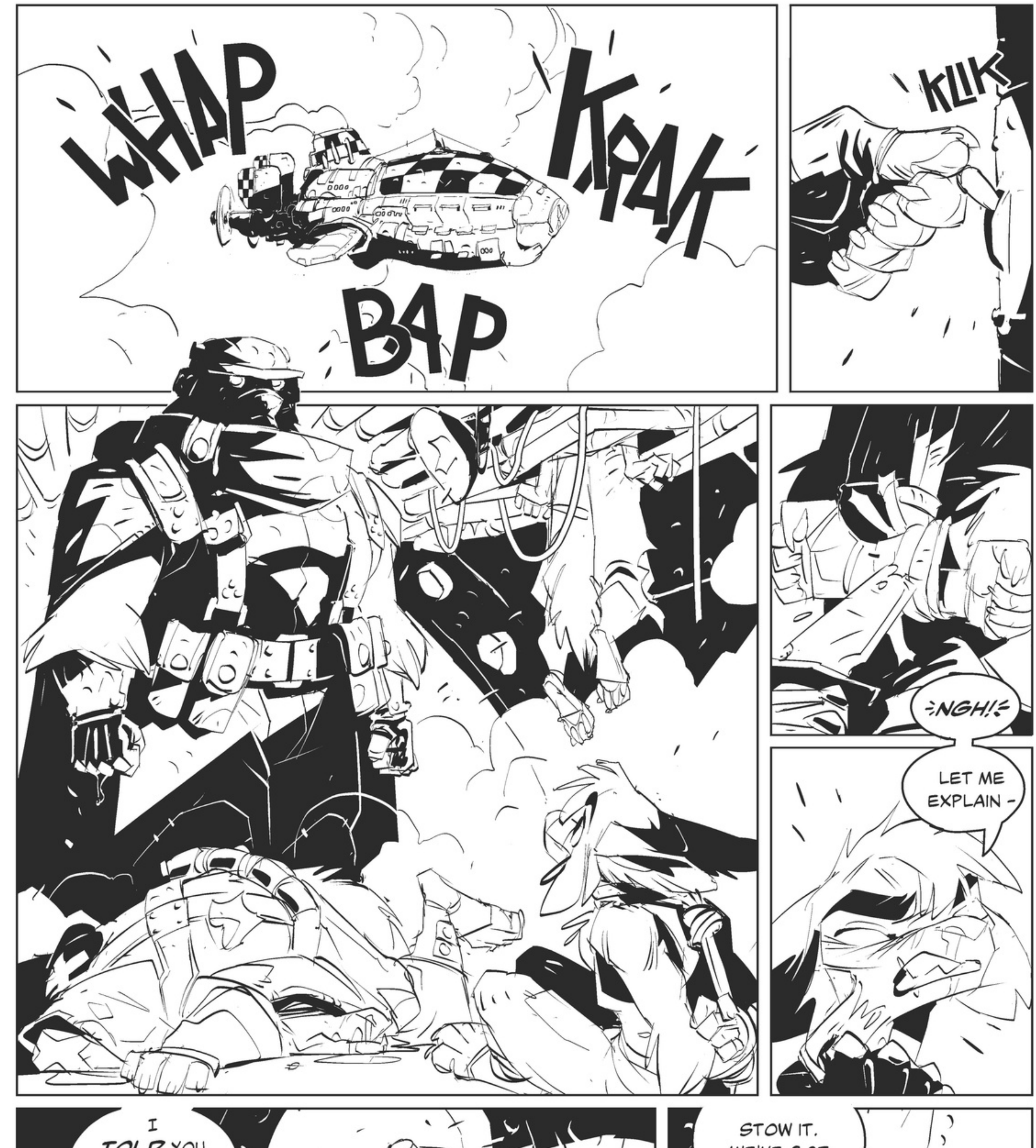

WHO THE HECK SLEEPS WITH A ***HELMET*** ON?
HMM.
TWO... THREE... SHOULD BE ENOUGH.
CLUB TROPICAL

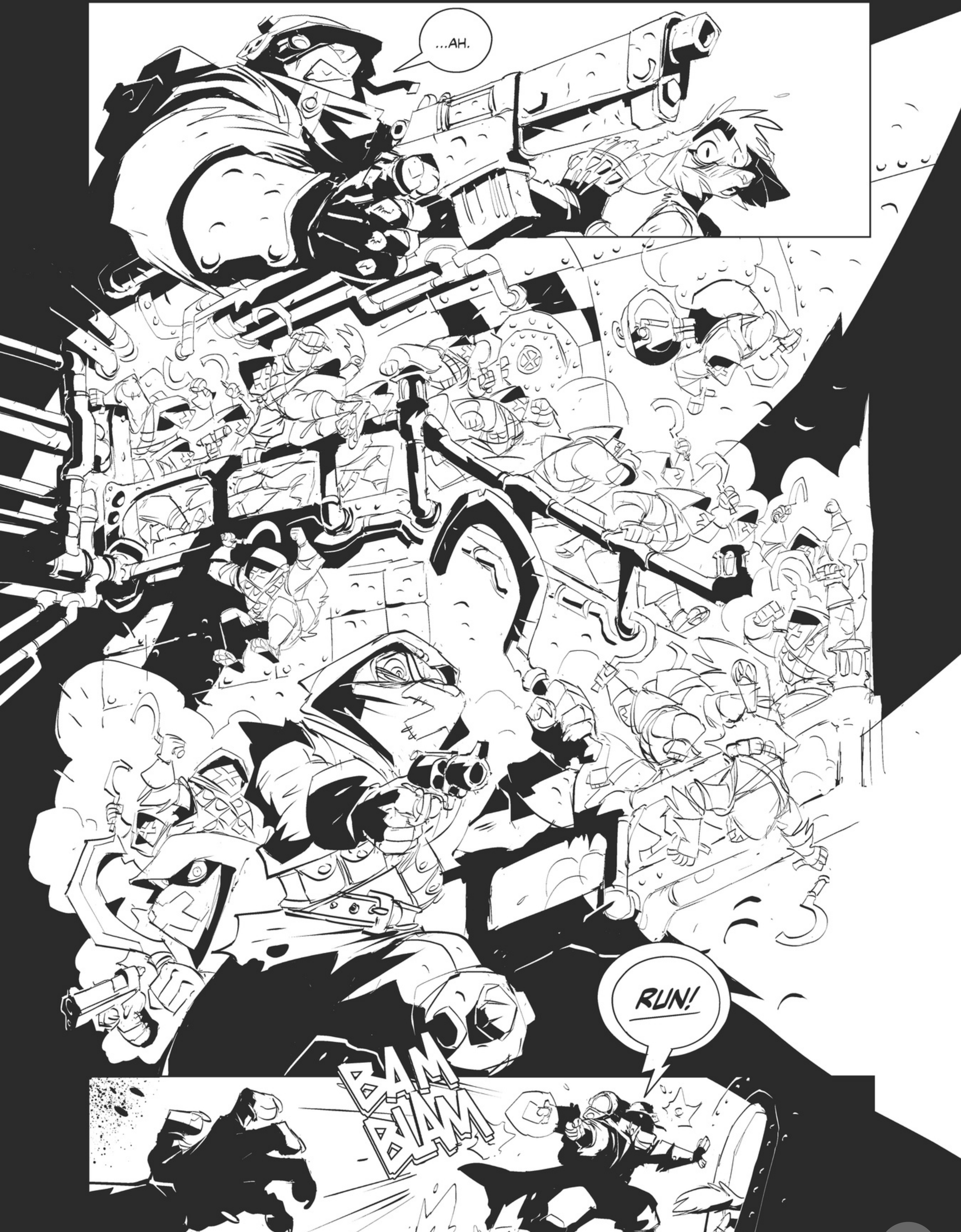

HEY, WHAT'RE *THOSE?*
SHASHLIK.
YOU BUY!
EAT THIS
YEAH, GIVE ME, UH...
HOWEVER MUCH ***THIS*** GETS.
SKINNY BOY EAT ***ALL THIS*** BY ***HIMSELF?!***
NOT QUITE.

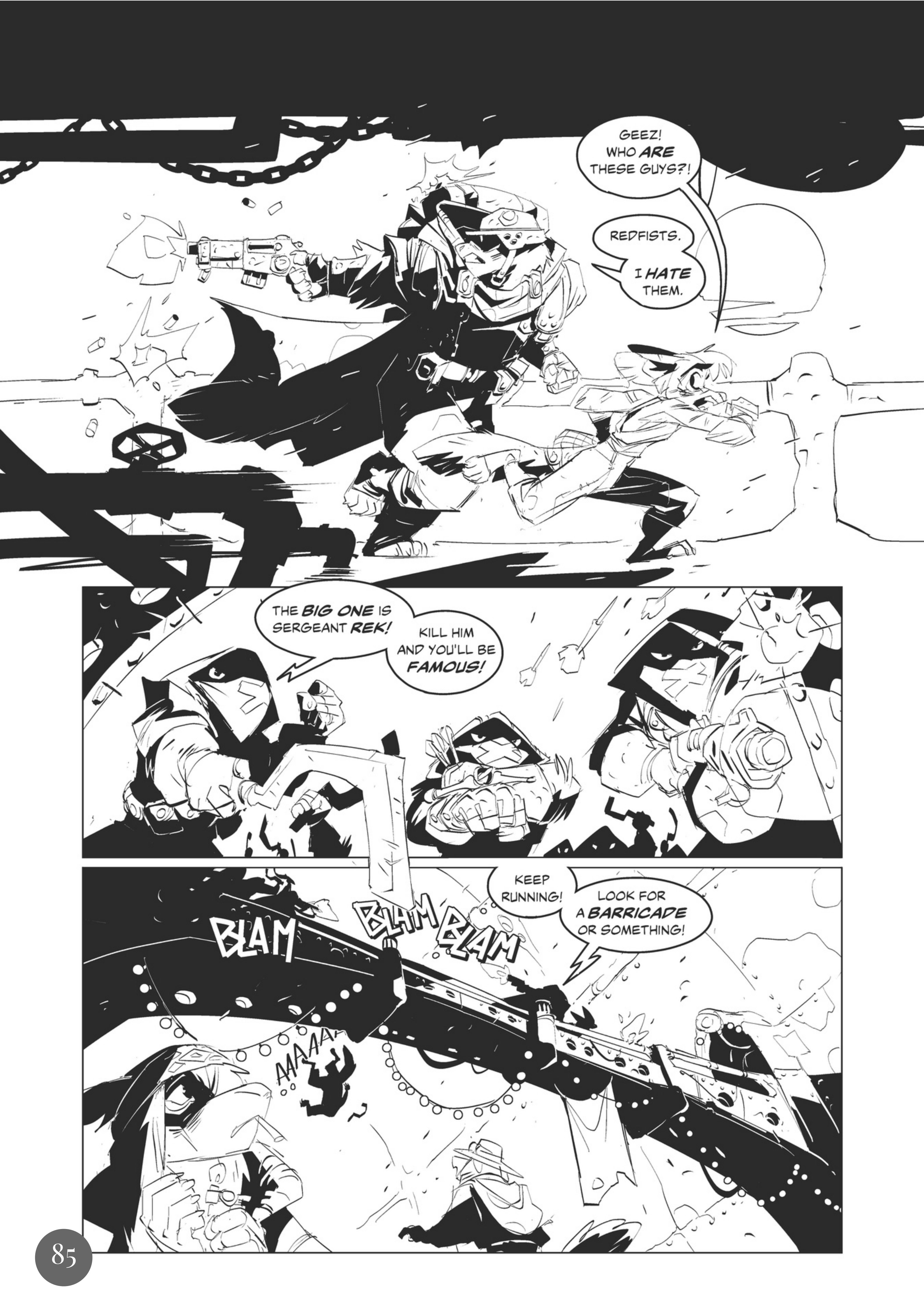

KWAH!
FEED BIRD??
KWAA!
KRUU! MUHNAME USTED!
KA-KLINK
WHA-
GFF!!

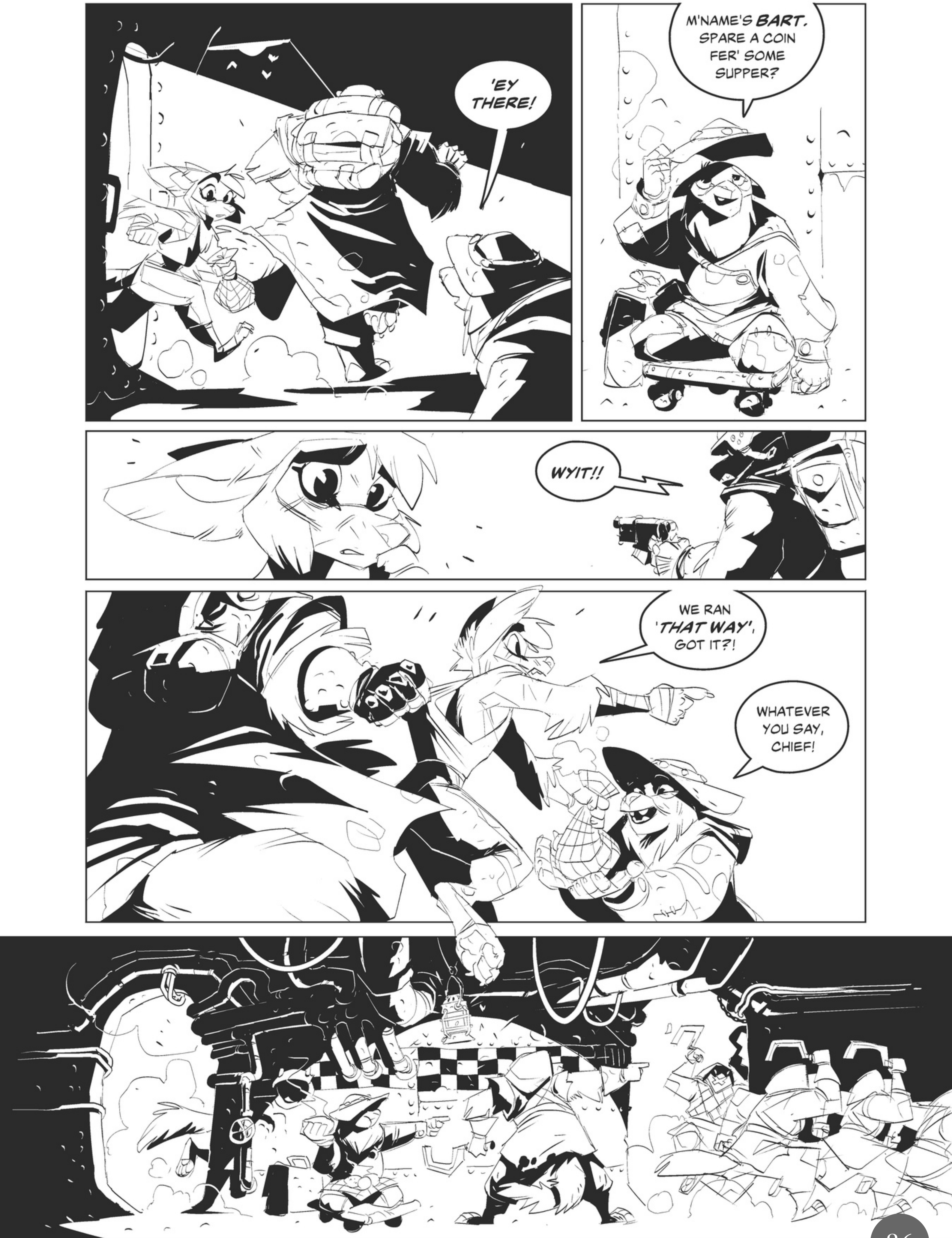

MMF!
MRRGH!!
SHUT UP!
OR ELSE WE'LL DELIVER YOU UP IN PIECES!
KLAK
WHAT THE-?!
WHO BUMPED THE LIGHTS?!

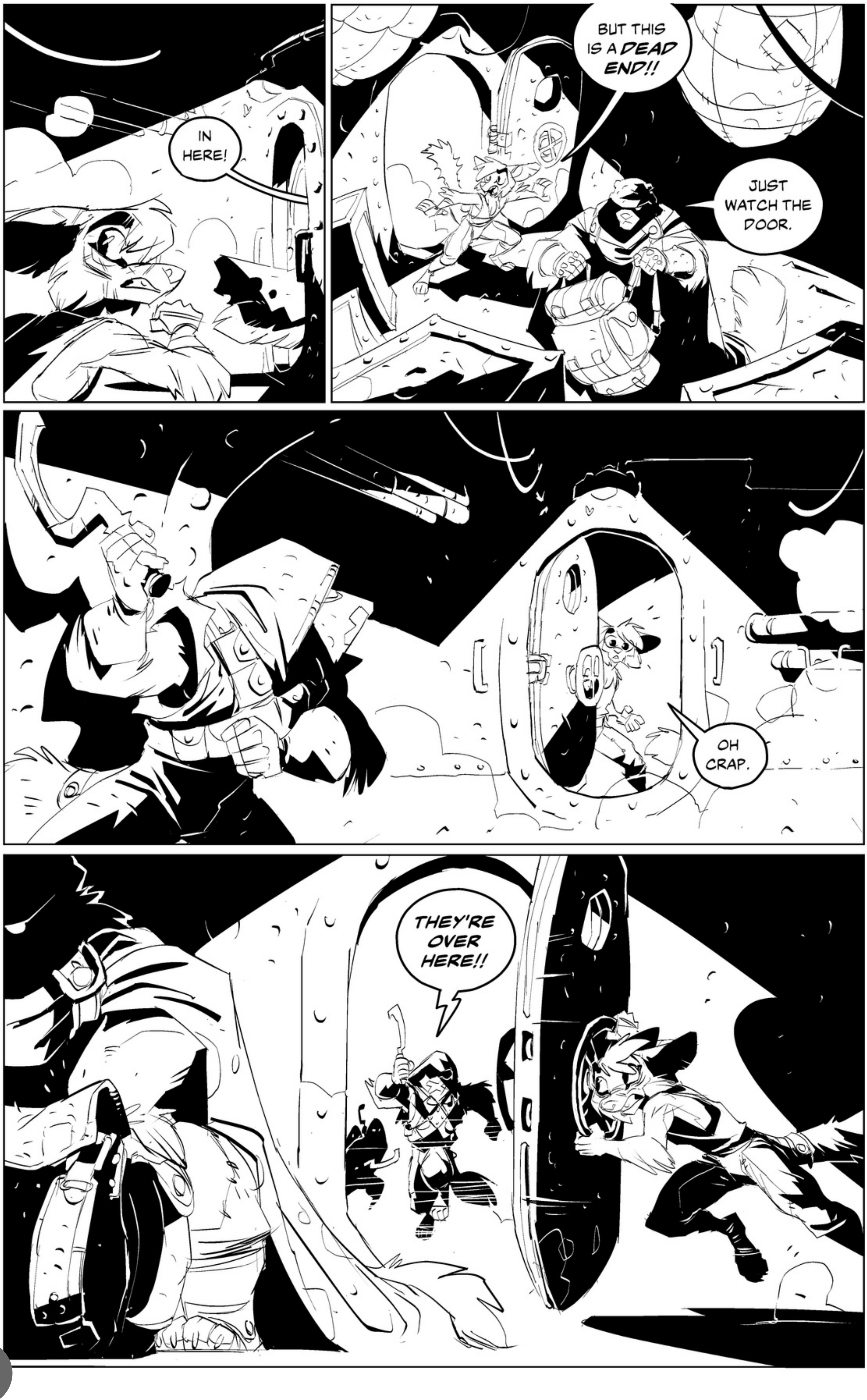

WASN'T ME.
=NNRFG!=
WELL FIND THE BLOODY SWITCH!
WE GOTTA' GET BACK TO OUR SHIP!
SHUT HIM UP!
WHAP
GUYS!
I THINK I **FOUND** IT!

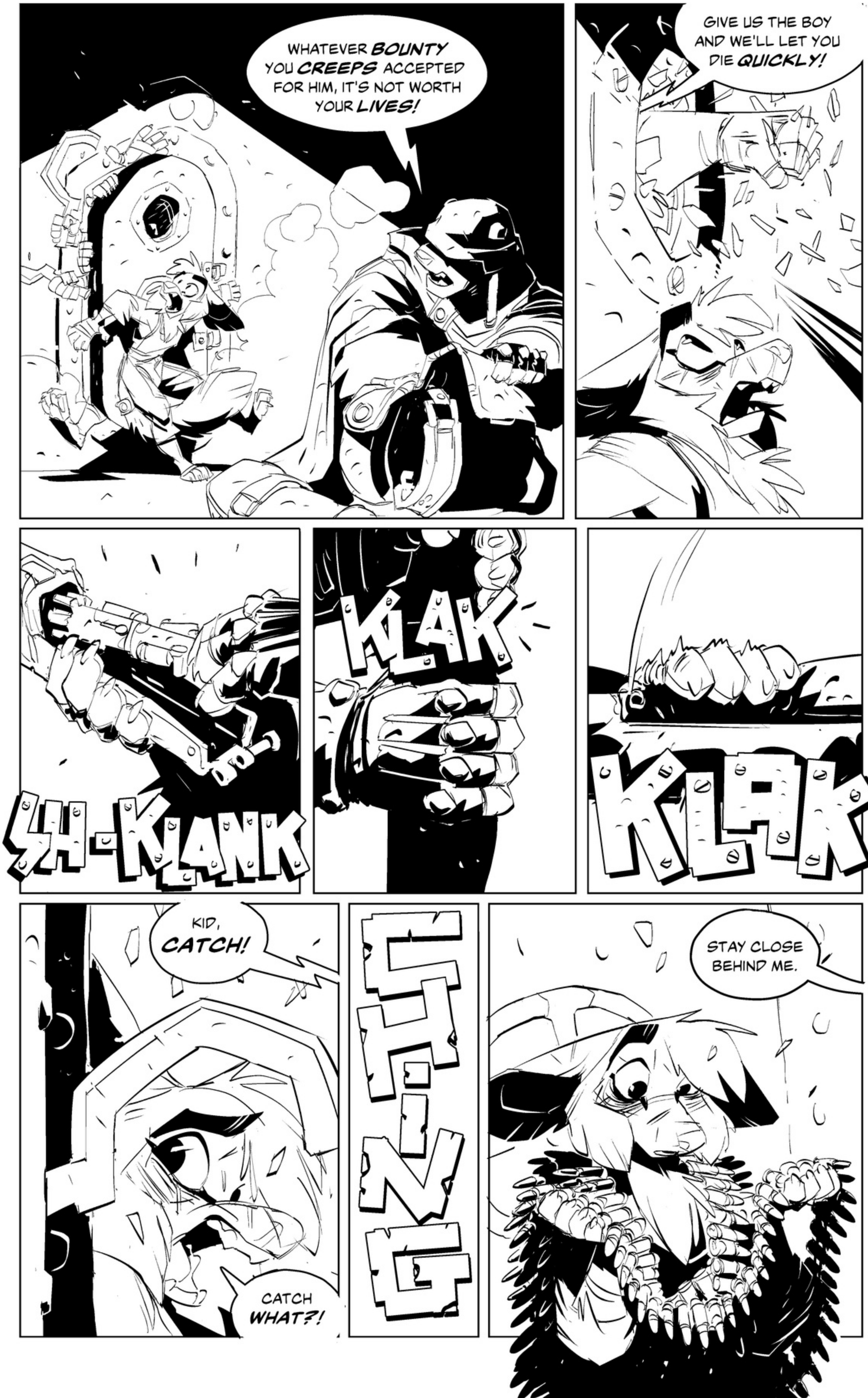

WHAP
KRAK
BAP
KLIK
NGH!
LET ME EXPLAIN –
I *TOLD* YOU TO *STAY* IN THE *CABIN.*
SORRY! I WAS *JUST* GETTING US SOME FOOD!
STOW IT. WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

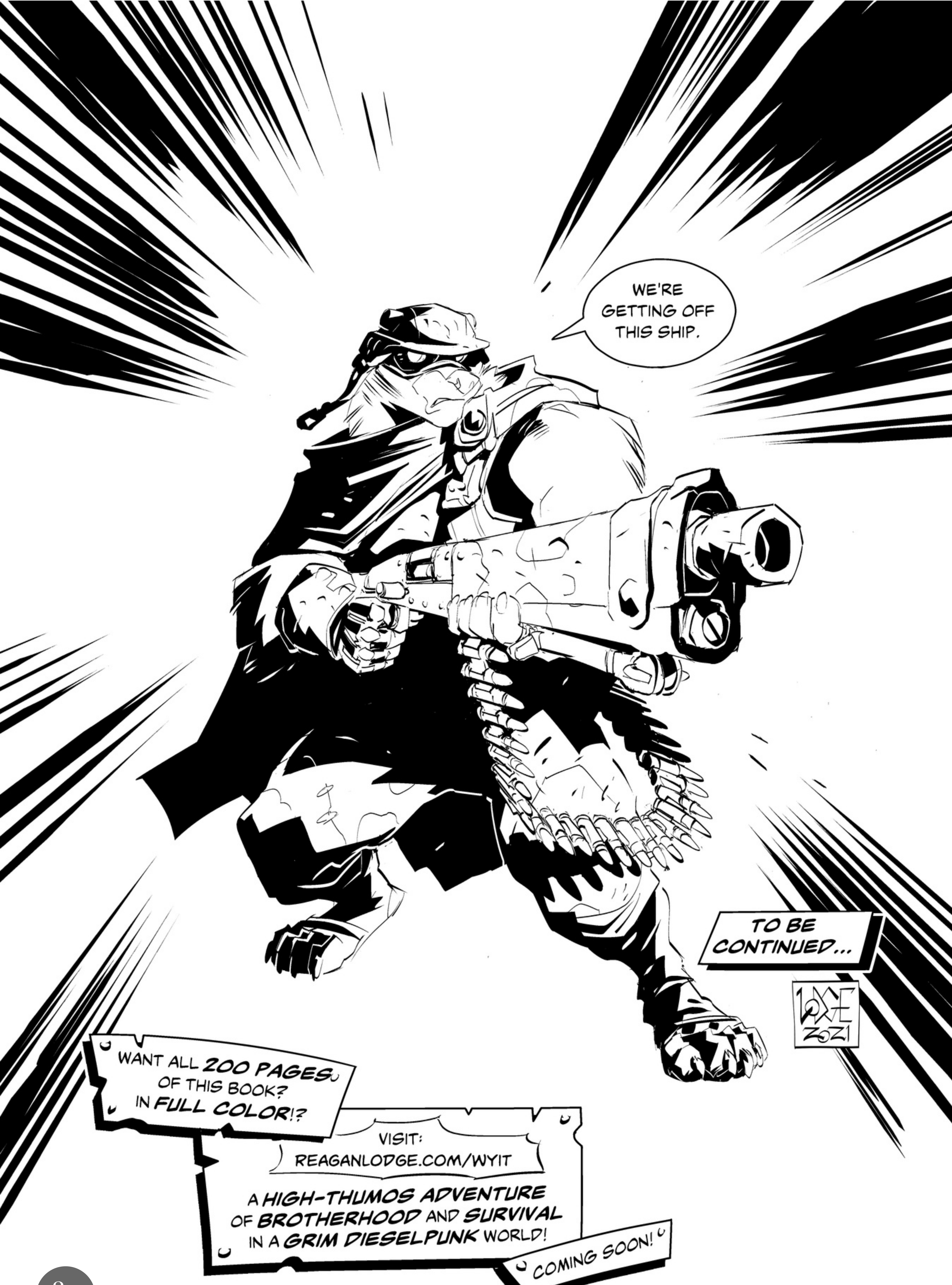

...AH.
RUN!
BAM
BLAM


GEEZ! WHO **ARE** THESE GUYS?!
REDFISTS.
I **HATE** THEM.
THE **BIG ONE** IS SERGEANT **REK!**
KILL HIM AND YOU'LL BE **FAMOUS!**
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
KEEP RUNNING!
LOOK FOR A **BARRICADE** OR SOMETHING!
AAAAA


'EY THERE!
M'NAME'S BART. SPARE A COIN FER' SOME SUPPER?
WYIT!!
WE RAN 'THAT WAY', GOT IT?!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, CHIEF!


IN HERE!
BUT THIS IS A *DEAD END!!*
JUST WATCH THE DOOR.
OH CRAP.
THEY'RE OVER HERE!!


WHATEVER BOUNTY YOU CREEPS ACCEPTED FOR HIM, IT'S NOT WORTH YOUR LIVES!
GIVE US THE BOY AND WE'LL LET YOU DIE QUICKLY!
SH-KLANK
KLAK
KLAK
KID, CATCH!
CATCH WHAT?!
SHING
STAY CLOSE BEHIND ME.


WE'RE GETTING OFF THIS SHIP.
TO BE CONTINUED...
LODGE 2021
WANT ALL 200 PAGES OF THIS BOOK? IN FULL COLOR!?
VISIT: REAGANLODGE.COM/WYIT
A HIGH-THUMOS ADVENTURE OF BROTHERHOOD AND SURVIVAL IN A GRIM DIESELPUNK WORLD!
COMING SOON!

CONTACT SPORTS BIBLE

COMBAT SPORTS
RUGBY
AMERICAN FOOTBALL

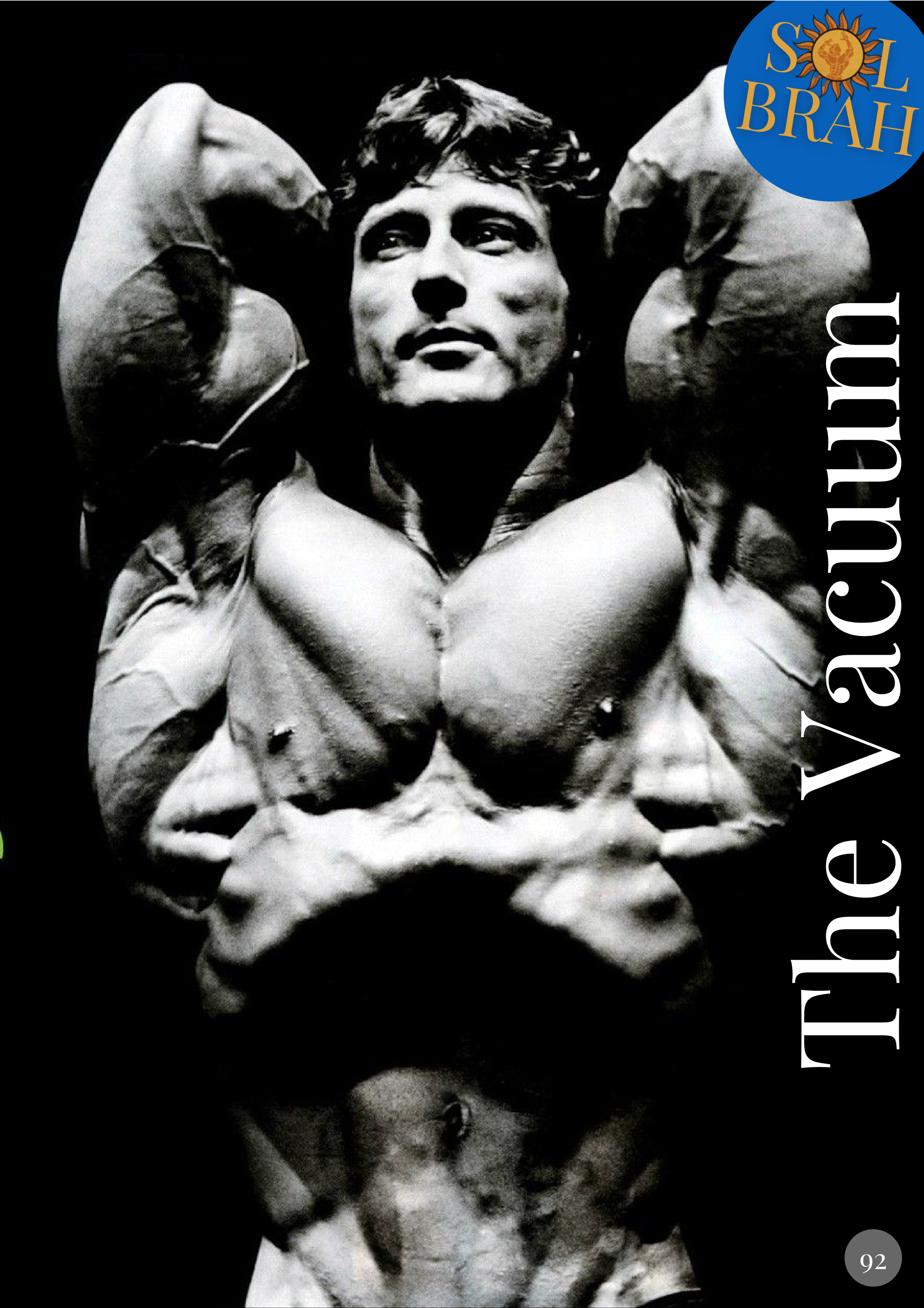
FEAT. UFC FIGHTER & MMA CHAMP JON FITCH

HERCULEAN STRENGTH

realherculeanstrength
herculeanstren1
herculeanstren1
realherculeanstrength
herculeanstrength

SOL
SUPPLEMENTS
solsupps.com

The Vacuum



The Vacuum

In this exclusive article, the Wonder from Down Under, the one and only Sol Brah (@solbrah) tells us about the abdominal vacuum: what it is; why all the classic bodybuilders of yesteryear were doing it; and why you should be too.

Everybody wants a flat stomach. Most think it's only related to how much fat they have covering the belly, and while this is partially true, there's an exercise that will allow you to compact your middle yet further, tightening and strengthening the entire area significantly. I'm talking about the vacuum.

The vacuum is a simple exercise and painless too, although its name is likely to conjure up images of painful liposuction. In fact, the exercise has its roots in ancient oriental medicine, as well as being something that old-time bodybuilders would practice religiously throughout the day.

The vacuum is used to train your transverse abdominis, the deep internal ab muscle responsible for good posture, organ support and impressive feats of core strength. The internal abdominal muscles, more commonly known as the deep muscles, are responsible for posture and control deep breathing, especially during exercises like heavy squats. Because these muscles are rarely worked, they are often weaker. Through doing vacuums, you'll enjoy better back support and be able to add more explosive power to your training.

This increase in deep abdominal strength also allows you to reduce the waistline and to draw in the belly, producing that elusive v-taper that was so highly sought after in the more aesthetic decades of modern bodybuilding, like the 1960s and 1970s. Square shoulders, slim waist.

The classic exponent of this pose was Frank Zane (as seen on the previous page), who could quite literally touch his navel to his spine. Impressive, no?

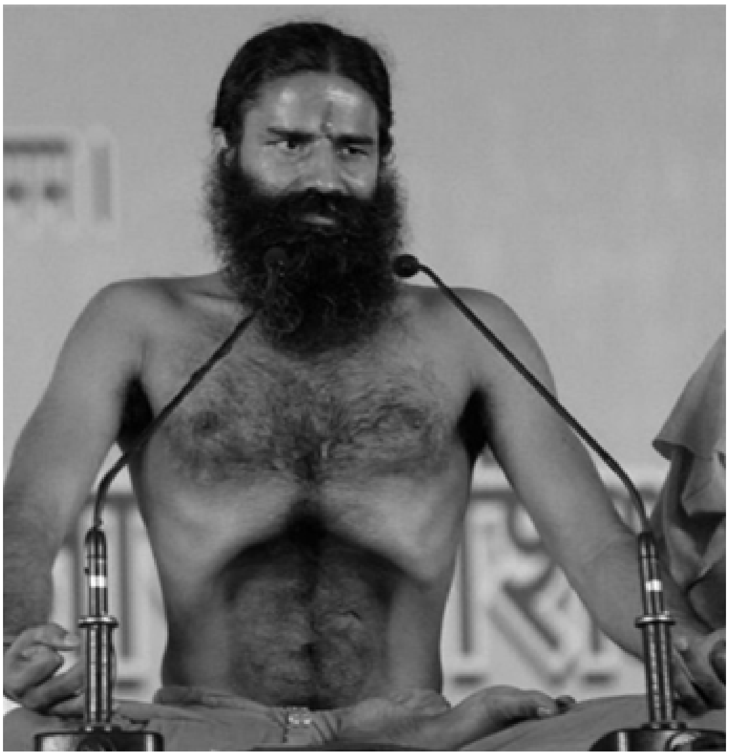
To get the stomach to retract that far is really just a matter of practice. Like any other exercise and muscle group, with time and consistency we can access higher levels of conscious control over the movement of our bodies.

The traditional yoga technique would include deep inhalation as the stomach distends outward and a total exhalation when it is pulled in.

Early physical culturists took this one step further by attempting the technique with the hands behind the head and the lats stretched outwards

---

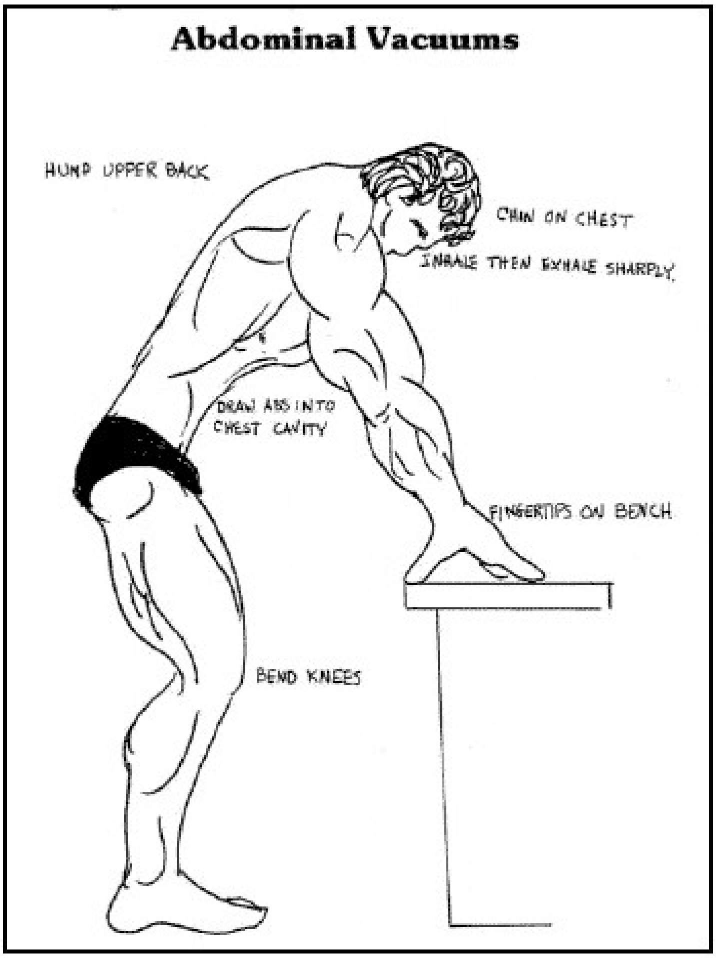
Above: a yogic practitioner performs a sitting vacuum. Previous page: Three-time Mr Olympia Frank Zane hits his trademark standing vacuum on stage



Benefits of the Vacuum

- Flattens the belly, and slims the waist
- Helps define the abdomen
- Relieves back pain by stabilizing the spine
- Fights against constipation, by the pressure exerted on the intestine
- Reduces postpartum diastasis, i.e. the spread of the rectus abdominis
- Strengthens the perineum
- Aids digestion
- Promotes relaxation and reduces stress

On the right is Vince Gironda's own personal drawing of the best way to perform the abdominal vacuum.



Assume this position at a benchtop, inhale then exhale completely and draw the abs UP and INTO the chest cavity. If you've never used these muscles before, it may take some time to adjust to the feeling. Stick with it.

On your back method: Lie on your back, legs straight and arms by your sides. Exhale all the air out of your lungs and diaphragm. Tighten your abs and squeeze like you're trying to suck them in under your rib cage.

Hold for 20 to 60 seconds, depending on your tolerance.
In addition, you can perform the vacuum from a forward-lying position, on all fours, or even seated. It's an exercise that can be done at any time once you get the hang of it.

Tips for correct performance

The most important part of this exercise is the abdominal breathing. It's important to breathe well through the nose when the belly is hollow.

The pelvis should be placed in a retroverted position (tilted backwards) and the body should remain relaxed at all times, to avoid tension in the neck or upper back.

At the beginning, the stomach vacuum requires great concentration to control and feel the contraction of the transverse muscle. It is therefore advisable to perform this exercise in a calm environment and repeat it several times a week.

Do not treat this as something you just tag on to your standard ab routine at the gym. You cannot over-train with this exercise, so I really encourage doing it every time that you have a spare 5 minutes and remember it.

Making the vacuum a part of your habit while your stomach is empty is a great way to build consistency in this exercise. Choose a suitable regular occasion, for instance when you go to shower in the morning, and without fail do the vacuum EVERY TIME that occasion arises.

Perform it in the morning, perform it at work, perform it in the afternoon, and perform it before going to bed.

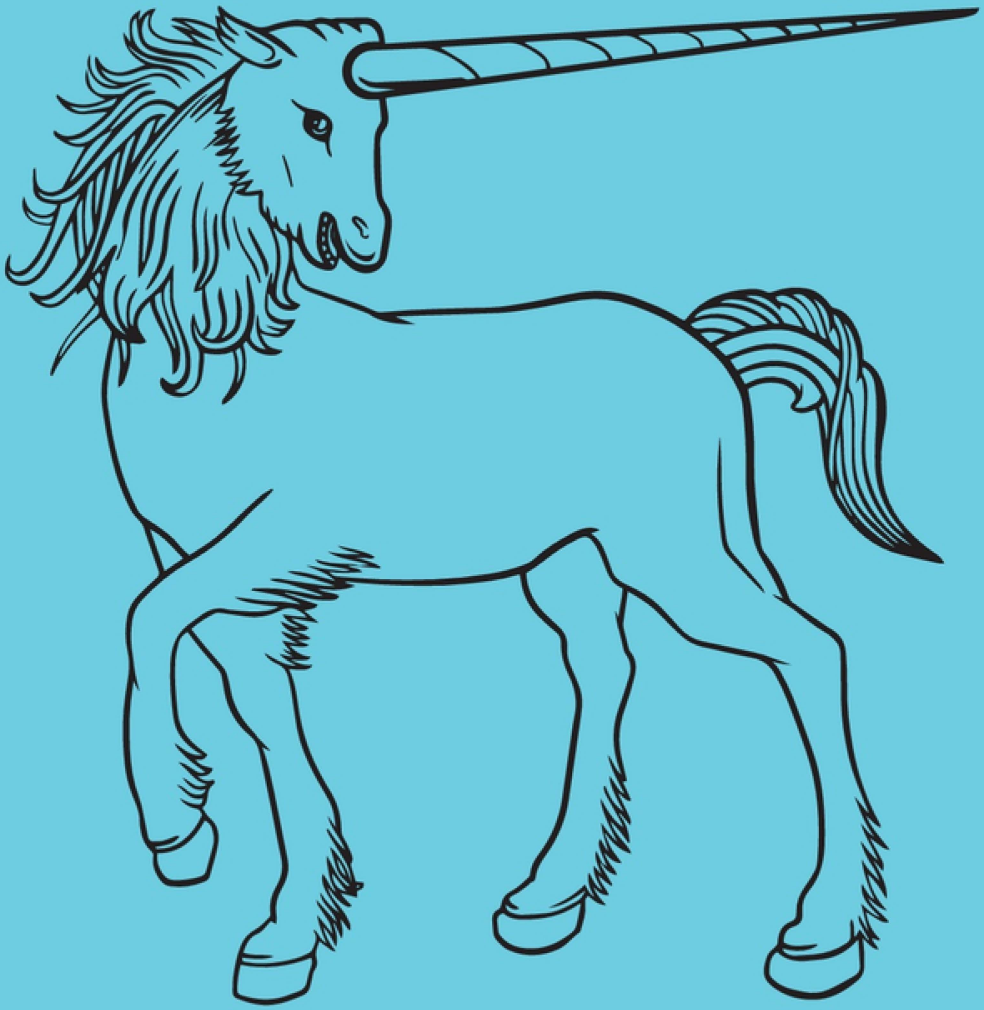
In addition to building up your waist musculature the abdominal vacuum also teaches you how to hold your waist in at all times. It will improve your gait and athleticism as you naturally feel the link of the internal core musculature with the rest of your body.

As you become more conscious of this feeling and strengthen the inner core, It will help you keep your waist tucked in at all times, which adds to the appearance of not only the midsection but also the entire body.

If you have trouble getting the hang of the exercise, practice more. There are also many Youtube tutorials out there that will help you to get a better understanding of the vacuum.

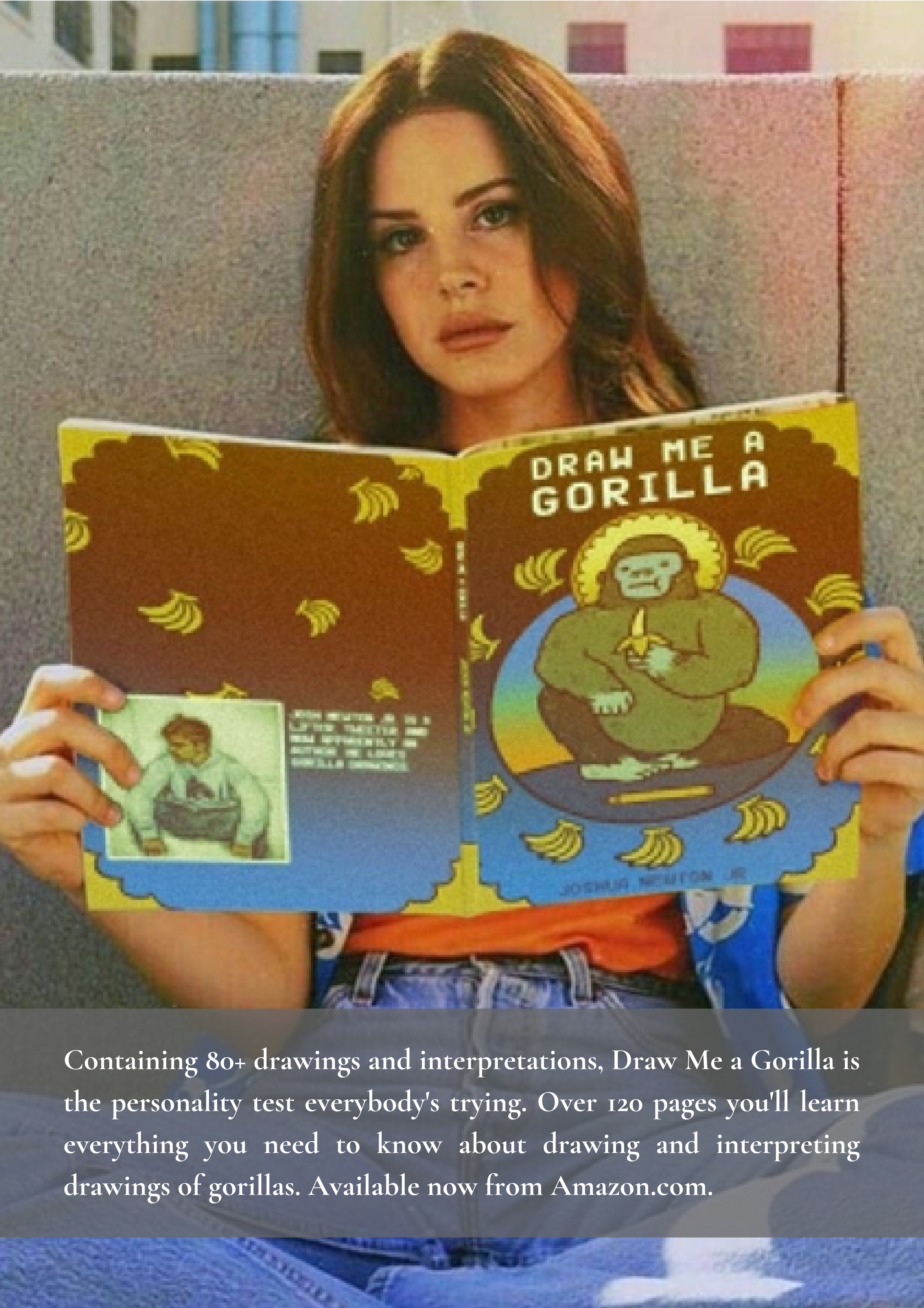
So do your part in the fight against flabby, un-aesthetic waistlines, and tighten your midsection with regular vacuums!

SAVAGE SPEAR OF THE UNICORN

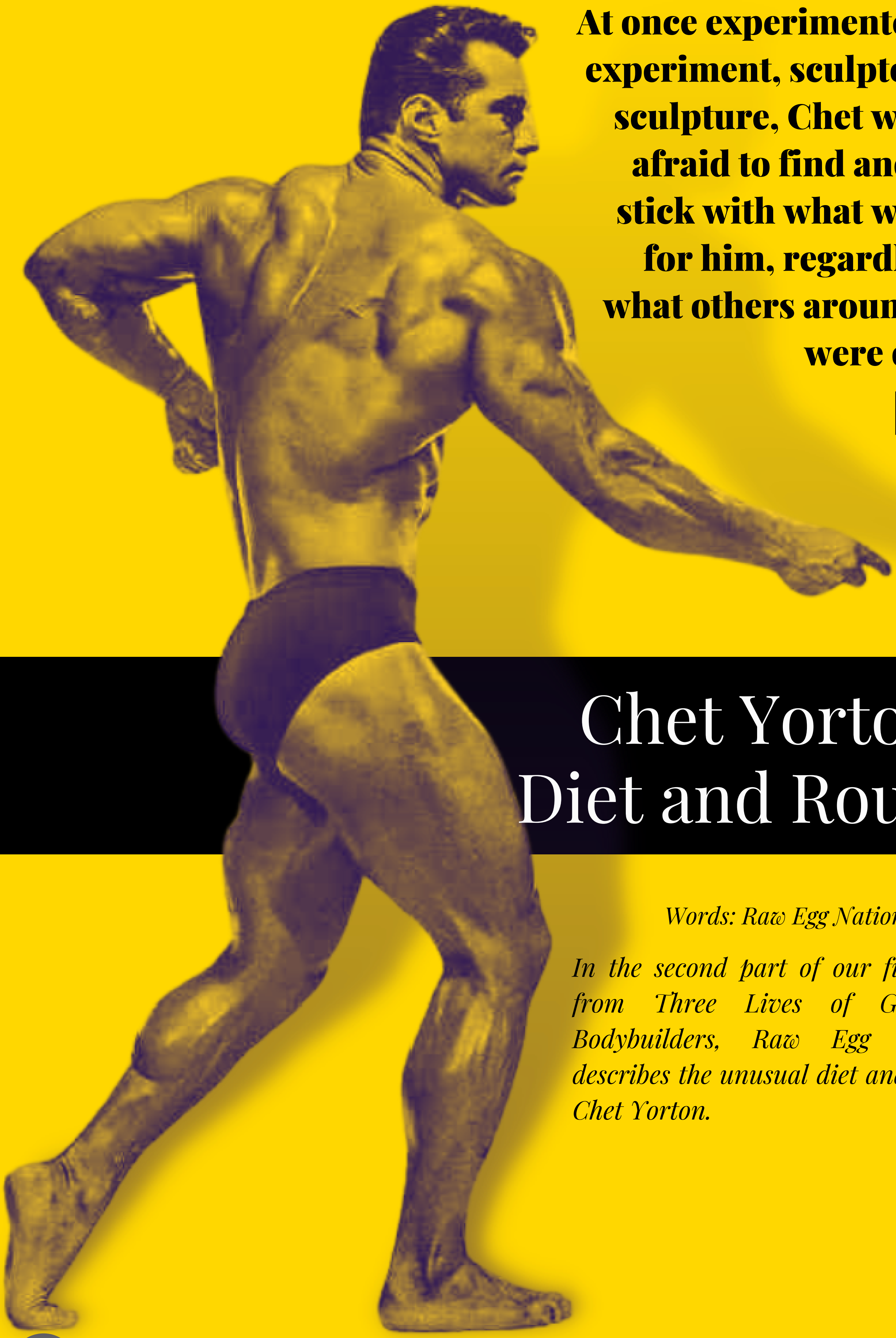


STORIES BY

DELICIOUS TACOS


DRAW ME A GORILLA
JOSHUA NEWTON JR

Containing 80+ drawings and interpretations, Draw Me a Gorilla is the personality test everybody's trying. Over 120 pages you'll learn everything you need to know about drawing and interpreting drawings of gorillas. Available now from Amazon.com.



At once experimenter and experiment, sculptor and sculpture, Chet was not afraid to find and then stick with what worked for him, regardless of what others around him were doing.

”

Chet Yorton: Diet and Routine

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

In the second part of our final extract from Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Raw Egg Nationalist describes the unusual diet and routine of Chet Yorton.

If one thing's for certain about Chet Yorton, it's that he trained hard. If there's another thing, it's that his routine wasn't your average /fit/ routine either. Chet embraced a variety of training splits and rep ranges, from training six days a week to two-on-one-off, or even just a single session every five days in the off-season; I've already mentioned his 22-rep sets, which were combined with traditional rep ranges of 8-10, as well as greater numbers of reps for body parts like the calves, which were one of the many standouts that helped him defeat Arnold in 1966.

Chet's routine in preparation for a contest consisted of a chest, shoulders and triceps workout followed by a back biceps and legs workout, then a rest day, and repeat. The workouts were high volume. The most unusual part of this routine was his approach to the bench press. He would aim for 100 reps, usually by doing five sets of 22 reps with 315, followed by a one-rep max. Otherwise, both days featured exercises in the 8-10 rep range, each exercise being done for five sets, except for the calf and ab exercises. For the calf exercises, he would do 40 reps three times: the first with the toes pointed straight, the second with the toes pointed out and the third with the toes pointed in. For the crunches and leg raises, he would do 500 reps total each.

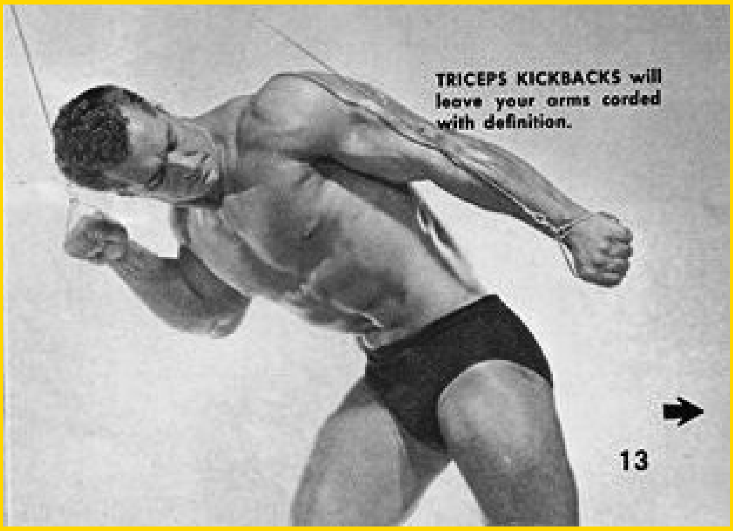
DAY ONE: CHEST, SHOULDERS AND TRICEPS
Bench press, lateral raises, bent-over lateral raises, overhead press, barbell front raise, tricep pushdowns, reverse grip dips, one-arm French press, tricep kickbacks, incline crunches and leg raises.

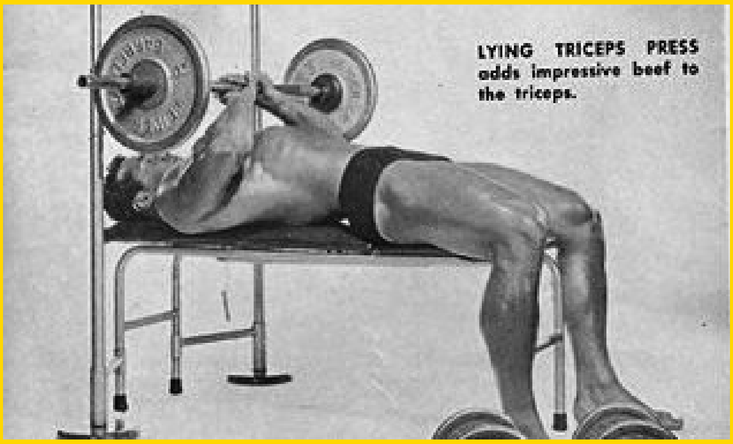
DAY TWO: BACK, BICEPS AND LEGS
Behind-the-neck pulldowns, wide-grip rows, reverse-grip rows, one-arm dumbbell rows, barbell curls, concentration curls, seated alternating dumbbell rows, standing dumbbell curls, squats, hack squats, leg curls, leg extensions, standing calf raises, incline crunches and leg raises.

Notice the use of classic exercises like the French press (or lying tricep extension) and behind-the-neck pulldowns.

It was during the off-season that Chet favoured his most unusual routine: a full body workout every five days consisting of two sets of 22 reps of squats, overhead press, bench press and deadlift.

The value of high-rep sets deserves some comment. High-rep exercises, especially high-rep squats, were an essential part of the routines of many Golden Age bodybuilders. High-rep squats, in particular, have long been touted with amazing anabolic effects; Randall Storrsen, for instance, author of the 1989 book Super Squats, claimed that a six-week routine of 20-rep squats could lead to up to 30lb of muscle growth, with growth not being limited to the legs but extending to the entire body. Twenty has been the magic number of reps since the 1930s, when Mark Berry, an American weightlifting coach, began to popularise high-rep squats in Strength magazine.


TRICEPS KICKBACKS will leave your arms corded with definition.
13


LYING TRICEPS PRESS adds impressive beef to the triceps.

One early high-rep squat routine was called the 'squats and milk' routine, involving 20-rep sets of squats and a GOMAD (gallon-of-milk-a-day) diet; note that the gallon of milk is not supposed to be the only food consumed, but is drunk in addition to a normal diet. Another early routine was devised by Joseph Hise, the so-called 'Daddy of the Squat', which he called 'breathing squats', because of the deep breathing required to complete one set; remember that Reg park performed these. The premise is simple, but at first sight confusing. The lifter must perform one set of 20 reps with a weight that is their 10-rep max. But that's impossible, surely? No: rest and deep breathing are used to allow the lifter to push on, through the pain, until they have completed 20 reps. Once the lifter hits ten reps, they must take a series of up to five deep breaths before the next repetition, and so on until they reach 20 reps. A set might, as a result, last as much as five minutes.

Later on, another daddy of the squat, the Quadfather himself, Tom Platz would insist on doing high-rep sets of squats. He claims that it was only when he started doing them that he began to build the freaky legs he is so famous for. On occasion, he was known to squat 225 for 100 reps, which took around ten minutes to complete. Here is his description of how it felt to finish a set of high-rep squats.

'My heart rate soared upward and I found myself gasping for air. In a way, that sensation frightened me. I would fall to the floor, place the magical towel over my eyes, and ask myself, what if my heart does not slow down? I saw stars. My legs felt as if someone was stabbing knives into them.'

Not everybody is an advocate of high reps. According to our favourite tetchy uncle Mark Rippetoe, high reps usually become sloppy reps as fatigue sets in, hence his advocacy of five reps as a compromise between max strength and

volume; with five reps, you won't feel the fatigue until after you put the bar down, or so the theory goes. Truth is, this argument can very simply be disproved by watching the famous video of Platz squatting 525lb for 23 reps, in his contest with the powerlifter Fred Hatfield; every single crushing rep is performed with a full range of motion and perfect – PERFECT – form. If you're going to use higher reps with, say, the squat, build up to it gradually and don't compromise on form. Although Platz was beaten by Hatfield in terms of overall strength, he knocked him out of the park on the high-rep portion of the contest, because high reps were an essential part of his training, whereas maximum strength was the emphasis of Hatfield's. Don't think that you can squat weight X for 50 reps just because a rep calculator app tells you that you can.

The value of high-rep sets for overhead press, bench press and deadlift is less attested than for squats, but it's hard to argue with Yorton's results. With regard to the deadlift in particular, many argue, as Rippetoe does, that form is dangerously compromised and that the deadlift is too taxing on the central nervous system to be effective at higher rep ranges. You'll just have to find out for yourself.

As far as Chet's diet goes, a 1964 article in Strength and Health gives the most detailed description of Chet's diet and the general principles he followed. During heavy training, he would increase his food intake to match his exercise, consuming six meals a day; when not in heavy training, he would stick to three meals a day.

'He usually eats six to eight eggs for breakfast and two glasses of raw milk, plus soybean powder with brewer's yeast. For luncheon he has a light snack of one pound of rare ground beef, some vegetables and a gelatin salad plus his usual two glasses of raw milk, soybean powder and yeast. And for dinner he devours one pound of liver, chicken or steak, or sometimes fish, together with lots of vegetables and a salad, and as usual soybean powder, brewers yeast and two glasses of raw milk.

Tom Platz credited high-rep squats for his freaky leg development

He obviously has remarkable metabolism. And I might also add that he eats no salt or other seasonings, no starches or dough; never tastes potatoes, bread, noodles, or cake, pie, ice cream, candy, gum or soda drinks.'

Eggs, raw milk, organ meat, lean muscle meat, fish and a bit of veg – barring the milk and veg, Chet could easily have been on a latter-day keto or paleo diet. Strict keto or not, it's clear that Chet was not consuming the generally recommended amount of carbohydrates for a bodybuilder looking to put on massive amounts of mass. 'Complex carbohydrates should make up the bulk of your daily calorie intake' (strengthandhealth.com) / 'The specific guidelines for a bodybuilding diet include from 55 to 60% of calories from carbohydrates, 25 to 30% from protein and 15 to 20% from fat' (nuts.com) / 'Most bodybuilders consume around 50% of total calories from carbs' (mensjournal.com). Although many classic bodybuilders and strength athletes have built tremendous physiques and physical strength on a simple meat and potatoes diet in vast quantities – and it's not a coincidence that many of them, like the Swedish brothers Magnus and Torbjörn Samuelsson, are or were also farmboys – Chet, by contrast, was shunning potatoes and other complex carbohydrates at a time when few others, except Vince Gironda, were doing so.

Unlike with Gironda, the source of Chet's dietary ideas on carbohydrate restriction is unclear. Gironda's dietary ideas were not merely the result of his own experiments or anecdotes from others, but came from a reading in a wide variety of subjects, including scientific papers and also accounts of explorers like Vilhjalmur Stefansson who had spent time in the Arctic Circle with the Inuit, observing and following their high fat and protein diet. Gironda may also have read William Holston's 1963 article in the California Historical Society Quarterly on 'the Diet of the Mountain Men', whose entirely meat-based diet had shown that 'a predominantly raw, fresh meat bill of fare, supplemented with liberal quantities of fat, is one of the most healthful regimens that an individual can eat'. While Chet's physique alone should constitute a decisive intervention in the 'low carb can't build muscle' debate, I suspect the interminable discussion on r/ketoscience will remain just that.

It's clear, however, that Chet wasn't above cheating, especially when he was on the road, as an English friend of his recounts.

'At 9pm that evening Chet was concerned that he hadn't had a workout for about 5 days with travelling and wanted to look well for his posing display the next day so I took him to my gym and he worked out for over 3 hours. By this time it had turned midnight and all the while he was worried that my wife might have gone to bed without leaving us some food. Not to worry she left all kinds of cold meats: ham, beef, chicken, eggs, tuna, salad, whole wheat bread – a whole tableful of food. I had a fairly normal plateful and Chet scarfed the rest and believe me I've never seen anyone eat as much food – he didn't leave a crumb!'

On this occasion, at least, he was happy to taste bread. But in the grand scheme of cheating, this is pretty austere, and bears no resemblance to the Rack, I mean, Rock Dwayne Johnson's weekly Krispie Kreme and pancake binges.

Most of us would instinctively avoid anything soy, because of its phytoestrogenic properties, anti-nutrient content and the poor biological value of the protein it contains (a value of 74 by contrast with 100 for whole egg, #raweggnationalism). Soy was a common early protein powder of the 1950s and 1960s, and it shouldn't be forgotten that, long before Soylent, soy beans were thought of as a miracle food, mainly as a result of the nineteenth-century Austrian botanist Friedrich Haberland. The demands of the food shortages, especially protein shortages, during the interwar years after 1918 made soy cultivation especially attractive to European nations. Adolf Hitler, history's most famous vegetarian, was an aggressive proponent of soy. Hitler dreamed of replacing all German meat consumption with soy beans, which were dubbed 'Nazi beans', and during the Second World War, forced soybean cultivation on south-eastern Europe; soy-based rations were also given to Nazi soldiers. The soy didn't seem to harm their performance much either.

Arnold wasn't always such a hit with the opposite sex

Another rich source of phytoestrogens Chet appears to have consumed on a regular basis was beer; although he moderated his consumption when he was training. While he lived in California, at a beach house in Malibu, he held regular parties several times a month. Both Arnold and Franco Columbo are known to have attended. Of the former, Jerry Brainum, of the Dave Draper forum, tells an amusing story.

'I knew Chet Yorton, too. I have never seen any man drink as much alcohol as Chet did and walk normally. He favored 6-packs of Colt 45 malt liquor, and quarts of beer. I once attended a victory party Chet threw for himself at his Malibu home. At the party, I hung out with a then unknown fellow named Arnold Schwarzenegger who had recently arrived in this country. Arnold got drunk imbibing the copious beer that flowed at Yorton's bash. He tried to pick up a few women at the party – and was rejected every time. His come-on was quite crude in those days, made even worse by his intoxication. I still recall what he said to me after a few rejections: "I can't [believe] these women are rejecting me – they all look like a dog's dinner!'

Chin up, Arnold: you can't always be numero uno.

In conclusion, it's most likely that Chet came to his ideas about training and dieting through trial and experiment more than through detailed research, unlike Gironda. No Golden Age bodybuilder, in their routine or diet, better embodies the Faustian spirit of the sport than Chet Yorton. At once experimenter and experiment, sculptor and sculpture, Chet was not afraid to find and then stick with what worked for him, regardless of what others around him were doing. Gymbros, take note.

Gyllene
Kaffekompaniet
Kongo Mörkrost
SE-EKO-03
Icke EU-jordbruk
KRAV
RAINFOREST ALLIANCE
CERTIFIED
100%
certifierat kaffe
100% Arabica

JOTUNHEIM WHEY
Dietary Supplement | Net Wt 843.36 g (29.75 oz)

Jotunheim Whey Shake

recipe

5 dl of milk
2 scoops of whey
1 banana
2 tablespoons frozen blueberries
1 splash of cream (optional)
2 raw eggs

USA: jotunheimnutrition.com
EUROPE: jotunheimnutrition.de and SWEDEN: jotunheimnutrition.se

EXCLUSIVE OFFER FOR MAN'S WORLD READERS!

30% off all programs for July, with code 'mansworld'

HERCULEAN STRENGTH

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstren1

herculeanstren1

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstrength

The End of Man?

Words: Herculean Strength (@herculeanstren1)

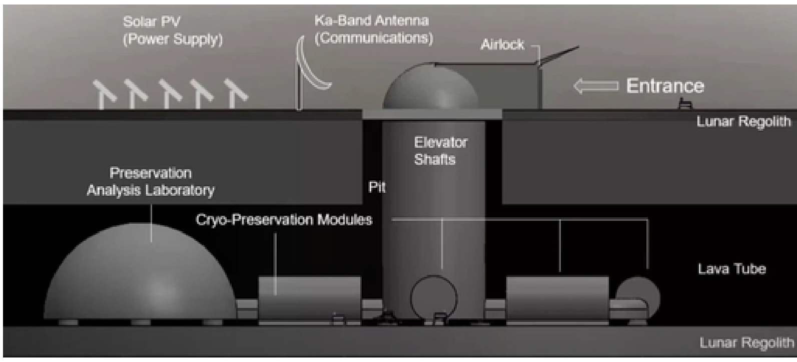
Dire predictions of a collapse in male fertility have finally become mainstream, years after fringe figures warned that the increasingly toxic environment we have created for ourselves could be our undoing. Just how bad is the problem? Might the only effective response to declining male fertility be to create a sperm and egg bank on the moon to preserve man's reproductive capabilities; or are there simpler things we can do to preserve the continuation of the species?

A group of scientists at the University of Arizona recently proposed creating a sperm and seed bank on the moon, in a bid to protect the planet's species from extermination – and that includes humans as well.

Under this 'modern global insurance policy', the reproductive cells of nearly 7 million species, including humans, would be stored in an 'ark' below the moon's surface. The ark would use pits in the surface of the moon, thought to be channels through which lava once flowed, to store the reproductive material using cryogenic technology.

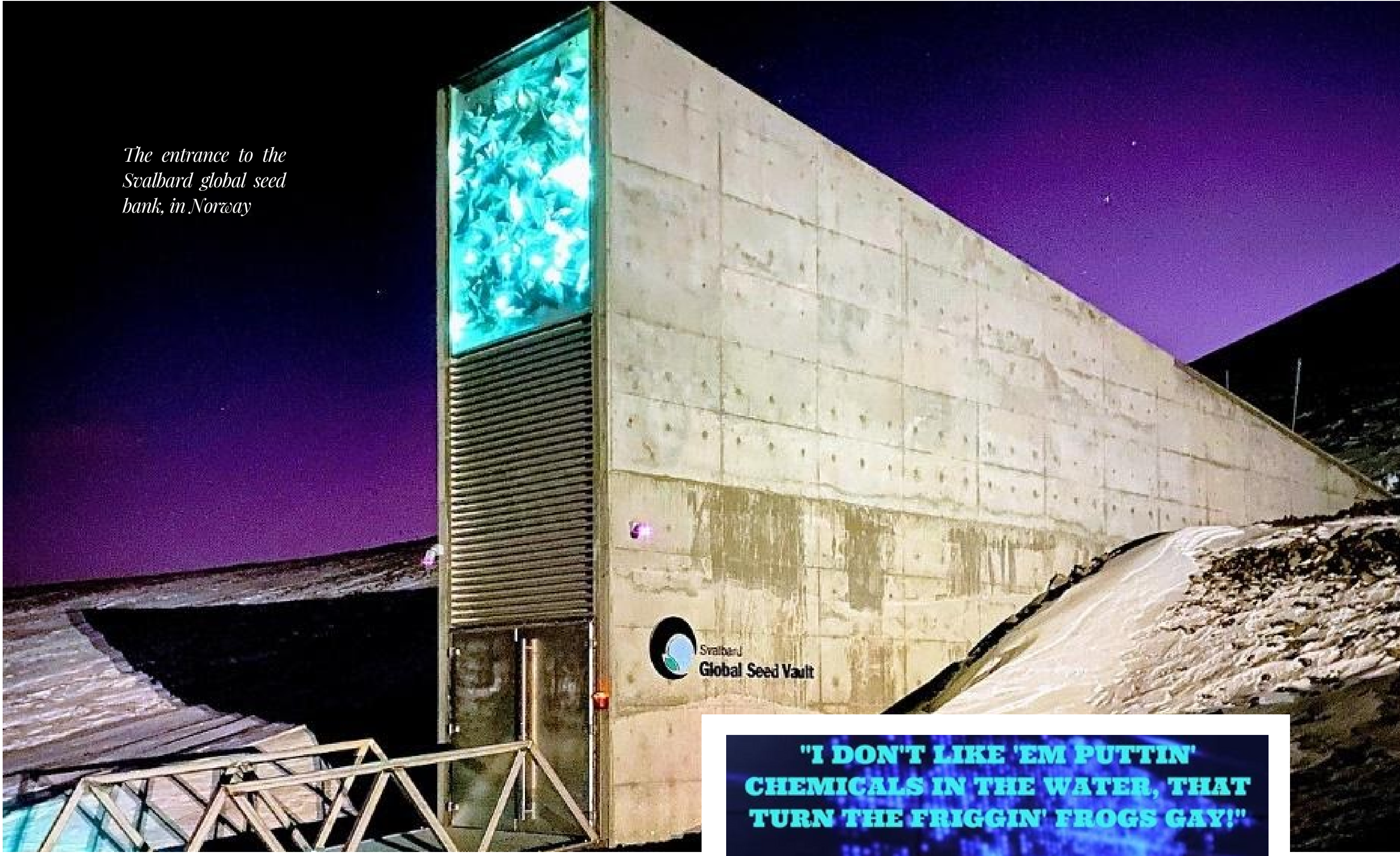
These pits penetrate up to 100 meters underground, and, according to Jekan Thanga, leader of the group, 'provide readymade shelter from the surface of the moon', which would otherwise prove hostile. Extreme temperature variation, solar radiation and meteorite strikes would all pose a threat to a surface-level facility.

But why go to the moon in the first place to build such a facility? After all, isn't there already a similar facility in Norway? Do we really need another?



An artist's impression of the proposed lunar 'ark'

Unlike the proposed lunar ark, the Svalbard Global Seed Vault, buried in the side of a mountain in Arctic Norway, houses only plant species (around 1 million, to date). In recent years, it has apparently been threatened by global warming, causing flooding of the entrance to the vault; although the seeds themselves have so far escaped damage. If global warming continues, the arctic conditions that made the site at Svalbard perfect for the preservation of seeds may soon no longer obtain. Once designed to operate without the help of humans, conditions in the Global Seed Vault now require 24h monitoring.



The entrance to the Svalbard global seed bank, in Norway

"I DON'T LIKE 'EM PUTTIN' CHEMICALS IN THE WATER, THAT TURN THE FRIGGIN' FROGS GAY!"

Alex Jones's infamous 'gay frogs' rant, which now doesn't seem quite as silly as it once might have done.

And it's the threat of planetary catastrophe – not just global warming, but nuclear war, drought, asteroids and massive volcanic eruptions like the eruption of Mount Toba 75,000 years ago – that motivated the team from the University of Arizona to propose the moon and to include a far greater diversity of species than at Svalbard.

A true planetary-scale disaster could see the loss of a majority of all plant and animal species on earth. The moon-based facility would preserve its samples, says Thanga, 'until the tech advances to then reintroduce these species – in other words, save them for another day.'

The inclusion of human reproductive cells may seem the least plausible, or most surprising, aspect of this plan. For one thing, if humans are eliminated from earth by some massive catastrophe – a nuclear war, say – what good will a load of frozen human sperm and ova on the moon be? Humans are the linchpin of the project and if they – we – disappear, surely there won't be a thing that can be done about it?

In fact, the notion that we might soon need to keep a global store of human sperm and ova to stave off a catastrophe appears more and more sensible by the day; although not necessarily for the reasons given by Thanga and his colleagues. A much more insidious, less spectacular, process is at work threatening the survival prospects of humankind. Perhaps it won't be an asteroid that makes man go the way of the dinosaurs, through declining male fertility, but the everyday products we know, love and rely on so heavily.

Once upon a time, not all that long ago, it was considered the sole preserve of cranks and conspiracy theorists to claim that industrial chemicals found in the environment especially the drinking water, were causing serious reproductive effects in animals and humans, particularly affecting male fertility levels. In 2015, Alex Jones, the host of Infowars, was roundly mocked for a rant in which he uttered the now famous line, 'I don't like 'em putting chemicals in the water that turn the friggin' frogs gay!'

Now, though, just five years later, those previously fringe concerns have well and truly gone mainstream, accompanied by some truly dire predictions. On March 10, Politico ran an article with the headline, 'No more babies? The hormone-altering chemicals threatening human procreation', particularly affecting male fertility, to coincide with the release of a new book on the subject by Dr Shanna Swan, a world expert on reproductive health at Mount Sinai, New York.

By 2045, Swan claims, the majority of men may no longer be able to reproduce because of the effects of harmful chemicals from a variety of sources. 'We're about 40 years behind global warming, in terms of awareness', she notes, and yet the threat to human survival is just as great as, if not greater than, our concerns about greenhouse gas emissions.

Professor Shanna Swan, author of Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development, and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race. The book is out now.

According to Swan's projections from available data, in 2045 the sperm count of the median man will reach zero, meaning that one half of all men will have no sperm at all, and the other half will have an amount that is barely more than zero. The implications are obvious: no sperm, no babies. Such a scenario has already been dubbed 'Spermageddon'.

The root cause of the massive (59%) decrease in the sperm count of the average Western man between 1973 and 2011 appears to be the growing exposure to endocrine (i.e. hormone)-disrupting chemicals, such as pthalates and bisphenol A, which are now ubiquitous in the modern developed world. Plastics, electronic goods, packaging, pesticides, cosmetics, personal hygiene products and, yes, the drinking water and food supply all contain such chemicals that disrupt male fertility.

Many of these chemicals are referred to as xenoestrogens, because of the way that they mimic the effects of the hormone estrogen. The endocrine-disrupting effects of Atrazine, a pesticide which is banned in the EU but still widely used in the US, have been known for some time. Beyond human male fertility, in 2006, a statement was made before the House Committee on Government Reform about the increasing number of male fish observed to be bearing eggs in the Potomac River. Industrial run-off, as well as contamination by personal care products and contraceptives, was identified as the likely cause.

Pthalates, first introduced on a wide scale in the 1950s, with the introduction of PVC, are linked to a variety of negative reproductive effects. They are used to increase plastic flexibility, and as a result have a huge variety of applications: in food containers, water bottles and children's toys, as well as foams, solvents, perfumes, pesticides, nail polish, adhesives and lubricants. Studies have shown that prenatal exposure to pthalates, i.e. through the mother, may cause feminisation of baby boys and result in smaller penis size, among other defects surrounding male fertility in later life.

Some of the other most commonly encountered xenoestrogenic chemicals, and their sources (in brackets), are:

- 4MBC (in sun lotion)
- Hydroxy-anisole butyrate (a food preservative)
- Bisphenol-A (a food preservative and plasticiser)
- Dieldrin (a pesticide)
- DDT (a pesticide. Although it is banned in the US, it is used in countries that export food to the US)
- Erythrosine (a red dye)
- PCB (in lubricants, adhesives and paints)
- P-nonylphenol (in PVC and by-products from detergents and spermicide)
- Parabens (in lotions)

Yes, that's right: the spermicide on the condom you're wearing to prevent unwanted pregnancy may, in the long run, be preventing you from ever getting anybody pregnant – condom or no. So temporarily disabling male fertility male have future ramifications.

But it's not just xenoestrogens that are responsible for the precipitous decline in male fertility we're witnessing. Swan also points to a variety of other factors that seem to be at work, including the use of contraceptives, obesity, smoking and 'cultural shifts', a rather vague term which would have deserved further explanation. Could it be that as men behave – or are given less room to behave – in less stereotypically manly ways, they may actually become so? There may be other biological factors at work too, she suggests, pointing to the collapse in testosterone levels in western men over the last half century.

Although falling testosterone levels are a fact of life for all men as they age – after the age of 30, a man can expect to lose 1% of his natural testosterone every year for the rest of his life – this natural reduction pales in comparison with the society-wide collapse in T levels that has occurred over the second half of the twentieth and the first quarter of the twenty-first century.

Men today have considerably less T than men of the same age even a single generation ago. A 2007 study in the Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism showed a significant reduction in the T levels of men since the 1980s. A 60-year-old American man in 2004, for example, had 17% less testosterone than a 60-year-old American man in 1987. These findings were corroborated in a study of Danish men, who displayed a two-digit decline between the 1920s and the 1960s.

While the collapse of testosterone is likely to be linked to the ubiquity of the xenoestrogenic chemicals Swan warns about, sedentary lifestyles and the consumption of

Hops, an essential ingredient in modern beer, contain one of the strongest phytoestrogens known to science. If you are going to drink alcohol, we recommend either choosing non-hopped beer (known as gruit), spirits or wine, especially red wine, which has a number of proven health benefits. You should avoid sugary mixers too: consumption of refined sugar has been shown to reduce testosterone levels.

Obesity is one the most leading causes of hypogonadism, or chronically low testosterone, in men

phytoestrogens are also likely to be playing a large role.

While the role of phytoestrogens, natural compounds such as soy and hops that also mimic the effects of estrogen, requires like further explanation, the role of fat tissue in hormonal balance is not widely appreciated enough. In basic terms, fat tissue is naturally estrogenic, and the more of it you have, the more of the hormone your body will produce. All in all, it adds up to a witch's brew of environmental, social and biological factors that are making it ever harder for men to maintain their masculinity and fulfil their biological purpose.

And don't think that women get off lightly either. Miscarriage rates have increased significantly over the last two decades, and women are experiencing puberty at ever younger ages. Such changes will only serve to amplify the male fertility problems modern men are facing.

So what's the solution? Is there any way we can avoid the dreaded male fertility destroying Spermageddon?

Here at Herculean Strength we believe nothing is inevitable. What we advocate is a targeted approach that reduces our exposure to endocrine-disrupting substances, whether industrial or natural, as much as possible, and encourages a healthy, active lifestyle and diet that maximises natural testosterone production.

So what can you do, practically, to reduce your exposure to these harmful chemicals?

Here are some simple tips:

- Install a reverse osmosis water filter with an activated carbon filter for your drinking water
- Choose organic, locally grown, seasonal food
- Always wash properly and peel fruit and vegetables that are non-organic
- Buy the highest quality meat and dairy products you can: aim for local, organic, pasture-raised products
- Reduce your reliance on plastics, including water bottles, canned foods, non-stick cookware and plastic wrappings

Clearly, this may involve a serious change to habits and some expense, but take it from us: the immediate cost will be far less than the cost of slow-burning chemical castration via xenoestrogrens, not just for you but for the generations that come after you as well.

realherculeanstrength
herculeanstren1
herculeanstren1
realherculeanstrength
herculeanstrength

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstren1

herculeanstren1

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstrength

TESTOSTERONE

NO NEED FOR NEEDLES

H
OH
H
H
H
0.5
1
1.5
2
2.5

HERCULEAN STRENGTH

Become a Demigod

GARLIC

Garlic contains the compound called allicin which can be useful for lowering your levels of cortisol, a hormone that is produced in the adrenal gland.

But what's cortisol got to do with testosterone?

Under stress, your body produces cortisol, which has an impact on other bodily functions, including the production of testosterone. Some, but not all, of a man's testosterone is produced in the adrenal gland, with the rest being produced in the gonads.

And when cortisol goes up, testosterone goes down, as a number of studies show. Cortisol also competes for the same muscular receptor sites as testosterone, and so the more cortisol you have in your system, the more competition testosterone will face at the receptor sites.

By reducing the amount of cortisol in your system you allow testosterone to be produced more effectively by the adrenal gland and prevent it from facing so much competition to bind to skeletal muscle receptors.

So while garlic itself act isn't a testosterone-boosting food, it reduces cortisol and as a result can help boost testosterone levels.

Garlic is most potent in its raw form. You can either eat raw cloves (skinned and chopped in half) or you can take a raw garlic supplement. In our free ebook, 'How To Lose 20lb and Build Muscle in 12 Weeks', we give a recipe for a potent homemade pre-workout formula using raw garlic.

While we're on the subject of cortisol and stress, it's worth also saying that both can lead to overeating, weight gain and the storage of unhealthy body fat around the internal organs, all of which can reduce your testosterone levels.

Eliminating as much cortisol and chronic stress from your life as possible, whether through your diet or through practices such as meditation and visualisation, is an essential part of restoring your natural masculine balance.

Franco Columbo (right, obviously) was a big pineapple fan

BANANAS AND PINEAPPLE

Surprised? Well, don't be. Both of these fruits contain bromelain, a protease enzyme which has been shown to have testosterone-boosting effects.

One study of cyclists taking part in a six-day race showed that bromelain supplementation enhanced recovery and also prevented reductions in testosterone.

Bananas are also rich in B vitamins, which have also been shown to be essential in maintaining healthy levels of testosterone. A study of rats, for instance, showed that deficiencies in vitamin B6 reduced testosterone synthesis.

Chronic low testosterone also seems to be associated with chronically low levels of vitamin B12, as at least one human study has shown.

EAT THESE

AND BOOST YOUR

EGGS

Eggs are one of nature's most complete foods. As well as being a source of inexpensive, high-quality protein – they contain all nine essential amino acids – eggs are rich in various vitamins and minerals including selenium, zinc, iron and copper and vitamins A, B2, B6, B12, D, E and K.

But it's a substance that has become almost a bogey-word in health circles that makes eggs a must-have food for raising your testosterone. That's right: cholesterol – and eggs have it in abundance. One large egg contains 186mg of cholesterol, over half the recommended daily intake.

Believe it or not, there appears to be a closer correlation between cholesterol intake and lean muscle mass gain than between the latter and protein intake. Studies by Steve Riechman, for instance, have shown a linear dose-response between cholesterol intake and lean muscle mass increases.

Another study, specifically on egg consumption, showed that consumption of whole eggs stimulated more muscle growth (measured as myofibrillar protein synthesis) than did consumption of egg whites alone. This is important because it is the yolk that contains the most cholesterol.

The anabolic power of eggs is one of bodybuilding's forgotten secrets. The massive consumption of raw eggs, and with them massive amounts of cholesterol, was an essential part of Vince Gironda's legendary 36-eggs-a-day diet, which he also dubbed the 'Hormone Precursor' diet. Gironda, an anti-steroid advocate his entire career, claimed that an eight-week cycle of egg shakes was the closest a bodybuilder could get to taking steroids without actually taking them.

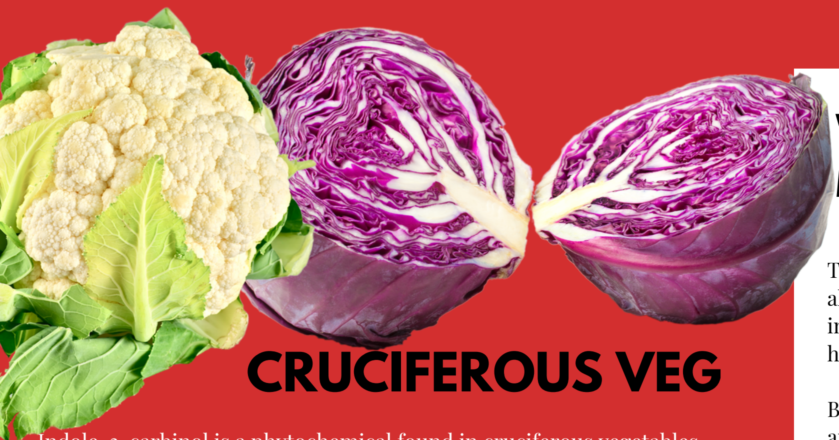
The precise mechanism by which cholesterol increases muscle mass is not clear at present. It may have something to do with effects on cell membranes, inflammation or lipid raft formation and cell signalling – or all of those things.

There's evidence from a number of studies on saturated fat, which is a building block of cholesterol, that diets high in saturated fat increase testosterone production. Low saturated fat intake is associated with reduced testosterone.

If you're worried about dietary cholesterol intake, there's growing evidence that actually you really shouldn't be. In fact, there's evidence that most people's consumption of dietary cholesterol has nothing to do with their blood cholesterol levels, and even the much-vaunted link between dietary cholesterol and heart disease is now being re-examined.

Vince Gironda: the egg king of the Golden Era of bodybuilding

Words: Herculean Strength (@herculeanstren1)



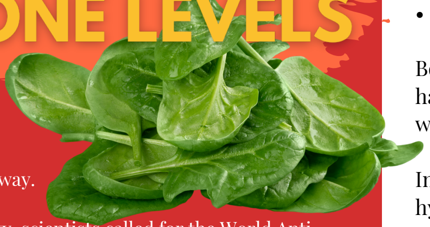
CRUCIFEROUS VEG

Indole-3-carbinol is a phytochemical found in cruciferous vegetables (including cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and kale). As well as serving as a powerful antioxidant and reducing cell damage from free radicals, indole-3-carbinol serves to regulate and suppress estrogen production.

A study at Rockefeller University showed that men who took 500mg of indole-3-carbinol daily for a week enjoyed a 50% reduction in estrogen. Estrogen suppression is a powerful way of increasing the effectiveness of the testosterone you have available.

FIVE FOODS

TESTOSTERONE LEVELS



SPINACH

Popeye vindicated? It certainly looks that way.

In fact, after a study at a German university, scientists called for the World Anti-Doping Agency to add ecdysterone – a phytosteroid found in spinach – to the list of prohibited substances for athletes.

As part of a 10-week study, researchers split nearly 50 athletes into four groups to assess how ecdysterone affected their physical performance: one was a control group, another received a placebo, and the remaining groups received a daily dose of either two or eight capsules containing 100mg of ecdysterone extracted from spinach. The four groups followed the same strength training programme for the 10 weeks. The group on ecdysterone enjoyed both increased muscle mass and strength gains. In fact, their strength gains were up to three times those of the other participants.

In another study investigating the compound's method of action, the authors write:

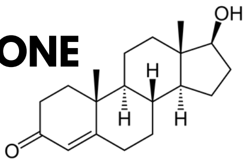
"The anabolic potency of the ecdysterone was comparable or even higher as found for the anabolic androgenic steroids [dianabol and trenbolox], SARMs or IGF-1"

Ecdysterone doesn't, in itself, appear to stimulate increased testosterone production, but rather to act on estrogen receptors, apparently suppressing estrogen production.

Spinach contains a great many other vitamins and minerals, some of which will directly aid your testosterone. Magnesium is one of these minerals. It helps to free up testosterone in the blood by preventing sex hormone binding globulin (SHBG) from binding with testosterone. Only unbound, or free, testosterone can actually be used in the body.

It's worth noting that the dose of ecdysterone given to the participants in the study mentioned earlier was equivalent to the amount contained in 4kg of spinach. Even if you can't manage that amount on a daily basis, a decent helping of spinach each day will almost certainly help you balance your hormones and chase those gains.

WHY DOES TESTOSTERONE MATTER?



Testosterone is the hormone most associated with masculinity, and although it's also important to women's bodies and their health, the increased levels of testosterone in the male body are responsible for the host of traits that make men men, rather than women.

Body hair, muscle mass, bone density, strength, aggression, dominance and competitiveness – increases in all of these things are associated with increased testosterone in men.

Falling testosterone levels are a fact of life for all men as they age. After the age of 30, a man can expect to lose 1% of his testosterone every year for the rest of his life. But the natural reduction all men can expect to suffer pales in comparison with the society-wide collapse in testosterone levels that has occurred over the second half of the twentieth and the first quarter of the twenty-first century.

Men today have considerably less testosterone than men of the same age even a single generation ago. A 2007 study in the Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism showed a significant reduction in the testosterone levels of men since the 1980s. A 60-year-old American man in 2004, for example, had 17% less testosterone than a 60-year-old American man in 1987. These findings were corroborated in a study of Danish men, who displayed a two-digit decline between the 1920s and the 1960s.

Apart from taking a blood test to establish whether you have low T, there are various symptoms you'll experience if you have low T. The main symptoms include:

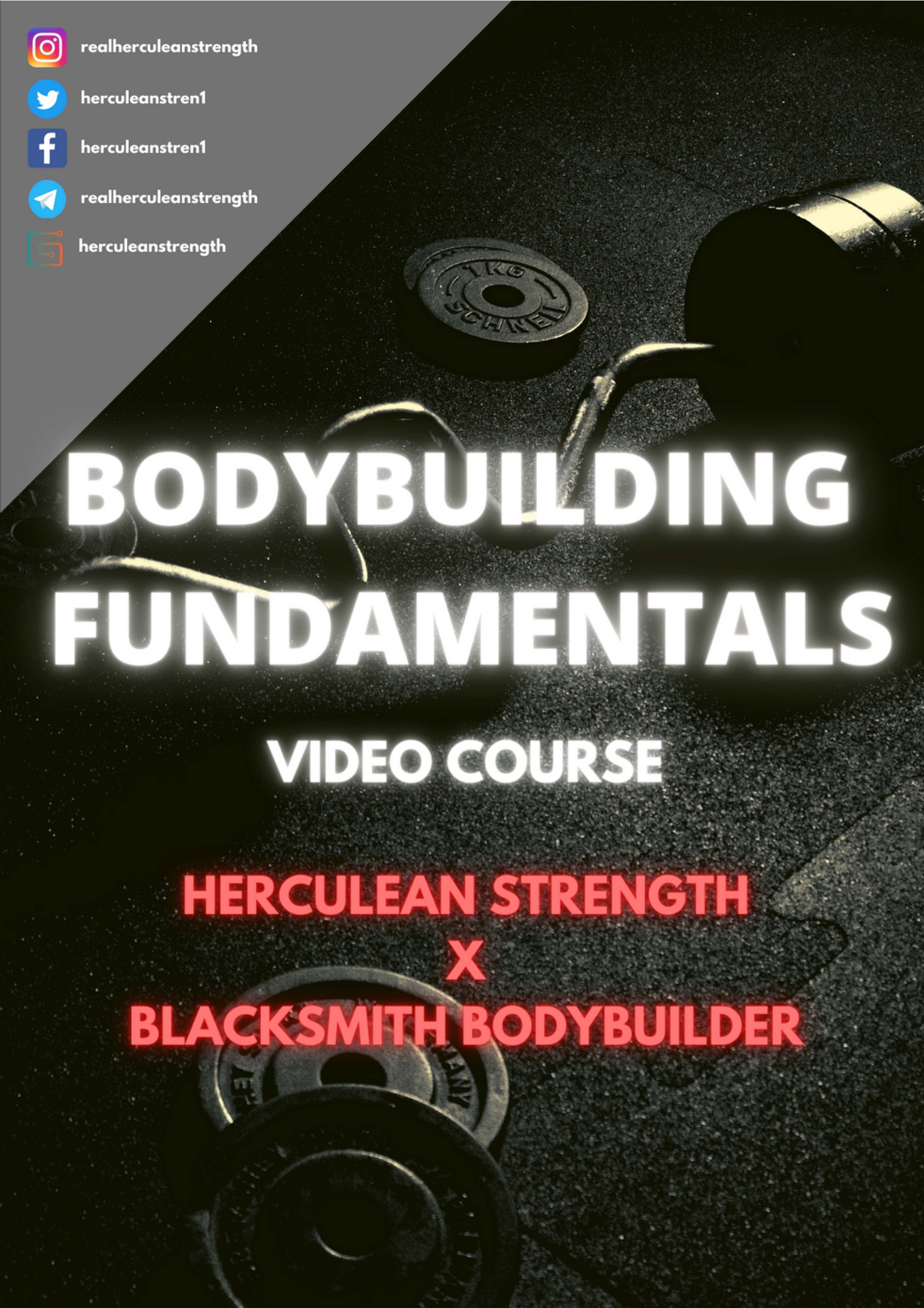
- Reduced libido
- Erectile dysfunction
- Fertility problems (inability to conceive)
- Fatigue

Boys with low testosterone may develop slower, with little or no body hair, under-developed muscles and smaller penises; and men with low T will have difficulty building muscle, no matter how hard they try.

In extreme cases of low testosterone, usually referred to as hypogonadism, men may also develop breast tissue (gynecomastia) and osteoporosis (reduced bone density). Hypogonadism has a variety of causes, which include:

- Certain genetic disorders
- HIV
- Pituitary disorders, including pituitary tumours and injuries
- Inflammatory diseases
- Obesity and also rapid weight loss
- Nutritional deficiencies
- Steroid use

Obesity, in particular, is an increasingly common cause of hypogonadism.



realherculeanstrength

herculeanstren1

herculeanstren1

realherculeanstrength

herculeanstrength

BODYBUILDING FUNDAMENTALS

VIDEO COURSE

HERCULEAN STRENGTH
X
BLACKSMITH BODYBUILDER

IRON FORGES IRON

Raw Egg Nationalist goes one-on-one with the Blacksmith Bodybuilder (@blksmthbb) to talk about all things iron and his amazing new Bodybuilding Fundamentals Course. Can you stand the heat?

Welcome, Blacksmith. Tell us a little bit about yourself and your background. Are you actually a blacksmith?

A blacksmith in spirit! Blacksmith bodybuilding is more than just a name to me: it's also a way of life. My motto is “forging physiques from iron”, and that's exactly what I strive to do. In the same way that a blacksmith forges a weapon, I create my physique. He first puts the iron into a furnace to make it malleable. Once the hard iron becomes workable, he doesn’t massage it to create his masterwork: the blacksmith with perfect accuracy and execution strikes the iron with all his might over and over again. I approach bodybuilding in the same way and help to create world class physiques. A fusion of precision and chaos.

Besides that though, my name is Nick and I’ve been in the gym for over 11 years strong now. I was a competitive powerlifter, then bodybuilder, and now I focus on coaching and more educational content. I really enjoy the coaching aspect of bodybuilding. Figuring out how someone's body works and responds differently from another's is thrilling for me. Every time someone hits a PR or gets down to their lowest BF% makes me feel like I'm achieving it as well. I love it.

How did you first get into bodybuilding?

When I first started lifting I weighed under 120 lbs. So the weight came on pretty quick. After I gained the first 30, I really started to love how I was looking and the bug just bit me so hard. I was pretty strong out of the gate so I started powerlifting and progressed into bodybuilding a couple years after that.

You have a new bodybuilding course available. Tell us about that. What made you want to come up with it?

The Bodybuilding Fundamentals course was something I have been thinking about for a long time. I've been lifting and in the forums for a long time so I've seen some pretty horrible advice given over the years. I know there is a ton of junk out there that people hear and spread around. I wanted to create a condensed, straightforward course that would give someone everything they need to begin their bodybuilding journey.

The course has over four hrs of video content, a 12-week training program I designed so the principles in the course could be applied, and a cookbook and diet tracker supplied by Herculean Strength. Topics of videos include - "Understanding Hypertrophy", "Structuring Your Diet" and "Understanding and Implementing Progressive Overload", as well as how to put together your own lifting program and so much more.

I wanted to focus on the areas of bodybuilding where I made the most mistakes in my 11 years. I figured that if I explain and teach the best, most efficient, safest way to do something I could save people a lot of wasted time and prevent injury as well.

I had been following Herculean Strength for a while and was loving the content coming from the site. It was informative, helpful, and accurate. But I'm a total audio-visual kind of learner so I knew that if I put something together it would have to be in that kind of format. When I reached out to the guys there about the idea they were thrilled and basically gave me the freedom to do what I wanted with the course. I think the results speak for themselves.

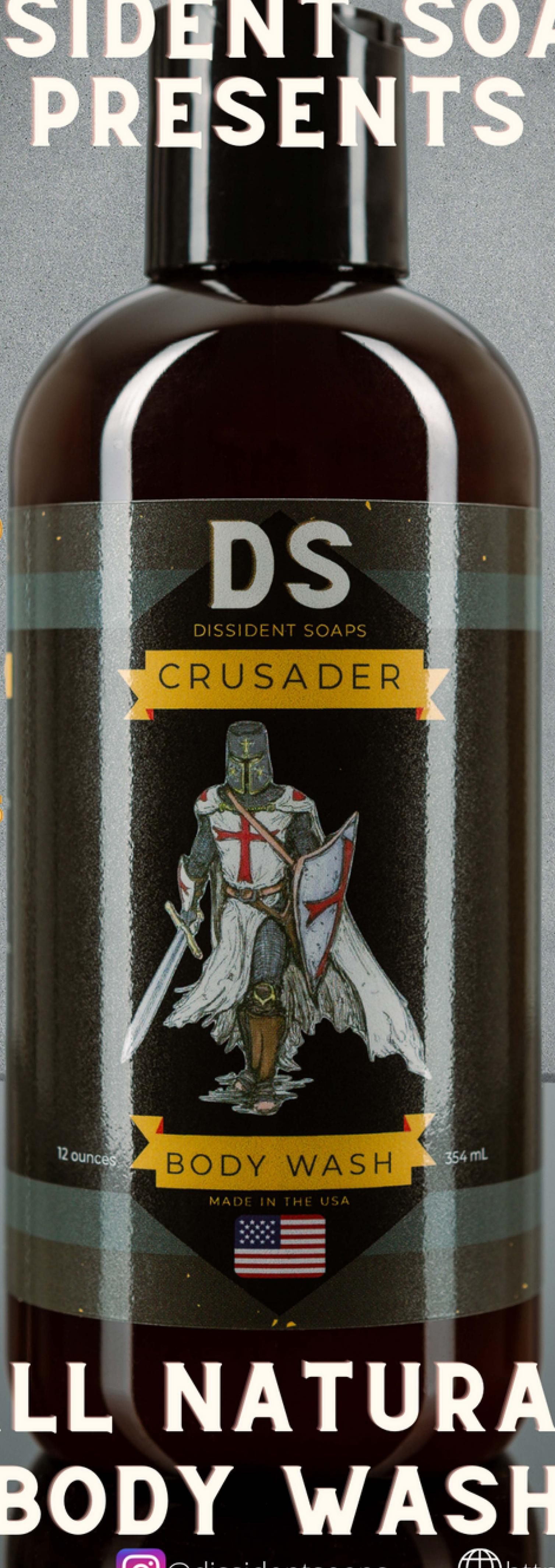
If there's one piece of advice you wish you could go back and give yourself when you were starting out bodybuilding, what would it be?

Ahh, there's a ton I would say. But I think the most valuable piece of advice from a bodybuilding perspective is "Know your goals". What I mean by that is to be as self-aware as you can. Do you really want to compete? That means adhering to your program 100% with zero deviations; otherwise you don't really want to compete – you just want others to know that you compete. Do you really want to deadlift 600? That means that you obsess about your sessions the night before and dream about ripping that weight off the floor. Know your goals and be serious about them. Adhere to your program, be disciplined, want the goal more than you want to cheat – that's how you become a great bodybuilder.

Finally, what's next for the Blacksmith?

The Blacksmith has something very cool heating up in the forge. Be on the lookout for a fresh new look, gym apparel, and some very unique training programs that I think will totally change the game!

DISSIDENT SOAPS PRESENTS


DS
DISSIDENT SOAPS
CRUSADER
12 ounces
BODY WASH
354 mL
MADE IN THE USA

CEDARWOOD

EUCALYPTUS

FENNEL

ALL NATURAL BODY WASH

@dissidentsoaps @dissidentsoaps https://dissidentsoaps.com

SUN & STEEL
YUKIO MISHIMA

CARIBBEAN
THULE
PUBLISHING

THE
RIGHT
BOOKS
FOR THE
RIGHT-WING
BODYBUILDERS

ENDORSED BY
MONICA
BELLUCCI

MISHIMA
JÜNGER
EVOLA
SERRANO
CODREANU

AND
MANY
MORE!

@CarThulePub

CARTHULEPUB@PROTONMAIL.COM

THE ULTIMATE ANABOLIC ICE CREAM

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

Mike Mentzer, originator of the "heavy duty" training method and owner of one of the most stacked and powerful physiques in bodybuilding history, was a champion of ice cream. Before the 1980 Mr Olympia, he was eating ice cream at least four days a week and still losing fat.

"Every day I would wake up and see more definition and the night before I had just had an ice cream cone. I mean, it's ridiculous eating nothing but protein or tuna fish and water to get cut up. Not only is it not healthy and no fun, it's just ridiculous."

If raw egg nationalism is not about anything, it's the standard dreary tuna-chicken-rice diet of the gymbro; hell, the central food source is basically a gourmet milkshake! According to Ray Peat, ice cream is actually close to a perfect food source. It's calorically dense, containing sugar, protein, saturated fat and cholesterol, as well as essential calcium, which helps combat hyperthyroidism. And it's an ideal food to eat before bed, as Mentzer himself did, because the saturated fat ensures the sugar is released slowly.

Beware, though. Generally, commercially made ice creams, even expensive ones, contain a lot of crap, especially carrageenan, a thickener which is used to 'inflate' the product. Carrageenan is also used to homogenise milk. Many people, especially people of Indo-European descent, who claim to be lactose intolerant are in fact intolerant of the carrageenan that has been added to most supermarket milk; once they try raw milk, the symptoms disappear. In a lab setting, carrageenan is actually, believe it or not, used to induce inflammatory tumours (granulomas), immunodeficiency, arthritis and other inflammatory conditions in animals. And yet it continues to be used widely in the food industry... Avoid at all costs, especially since you can make delicious restaurant-quality ice cream at home, either with or without an ice cream machine.

Here is one of the recipes that helped to make my name in the Twittersphere: the Ultimate Anabolic Ice Cream. Delicious and very easy to make — no ice-cream machine required!

Mike Mentzer:
average ice-cream
enjoyer

"Every day I would wake up and see more definition and the night before I had just had an ice cream cone. I mean, it's ridiculous eating nothing but protein or tuna fish and water to get cut up. Not only is it not healthy and no fun, it's just ridiculous."

To celebrate the release of the new hardback version of his smash-hit cookbook,Raw Egg Nationalist takes us back to where it all began: the Ultimate Anabolic Ice Cream. Think you can't eat ice cream every day? Think again, anon...

NO-CHURN ANABOLIC ICE CREAM

If you don't have an ice cream machine, this is an extremely simple and delicious way to make ice cream. The recipe uses uncooked meringue mix to ensure the ice cream freezes evenly without the need for churning. There's no simpler way to make restaurant-quality ice cream. This should produce enough for four to six normal people, or one hungry bodybuilder on a bulking phase.

- 4 whole eggs, separated into whites and yolks
- 100g granulated sugar
- 300ml heavy (double) cream

NO SUGAR?

If you want, you can use less sugar or indeed no sugar at all. If you don't want to add sugar, just follow the recipe in the same way, skipping the second stage.

Whisk the egg whites in a large bowl (or use a mixer) until stiff peaks form.

Whisk in the sugar gradually and continue to whisk until the whites are stiff and glossy.

Whisk the cream in a separate bowl until soft peaks form.

Fold together the whites, cream and yolks, as well as any flavouring (see below), until fully combined.

Freeze in a plastic container for at least two hours.

FLAVOURS

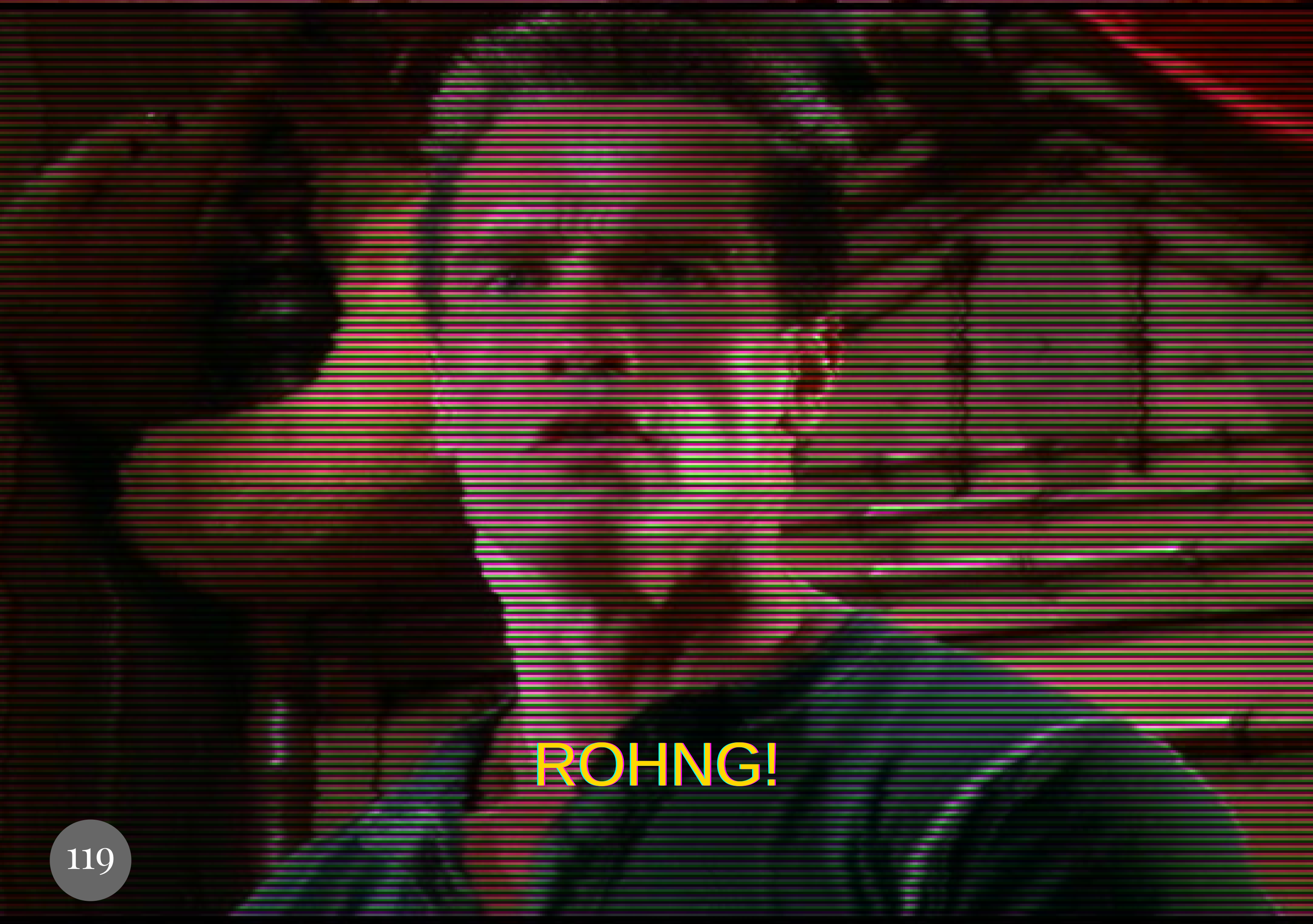
For vanilla, add a teaspoon of vanilla extract.

For coffee, add a cold shot of espresso or two or three tablespoons of coffee extract or substitute, such as Camp Coffee.

For berry, add 150ml of sieved berry purée.

For rum and raisin, add 100g of raisins soaked in 4tbsp rum for two hours.

Mellow out, man. You can't eat ice cream every day. Right?


ROHNG!

If you want to make a ripple ice cream, wait at least an hour, until the ice cream has started to solidify, and then break it up, before spooning the flavouring (berries or coffee) over the ice cream and then putting it back in the freezer.

For a richer alternative, replace half of the heavy cream with mascarpone. Whip the cream as per the recipe; the mascarpone does not need to be whipped. Fold the whipped cream and mascarpone in with the other ingredients as directed. Blue cheeses also work, but be careful not to use too much. A little funk goes a long way.

As a showstopper dessert, serve mascarpone or vanilla ice cream with a hot salted caramel sauce. For extra theatre—I've done this to great effect—for your dinner guest or guests, prepare the sauce in front of them, and pour it straight over their ice cream from the pan; obviously this is easier if you are eating in or near the kitchen. I recommend practising the sauce beforehand, because once caramel is ruined, it's ruined—and you don't want to embarrass yourself in front of that Latina QT you've invited for dinner, do you? The melted sugar should just be starting to smoke (the thinnest of wisps) and give off a slightly burnt smell when you take it off the heat to add the butter. Don't have the heat up to high. Be patient. It will be worth it, trust me.

As with salt and seasoning in general remember that you can always add more, but once you've added too much, you can't take it away. Just a couple of pinches of sea salt flakes will be enough. Hot salted caramel is hard to taste when it's in the pan.

You can also prepare the sauce beforehand and re-heat it.

Don't disappoint her by burning the caramel

SALTED CARAMEL SAUCE

- 200g granulated sugar
- 90g salted butter, cubed
- 120ml heavy cream
- A couple of pinches of good quality sea salt flakes

Heat the sugar in a saucepan over a medium heat. Stir constantly with a spatula or wooden soon. At first the sugar will clump, then it will melt into a caramel-coloured liquid as you continue stirring.

Once the liquid has darkened (watch for those thin wisps of smoke and that hint of a burning smell), remove from the heat and add the butter.

Return to the heat, stirring in the butter.

Stir for about two minutes, then slowly pour in the cream while stirring.

Allow the mixture to boil for a minute, then sprinkle in the sea salt.

If you aren't serving the sauce directly from the pan, pour it into a heated serving jug to take to the table.

Raw Egg Nationalism is available now in hardback and ebook formats exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

JASON GOODWIN
The BELLINI CARD
A Yashim the Detective Mystery
LEGIO GLORIA

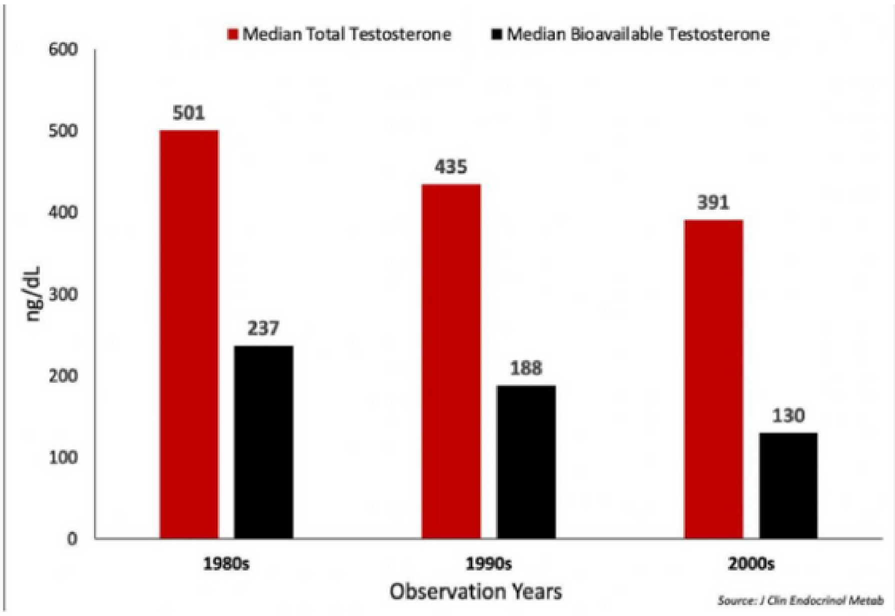
LEGIOGLORIA.COM

LEGIO GLORIA

LEGIOGLORIA.COM

BEEF LIVER

will make men men again



Source: J Clin Endocrinol Metab

Masculinity: ideal and (inset) sad reality

they're faking it and they're unhappy as a result. You cannot pretend to be a man or you will suffer.

What's the result?

A society full of sick, depressed, soft, beta males. A society that cannot possibly do what's right.

See the function of masculinity is, in my estimation, to do what's right at the expense of what is comfortable. Masculinity is the force that knows that the wolf at the door is really comfort, not pain.

Masculinity is the power to see through the castles in the sky, the false promises of pleasure, and instead to turn towards virtue, goodness and beauty.

Without masculinity, a society devolves into a hedonistic clown show. Instead of offering ascent, it can only provide ways to titillate yourselves to death and distract you from the harsh reality that you have no purpose.

Is this really our destiny?

I don't think so. There is another door out there for men who can detach themselves from pleasure and struggle for something higher. For me, that all started with beef liver. Let me explain.

Beef liver isn't just the most nutrient dense food in the world. Even more important for modern times it's a metaphysical f**k you to your inner beta. Beef liver is masculinity incarnated as a food. It is the ultimate representation of what it means to be a man.

Beef liver wouldn't be beef liver if it were just an easy pill. Beef liver is special because it's hard. It's hard to find. It's hard to prepare. It's hard to eat. And frankly, it tastes like bloody socks.

But beef liver isn't something you should eat because it's tasty like a bag of fruit roll ups. That's how betas live their life, guided by pleasure and comfort over long-term ascent.

Beef liver is something you should eat because men need something to struggle for. In that struggle you will find fulfilment, purify away your comfort addiction and ascend towards something far better.

Beef liver awakens the ancient blood coursing through your veins. Blood that prizes beef liver at the expense of all else on an animal. Blood that you share with lions and killer whales who go for the liver before any other part of an animal.

There are countless stories of men escaping the oppressive comforts of civilization to free their mind.

The Epic of Gilgamesh tells of a brotherhood, oppressed by idleness who escaped from the comforts of civilization.

Beef liver is a wake-up call that comfort is not a warm bed but a coffin and doing hard things can free you from the confines of our oppressive civilization. It's one of the fastest ways to reassert your masculinity in a world that has taken away most of the critical physical and psychological nourishment that men need.

Now let me get to the remarkable health benefits...

Energy is the currency of life. But, like in the Matrix, masculine energy is being mined for big corporation profits and the purposes of society-at-large, instead of being used for your individual growth and aspirations.

The first step to re-energizing your life is eating foods to support energy production.

Beef liver is one of the best ways to supercharge your energy levels. It's loaded with many of the B vitamins people are deficient in like riboflavin, folate, and thiamine, all critical for electron transport chain and mitochondria function.

This may be why in one study beef liver tablets helped rats to swim over 5x longer vs counterparts who didn't consume them. The first group swam for 13.3 minutes before tiring out. The second threw in the towel not much later: 13.4 minutes.

Frankly, any health issue you're having can be boiled down to insufficient energy to fend off stressors and support vitality. As you increase your energy, other things will start to fall into place.

This may be why in another study beef liver increased sperm quality and motility. Your testes require adequate amounts of nutrition to support sperm.

“Men who consumed organ meats in addition to red meat like steak had 53% higher sperm count, 41% higher sperm concentration, and 8% higher progressive motility.”

And this was AFTER the researchers adjusted for potential confounding factors. Sperm quality isn’t just important to extend your lineage. It’s one of the best indicators of overall male health, which is why the decline in sperm quality over the last few decades is so troubling.

The list goes on...

Beef liver is one of the best and only sources of vitamin A retinol (Oregon University estimates over 40% of people are deficient in) which is critical for skin health and immune function.

Liver is also one of the best sources of choline, one of the most important micronutrients for your brain. A single 3 oz serving of liver (about the size of a deck of cards) has almost all the choline you need for the day. Research shows that choline improves cognitive performance and prevents anxiety and mood disorders.

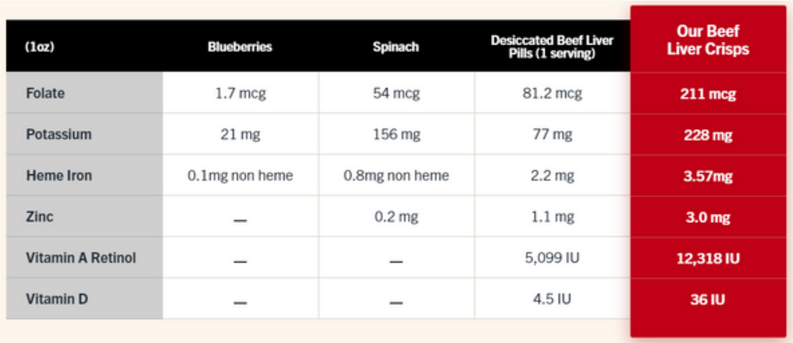
Lastly, liver is one of the best and only sources of copper. This is worthy of an entire post, but I think that iron toxicity is one of the great pandemics of our time (iron is in absolutely everything, accumulates in tissue, and rusts when combined with seed oils). Copper is required to balance iron and dispose of the excess iron that accumulates in your tissues.

What are you willing to struggle for? Are you willing to do what is right for your body over what is comfortable? Are you willing to forgo soy-ciety's recommendations and instead eat the most nutritious, manliest food in the world even though it tastes weird?

Liver changed my life and I’m hoping it can change yours too.

If you’re interested in adding liver to your diet, check out my beef liver crisps made of just grass fed beef liver and sea salt. Check out with the code MANSWORLD for 10% off your first order.

And frankly, the coolest thing about them, is that they still taste bad at first. But over about a week, your body will come to crave them as it retrains itself and burns off its addictions to sh*tty junk food. Trust me.



(1oz)	Blueberries	Spinach	Desiccated Beef Liver Pills (1 serving)	Our Beef Liver Crisps
Folate	1.7 mcg	54 mcg	81.2 mcg	211 mcg
Potassium	21 mg	156 mg	77 mg	228 mg
Heme Iron	0.1mg non heme	0.8mg non heme	2.2 mg	3.57mg
Zinc	–	0.2 mg	1.1 mg	3.0 mg
Vitamin A Retinol	–	–	5,099 IU	12,318 IU
Vitamin D	–	–	4.5 IU	36 IU

Beef Liver
no additives
+ sea salt
no spices
+ crunch
Beef Liver Crisps
CARNIVORE AURELIUS
Beef Liver
no additives
+ sea salt
no spices
crunch
no seasoning
WT. 1.5 oz
Nutrition Facts
Nature's Original Superfood
Beef liver gives you the cleanest protein in the world, all while exceeding the RDA of vitamins that support peak physical health.
And now, it tastes good.
11 G Protein
0 G Sugar
MADE IN THE U.S.A
USE BY 2.7.2021

10% off with code 'mansworld'
CARNIVORE AURELIUS
Beef Liver
no additives
+ sea salt
no spices
+ crunch
no seasoning
Grass Fed Liver Crisps
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE EST. M46001
NET WT. 1.5 oz

shop.carnivoreaurelius.com

IMPERIUM PRESS

WESTERN CANON SERIES

BEOWULF

Translated by Francis Gummere ◆ Foreword by Aidan Maclear imperiumpress.org

BEOWULF
IMPERIUM PRESS
WESTERN CANON SERIES
BEOWULF
Translated by Francis Gummere
Foreword by Aidan Maclear

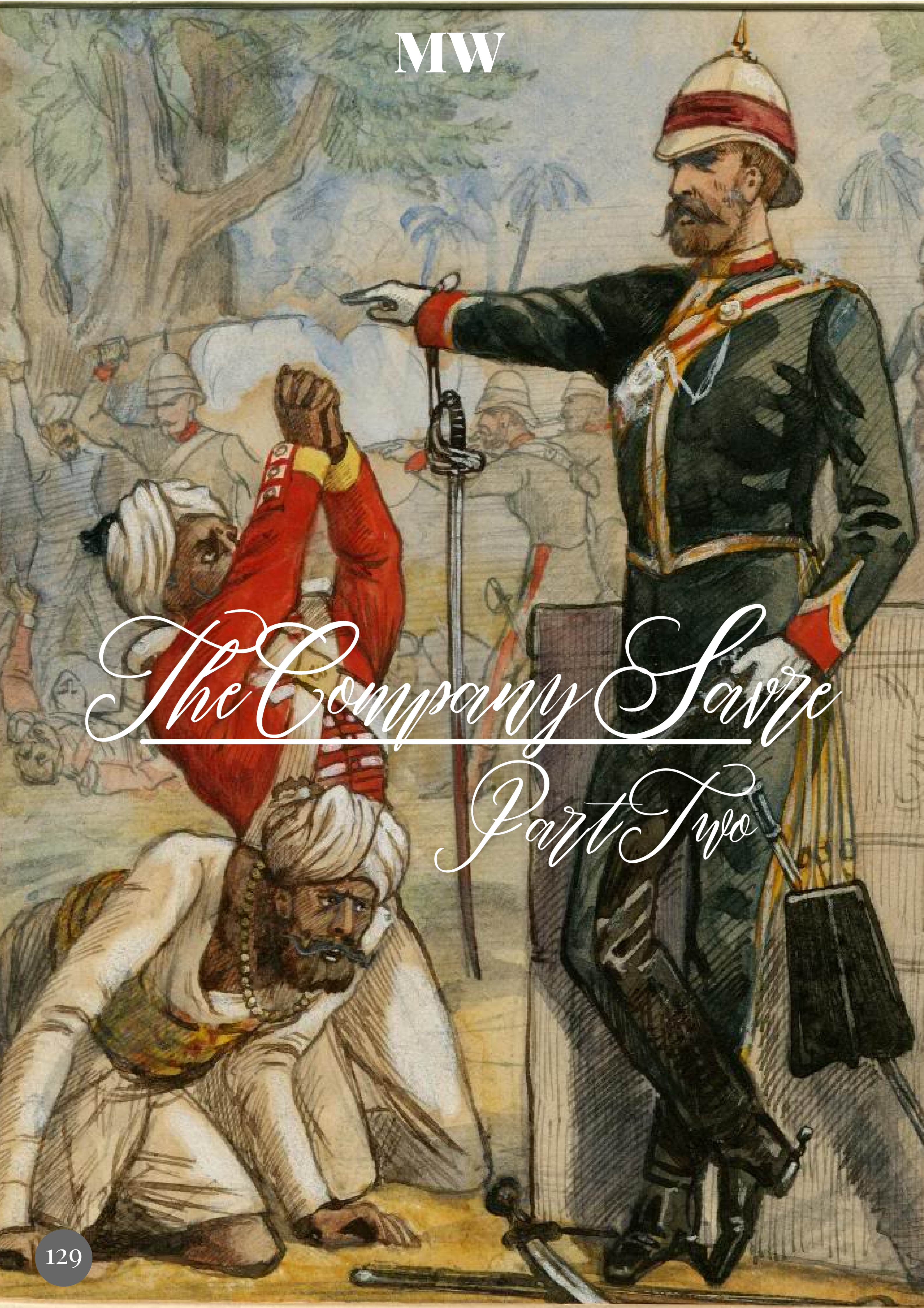
If you read only epic poetry and took it as seriously as the bugman takes Marvel universe, you'd be the most formidable human alive.

Case in point, Beowulf. Poised in that space between the archaic Aryan and the medieval Christian, Beowulf draws together so many threads of what it is to be European—and in particular, Germanic—that it's hard to summarize them all.

Take one such thread. The story of Beowulf and the fiend Grendel is well known, but much like in Odyssey, what comes at the end is just as heroic, just as thrilling, and just as exemplary as what it follows. Maybe more. Beowulf reigns for 50 years whereupon a dragon menaces his land. Already an old man, he knows his fated hour is come. He slays the dragon, wins renown for himself and his folk, and is mortally wounded. He meets his fate with unflinching gaze, not because he looks to the afterlife, not for gold, not for some utilitarian end—but because that is what the hero does. There is a nobility in the doomed resistance, which the Norse gods who will die in Ragnarök embody. They will go down, but they will go down swinging. So will Beowulf. Not to become a martyr—although there are echoes of this in the poem—but because the struggle itself ennobles him. There is a kinship with Spengler's Pompeiian guard who refuses to quit his post as Vesuvius entombs him in hellfire. Not because he has anything to gain, but because that is what a man does.
Beowulf is a monument to men of this calibre.

Imperium Press offers Francis Gummere's alliterative poetic translation, his verse speaking the authentic voice of our Germanic past—a bloody epic moving in a northern world, under a northern sky. With facing Old English text and other Old English and Old High German poems included, this is the definitive collection of West-Germanic heroic poetry.

"This is my 23rd edition of Beowulf, and I must say it is definitely one of the best that I have. Furthermore, it's not every day that a Beowulf book condemns Marxism and Feminism in its opening page." – Hvítgarðr



The Company Savre

Part Two

Fall and Redemption

Words: Peter Hopkirk Respecter (@phrespecter)

Here, in the second and final part of this thrilling account of the life and career of William Hodson, we rejoin the paladin of the Punjab as he faces disgrace on trumped-up charges...

The year of 1852 would have been the happiest Hodson had lived. He was married to his childhood sweetheart Susan, who had given him a daughter, Olivia, and his career was now advancing. But India was always cruel. Lumsden was not a very good adjutant and the accounts of the Guides were a Gordian knot of confusion. He had also managed to make enemies with one Ensign Turner who in letters to superior officers alluded to financial impropriety and negligent command. In 1853 his life began to unravel first with the loss of young Olivia.

"She had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty and found ourselves childless."

To distract himself he redoubled his efforts to mould the Guides into the leading regiment of the army, he was far more of a disciplinarian than Lumsden and sought to reign in his native officers' more unprofessional practices. This also served to alienate himself from the British junior officers who intensified a whispering campaign against him. Throughout this period he was still trying to formalise the Corps finances and failed to send back reports to Lahore, further damaging his reputation. The final straw was when he arrested a Yusufazi Chieftain and his son, who he believed was involved in the murder of his friend Colonel Mackenson. This arbitrary detention infuriated Herbert Edwardes, who wrote to Henry Lawrence demanding he take action, which he did. Hodson was relieved of his command and charged with falsifying regimental accounts and dereliction of duty. He was found guilty and reprimanded to his regiment the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, his career and reputation destroyed.

It is clear that the trial was a sham and a witch hunt. Many of the witnesses that testified against Hodson were simply settling old scores, and the prosecution never checked the validity of their lies. Despite the transparency of the injustice enacted against him, Hodson refused to be beaten into submission and wrote "I am too much of a soldier to permit myself to be subdued by reverses". Hodson was a deeply religious man and likely found comfort in the words of Luke 12 2:3 "What's done in the dark will come to light."

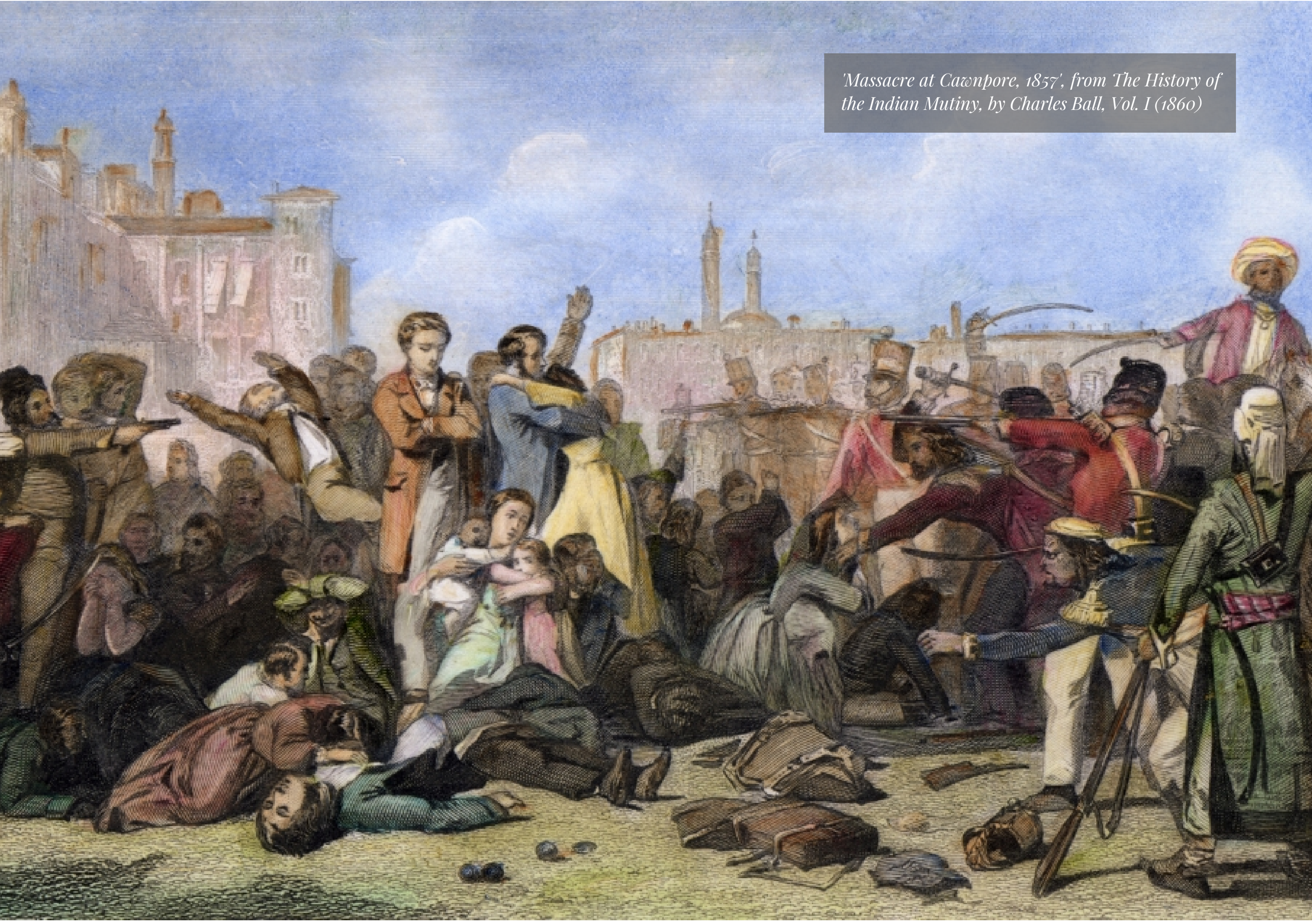
Opposite page: 'Col. William Hodson of Hodson's Horse: A scene in the Indian Mutiny', 1857. R.M. Jephson

In 1855 Reynell Taylor rather begrudgingly was dispatched to the Frontier to investigate the accounts of the Guides and uncover the truth of the matter. Assisted by Ensign Godby he spent three months trawling through the paper trail and wrote a report that completely exonerated Hodson and placed most of the blame for the irregularities on Lumsden's lax standards. It appeared that William Hodson's only crime was making himself "disagreeable with the men". Taylor recommended that a second court of inquiry be established, but the Commander-in-Chief William Gromm and the new Governor-General Lord Canning believed that it was unnecessary and wanted to close the chapter on the horrid business. On the news of the full acquittal, Hodson set about lobbying the new Commander-in-Chief George Anson for a public inquiry into the witch hunt and the two men met at Simla in April 1857, and again in the first week of May. Anson was very sympathetic and wrote to Canning instructing Hodson to wait with his regiment at Dagshi till news arrived, but events that would shake British rule in India to its very foundations would soon overtake them.

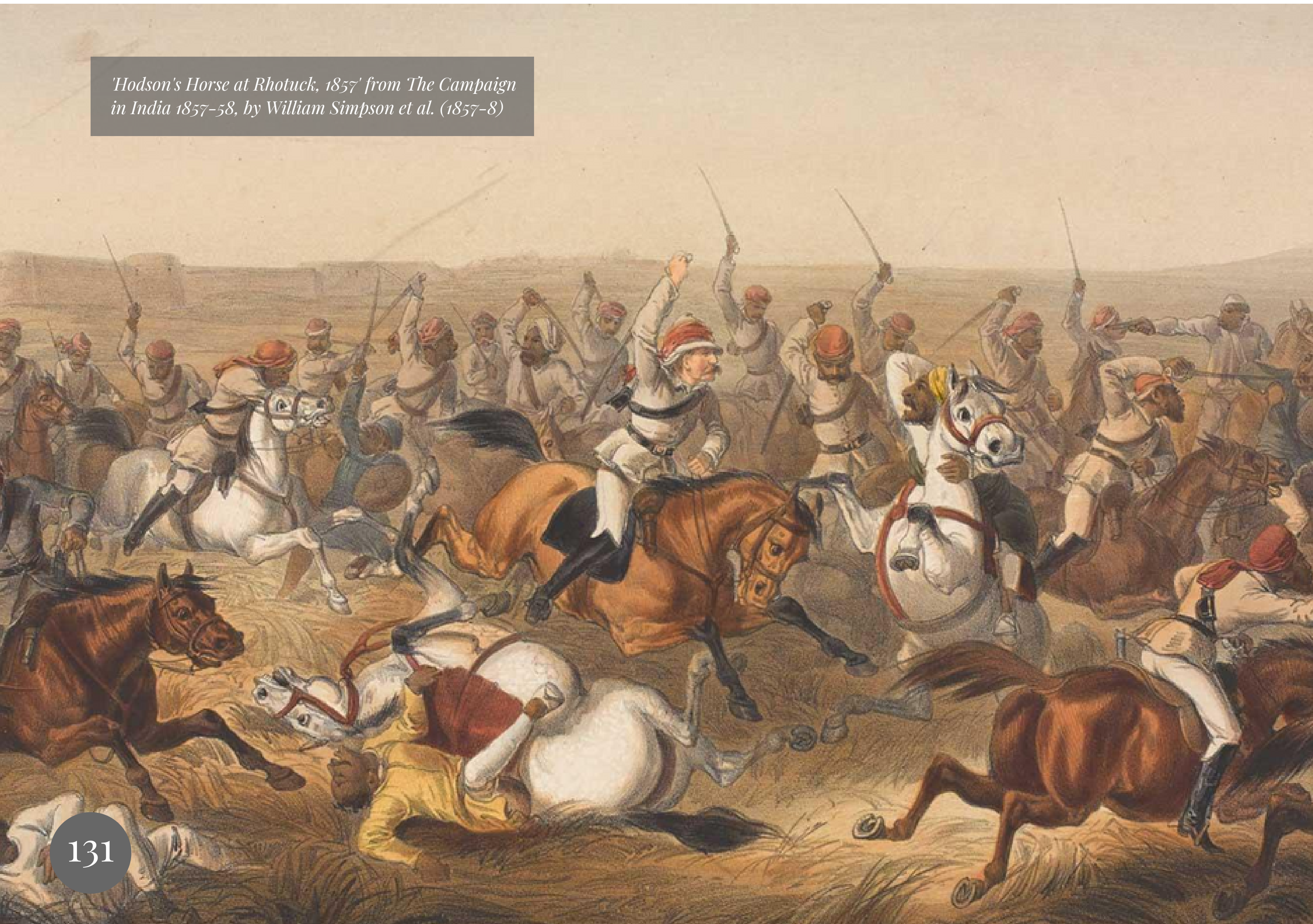
The Great Mutiny of 1857

From March 1857 a series of disturbances had occurred in the Bengal army at Barrackpore and across the Presidency. This was a prelude to the violence that was to come. On Sunday 10 May 1857, while the British were attending church, the Sowars of the 3rd Light Cavalry rose up in Mutiny against their officers, rampaging through the cantonment at Meerut looting and killing as they went. Despite the presence of two British regiments and numerous batteries, the enfeebled station commander Archdale Wilson and the equally inept General Hewitt failed to stop the mutinous regiments from escaping, and soon India was set ablaze. These were the types of officers who had blundered across Afghanistan and the Punjab, men wholly incapable of command and ill-suited to the harsh Indian climate and the physical strains of campaigning.

As a result of their blunders the mutineers descended on Delhi. It was an easy target as there were no British regiments to stiffen the resolve of the Sepoys. The garrison of the Red Fort quickly deserted and turned the city over to the mutineers, much to the joy of the Mughal Emperor and his sons. English and Eurasian families were hunted down across the city and they either fled to the Red Fort seeking the protection of the



'Massacre at Cawnpore, 1857', from The History of the Indian Mutiny, by Charles Ball, Vol. I (1860)



'Hodson's Horse at Rhotuck, 1857' from The Campaign in India 1857-58, by William Simpson et al. (1857-8)

Mughals, or to the Flagstaff signalling Tower on Delhi ridge. Those who sheltered at the Red Fort were slaughtered. By now word had spread fast of the Mutiny and Anson ordered British troops at Dagshai be assembled to retake the city and punish the mutineers.

Upon Anson's arrival he immediately appointed Hodson as the Quartermaster of the hastily assembled Delhi Field Force and was commissioned to raise a body of irregular cavalry recruited from the tribes of the Punjab. Hodson's Horse would go on to be indispensable in the coming months and many of the best officers in India were drawn to it. Delhi needed to be recaptured as soon as possible, because it was the focal point of the rising and the capital of the revived Mughals. The traitorous family needed to face retribution. The Field Force arrived at Delhi on 8 June under the command of Sir Henry Barnard, Anson having died of cholera four days into the march, on 23 May. The force was about 3000 strong and was not capable of storming the city, so dug in along the Delhi ridge. The force was incapable of sealing the city, and the number of mutineers in the city grew daily.

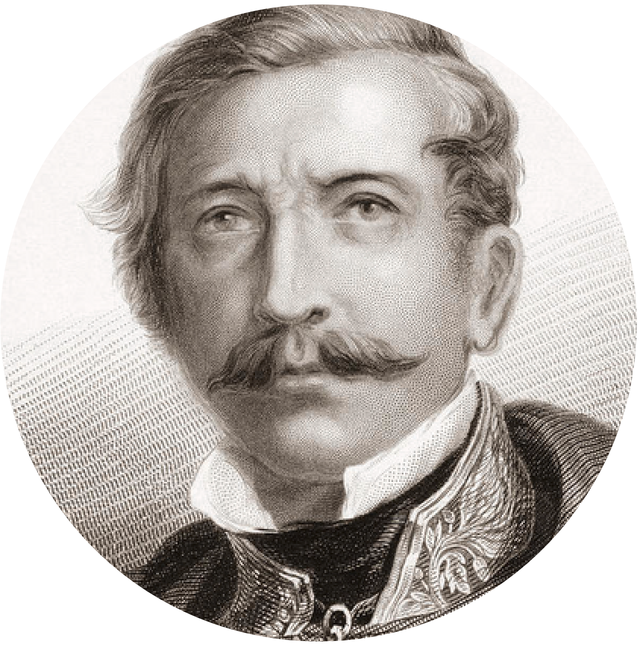
On 9 June Hodson was reunited with the Guides Regiment, who had come down from the Frontier to assist in the siege. He wrote, "They seized my bridle, dress, hands, and feet, and literally threw themselves down before the horse with the tears streaming down their faces", dispelling the notion that he was ever unpopular with the men. The reunion was short lived: at that moment a sortie was launched from the city and the Guides charged into action. Hodson mourned every death that occurred.

He worked tirelessly organising his regiment and as the man responsible for intelligence gathering he regularly sent loyal sepoys into the city to collect information and set up networks of informers. For now, he was forced to wait for reinforcements while the weak British position came under regular and sustained attack from the Rebels. Morale was being whittled away, especially after Barnard caught cholera and Neville Chamberlin was wounded as he cleared a suburb of Delhi. All this changed with the arrival of John Nicholson, who Hodson declared was a "host in himself", his presence alone was enough to electrify the British and fortify their will to fight. He also wrote of the grief he felt with the death of his friends, but remained faithful to God declaring "may He in His mercy preserve me for further exertion and an ultimate reunion, and if not, His will be done." Throughout July and August the attrition was dreadful, with disease ripping through the camp and the bridge of boats across the river Jumna refusing to be destroyed meaning 10,000 rebels were able to bolster the city's formidable defences.

On the 14h of August Hodson was dispatched to fight his first proper engagement of the war and was sent to the village of Rohtuck to ambush a column of mutineers sheltering in the area. With 380 men he routed and either killed or wounded several hundred in open combat, recovering two cannons and scattering over 2000 men. After this he was ordered by General Wilson to hunt down and eliminate the 10th Light Cavalry from Ferozepoor, but he was already 45 miles from Delhi and his men needed rest, so they galloped back to the ridge and arrived on the 24th of August.

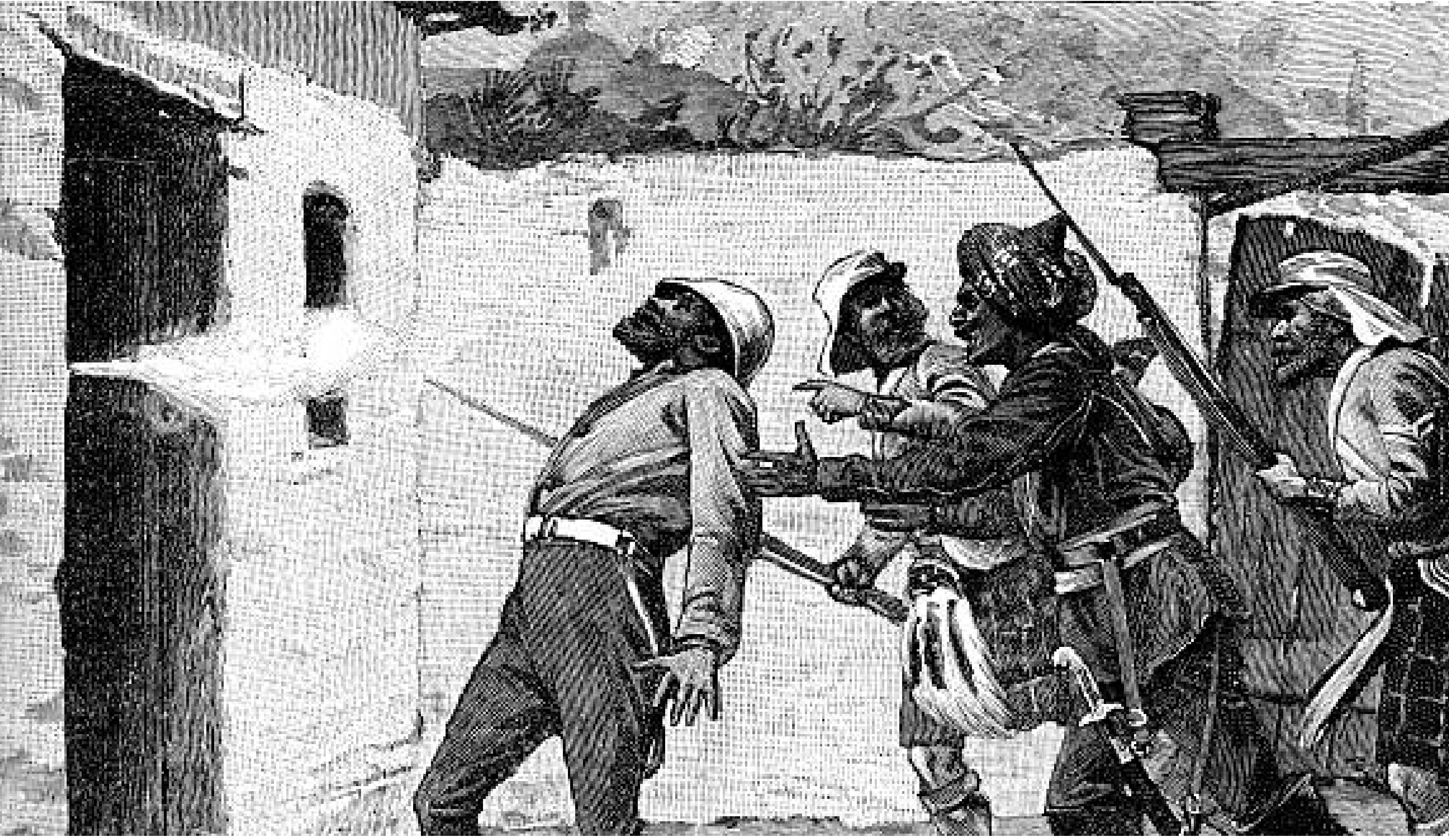
They were now in the end stages of the siege; an artillery siege train with dozens of cannons that would breach the walls had been sent to the city. After Nicholson's lighting victory on the 26th at Nujjufghur, there was nothing stopping the progress of the cannon; it was only a matter of time before the city would fall. Hodson was "much disappointed" in not taking part in this overwhelming victory as he was suffering from a bout of fever. As soon as he recovered, he was again riding upwards of 12 hours a day engaging in reconnaissance around the Delhi and its environs. By the 3rd of September the siege train rumbled into camp and serious preparations were made to breach the walls and storing columns were organised. The greatest challenge, however, was ensuring that Wilson did not fold and call off the siege, since the old man believed he would need more than the 8000 men at his disposal to take assure victory. Hodson wrote,

"our General waits and waits for this and that arrival, forgetful that each succeeding day diminishes his force by more than the strength of the expected driblets. He talks now of awaiting the arrival of three weak regiments of Ghoolab Singh's force under Richard Lawrence, who are marching from Umbâla. Before they arrive, if the General really does wait for them, we shall have an equivalent to their numbers sickened and dying from the delay in this plague spot."



Archdale Wilson, incompetent station commander of Meerut Barracks, where the Mutiny broke out

At this stage of the battle Wilson was a greater threat than the Mutineers; the longer he waited, the more likely that the loyal sepoys and allied native troops might just go home. Not only this but cholera had reappeared in the camp and as those familiar with warfare before the 20th century should well know, disease was by the far the greatest killer of men. Hodson grimly predicted that by 21 September, the date selected for the final attack, there would be no



men healthy to take part. As a result of Nicholson's intense presence and ceaseless attempts to force Wilsons's hand the old man relented and brought the day of judgment up to the 14th. Nicholson even considered having Archdale arrested for his behaviour, which verged on cowardice. When the assault came on the morning of the 14th Hodson was charged with protecting the flanks of the storming columns and was exposed to withering musket fire from the walls of the city, losing many brave men. Morale of the army was severely damaged when Nicholson was mortally wounded, struck by a rebel bullet while attempting to storm Mori bastion. Hodson lamented that "our best and bravest, was struck down". Despite this victory was inevitable and in six days the city was cleared.

"on the morning of the 20th, the flag of old England floated grace fully out over the palace of the Great Mogul."

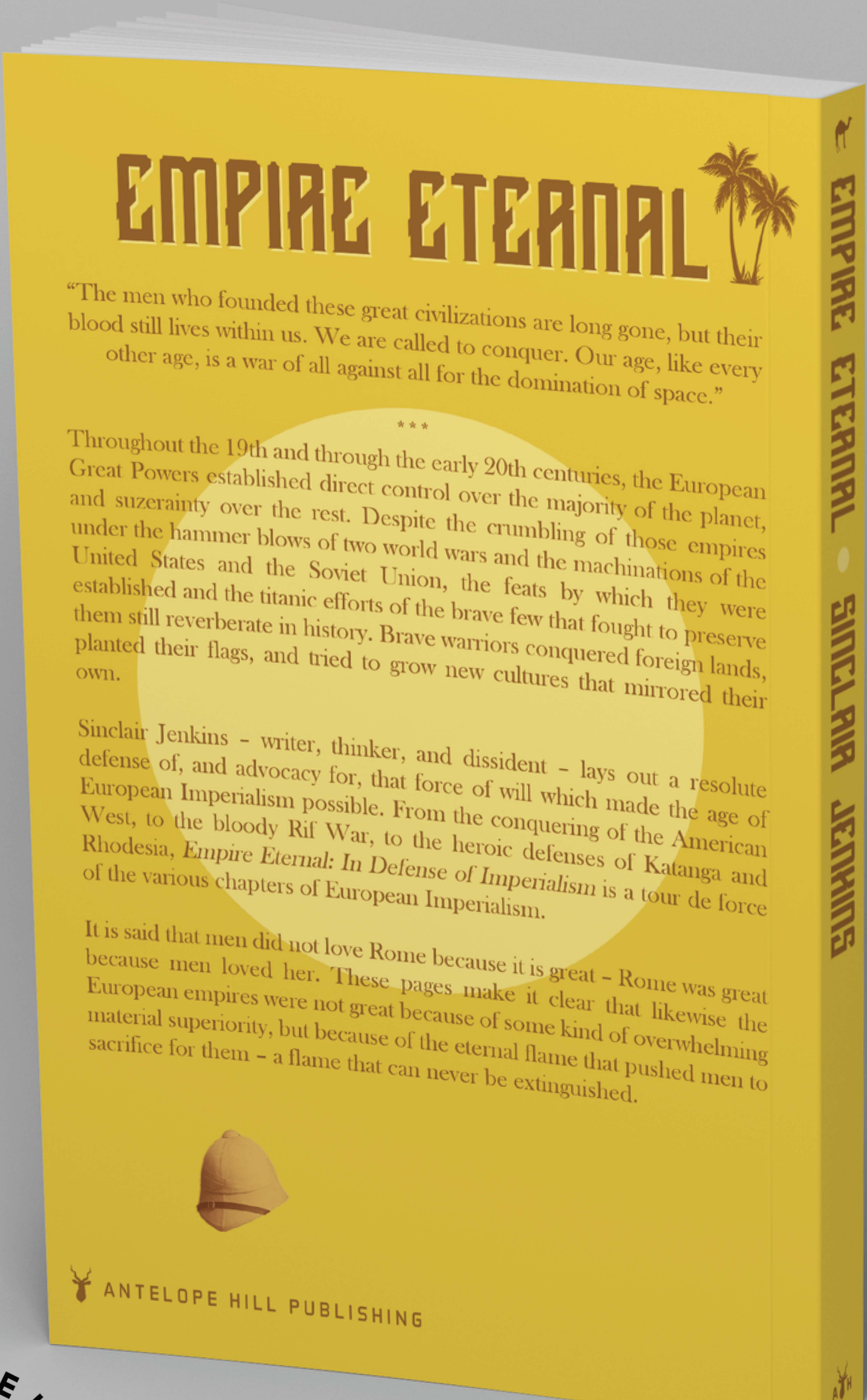
As can be expected the fighting for the city was like a meat grinder, with a rifle behind every wall and poking through every window. To clear out sepoys who were especially well dug in, sappers usually placed charges as close as they could, blowing the enemy to dust. There was one point on the 15th where Hodson had to command a counterattack against a mutineer charge out of the city and only had a handful of men and cannon to keep them in check. For three hours he maintained his position till the enemy were pushed back, and miraculously he again escaped injury. Street by street and house by house the army clawed forward and by the 18th the enemy were fleeing across the bridge of boats. On the 22nd he petitioned to command a mission to locate the Mughal Royal family and delivered a swift justice against them.

"I appealed to the crowd, saying these were the butchers who had murdered and brutally used helpless women and children, and the government had now sent their punishment: seizing a carbine from one of my men, I deliberately shot them one after the other."

Despite the crushing victory at Delhi and the revolt now being decapitated of its symbolic leadership, the war was not over. Lucknow still had to be relieved. In the coming weeks, Hodson would act independently, taking his Regiment across the Delhi countryside rounding up mutineers and punishing them. This continued till he was ordered to join Colin Campbell's column advancing on Lucknow. At Fathigaeh he was wounded, receiving two sabre cuts to the right arm which compounded the strain more than a decade of soldiering had done do his body; it took him 17 days to recover. He was growing tired of fighting and wished to rest in some hill station and properly drill his new regiment. On the 1 March 1858 the attack on the Lucknow commenced with a thundering artillery bombardment. Hodson did not take part and he along with his men were held in reserve. After 10 days of heavy fighting, it was now his turn to enter the fray, and his regiment went forward to positions near the Alambagh to assist in the clearing of the Begum Palace.

Hodson was eager to see action and against the advice of his fellow officer he decided to storm the building before charges could be detonated. As he walked to the door a Lieutenant Sergison tried to pull him back, but a shot rang out and Hodson fell, calling out for his wife. He died later that evening with his last words being "Bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty to man" and was buried in the grounds of La Martinière College. Many fellow men broke into tears as his body was lowered into the grave. Colin Campbell wrote to Hodson's beloved wife, "I followed your noble husband to the grave ' myself, in order to mark, in the most public manner, my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one whom I was proud to call my friend".

THE WHITE SWAN



EMPIRE ETERNAL

"The men who founded these great civilizations are long gone, but their blood still lives within us. We are called to conquer. Our age, like every other age, is a war of all against all for the domination of space."

***

Throughout the 19th and through the early 20th centuries, the European Great Powers established direct control over the majority of the planet, and suzerainty over the rest. Despite the crumbling of those empires under the hammer blows of two world wars and the machinations of the United States and the Soviet Union, the feats by which they were established and the titanic efforts of the brave few that fought to preserve them still reverberate in history. Brave warriors conquered foreign lands, planted their flags, and tried to grow new cultures that mirrored their own.

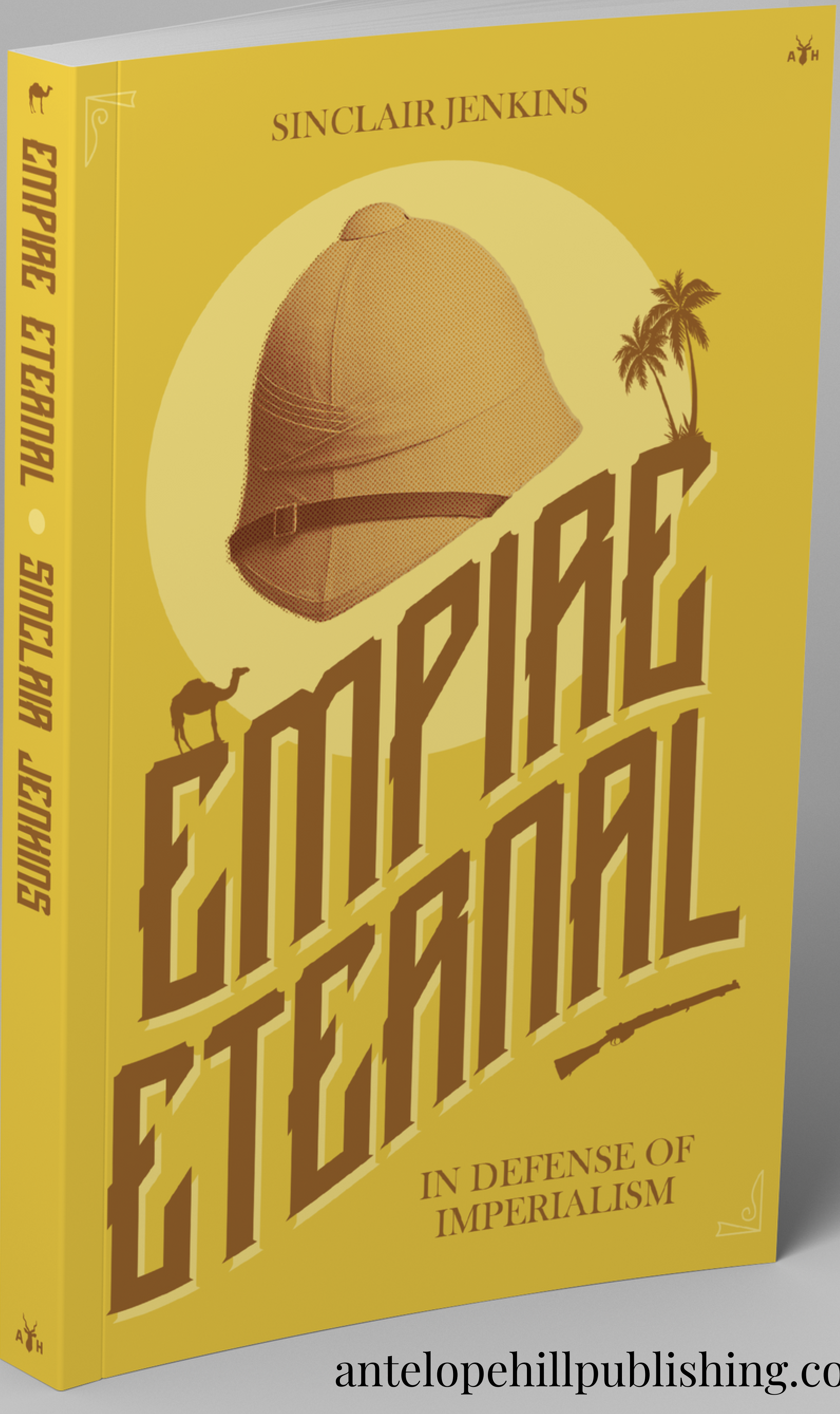
Sinclair Jenkins – writer, thinker, and dissident – lays out a resolute defense of, and advocacy for, that force of will which made the age of European Imperialism possible. From the conquering of the American West, to the bloody Rif War, to the heroic defenses of Katanga and Rhodesia, *Empire Eternal: In Defense of Imperialism* is a tour de force of the various chapters of European Imperialism.

It is said that men did not love Rome because it is great – Rome was great because men loved her. These pages make it clear that likewise the European empires were not great because of some kind of overwhelming material superiority, but because of the eternal flame that pushed men to sacrifice for them – a flame that can never be extinguished.

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

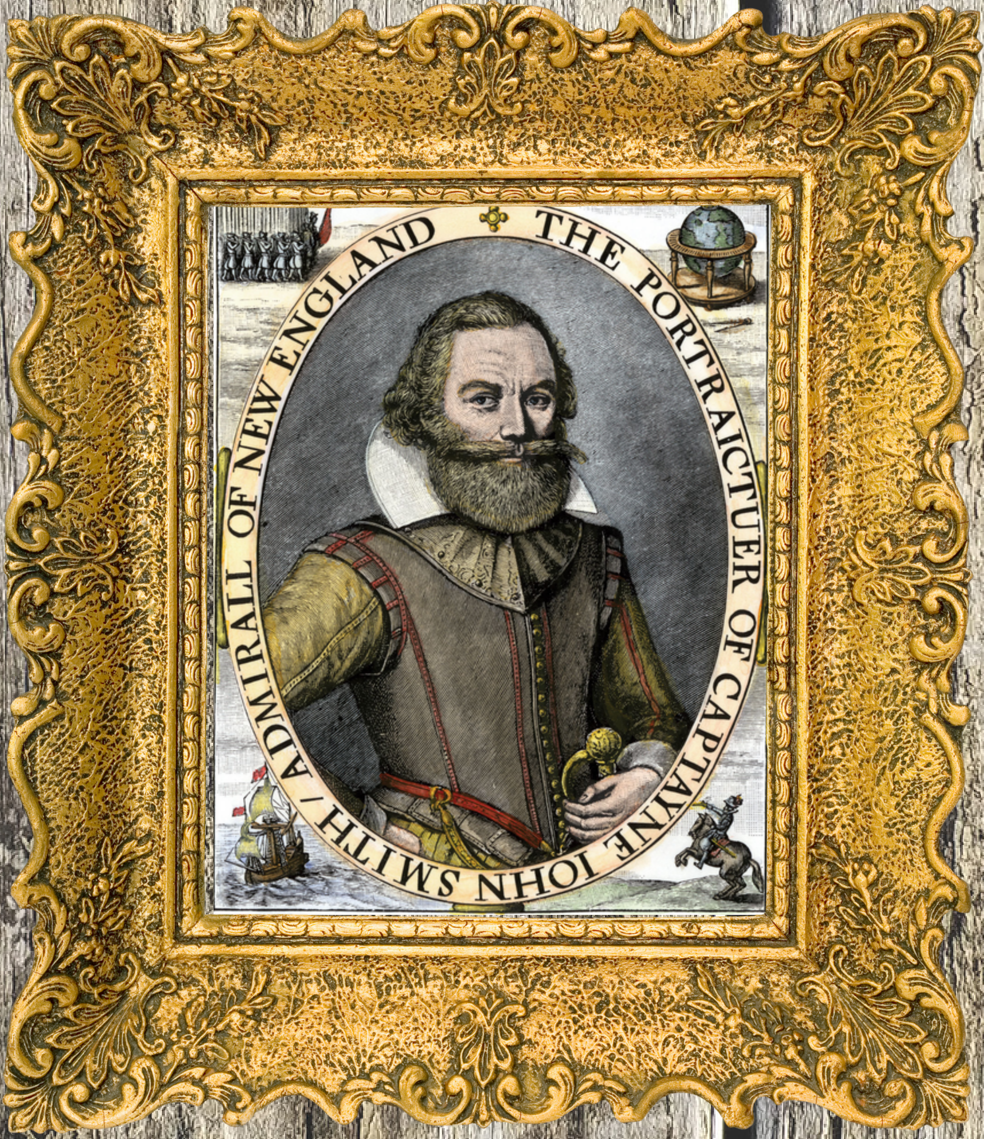
EMPIRE ETERNAL • SINCLAIR JENKINS

ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING


SINCLAIR JENKINS
EMPIRE ETERNAL
IN DEFENSE OF IMPERIALISM
EMPIRE ETERNAL • SINCLAIR JENKINS
A H

antelopehillpublishing.com

A Portrait of the Duellist as a Young Man


THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAYNE IOHN SMITH / ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND

Words: Peter Paradise (@bypeterparadise)

John Smith as portrayed in, from left, The New World (played by Colin Farrell) and Disney's Pocahontas.

Baron Khissl sneakily peered through the trees, trying to catch a glimpse of the besieging janissaries entrenched across the river before the sun disappeared behind the Carpathian Mountains. It was the summer of 1601, and the Ottoman Empire was once again advancing on Christendom, leaving it up to a coalition of Christian warriors including hardened Balkan guerillas, ambitious Habsburg nobles, and some adventurers from western Europe, to hold back this tide. Across the river lay Limbach, a fortified Slovakian town which was surrounded by Ottoman forces. Baron Khissl was a practical man, and the artillery officer knew that his small relief force of 2,000 men would be unable to break the siege of an Ottoman army four times his size. So, uncharacteristically, he was taking a risk and preparing that night to enact a plan cooked up by a twenty year old English adventurer named John Smith. John's qualifications? The young man had spent a year living alone in a cabin in the woods, learning how to make bombs.

Today most people know of Captain John Smith only through the context of his exploits in the New World, but are unaware of his adventures in the Old World. This didn't used to be the case. For centuries, Captain John Smith was both an American and English hero. Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Scouting movement, presented Smith as the ideal Scout that young men should model themselves after. This was back when role models were impressive.

Ever since he was a teenager in Lincolnshire, Smith was filled with the spirit of adventure. Stories of the pirate explorer Francis Drake's exploits against Spain captured his imagination, but the life of a gentleman seemed like a distant fantasy for the son of a humble yeoman farmer who was merely a step above a peasant. At age 16, upon the death of his father, Smith saw his chance and for three years served in a mercenary unit in the Netherlands, fighting against the Spanish.

When he returned home to Lincolnshire, local nobles were impressed by his travels through the Low Countries. With England at peace, and lacking adventure, Smith wanted to use his time to prepare for future expeditions. After getting permission from a local lord, he built a hut in the lord's forest. By day he would hunt deer on horseback and by night he would read the meditations of Marcus Aurelius and The Art of War by Machiavelli, including the supplement Pirotechnia by Italian alchemist Vannocio Biringuccio. John was blessed with good friends, and seeing the young veteran's interest in horsemanship managed to persuade Theodore Paleologue, the Earl of Lincoln's Greek riding master, to train him. Theodore was a descendant of Constantine XI, the last Byzantine Emperor. As a Greek, Theodore (naturally) spent his time decrying the Turks, and telling exciting stories of the fights between the Christians and the Ottomans. For Smith, these tales of adventure weren't just inspiring, but something of an early modern red pill. Why were Christian men killing each other in fratricidal wars, while the Muslims conquered westward? Smith grew restless with sleepy Lincolnshire, and headed off across the channel to pursue adventure fighting the Turks.

A year had passed, and Smith was now fighting for the Habsburgs in Slovakia alongside Baron Khissl. Smith slowly crept up to a tree next to Khissl and looked across the river at the fortified town of Limbach. Only weeks earlier he had served with those now besieged men, sharing with them all the knowledge he had learned from his copy of The Art of War and the supplemental manuals that came with it. One of the supplements was an English manual describing a signaling system. His comrades were intrigued. Although long distance signaling was a foreign concept, the Christians instantly saw its advantages.

“It’s done,” Smith whispered to Khissl in Latin.

“They received it?” Khissl asked, surprised that this plan was progressing.

A mischievous smile spread across Smith’s bearded face. “Aye. I set up three torches on the hill. They remembered the system, and placed three torches on the ramparts in response. I then sent them the message: On Thursday night I will charge to the east. At the alarm, sally!”

Color drained from the Baron’s face. He was beginning to have doubts. He was an artillery officer, not a captain. To assault a larger Turkish force? At night? Crossing a river? The riskiness of Smith’s plan was dawning on him. Khissl turned to Smith, about to suggest that they call off the operation, but Smith was already sprinting back to camp. The sun had set, and within minutes twilight would turn into night. By the time Khissl had huffed back to camp, Smith and a few soldiers were already loaded up with cords of explosive-laden rope, and were about to leave camp. Smith had spent all day using the skills he learned from Pirotechnica crafting these improvised explosive devices. Khissl was about to shout at Smith to halt, and scuttle the plan, but he stopped himself when he saw the young man’s face. Smith’s eyes were no longer the eyes of a young Englishman, but the eyes of a man of power. Khissl’s doubts began to fade.

The Ottoman janissaries stayed entrenched amongst the ruined buildings surrounding Limbach, periodically barraging the town’s walls with cannon fire. Darkness had come, and the Ottoman shock troops were gearing up for another night of battering the Christian’s defenses. Suddenly, in the farmland out in the distance thousands upon thousands of musket shots lit up the fields. The Christian relief force was attacking! As the Ottomans sounded the alarm and thousands of janissaries rushed out of town to face their attackers, John Smith and his companions sprinted through the shallow part of the river back to the Christian lines, laughing. All day Smith had been making a web of string interwoven with bits of tow. When ignited, it mimicked the appearance of musket shots in the distance.

With the Turks rushing to pursue this phantom army, Baron Khissl ordered the amphibious assault into the town, while at the same time the defenders of Limbach sallied forth and attacked. With most of their army gone, and facing a pincer attack, the remaining third of the Turkish forces fled. Khissl, Smith, and the 2,000 strong Christian relief force were able to enter Limbach, bringing with them cannons and much needed provisions. By morning, when the Turkish commander realized what had happened, instead of prolonging a siege against a reinforced Limbach, he decided to end the siege and return to Muslim territory.

For his daring plan, and successful lifting of the siege, the Habsburgs rewarded John Smith, promoting him to Captain. For the rest of his life, Smith would be known as Captain John Smith.

Months later Captain John Smith was in Hungary, ordering his men to construct siege equipment outside an Ottoman-held city. The Habsburgs were launching multiple offenses against the Turks, and the Christian besiegers were hoping the order to assault the city would come soon. It had been weeks, yet no orders had come.

Both the Christians and Muslims grew bored. No one was more bored than the Turkish ladies, who lined the ramparts waiting for something exciting to happen. To the delight of the women, a Turkish captain proposed a gentlemanly duel on horseback outside the city against a Christian of the same rank. The prize? The loser’s head. Smith jumped at the opportunity and won the draw amongst the Christian officers for the opportunity to accept the duel.

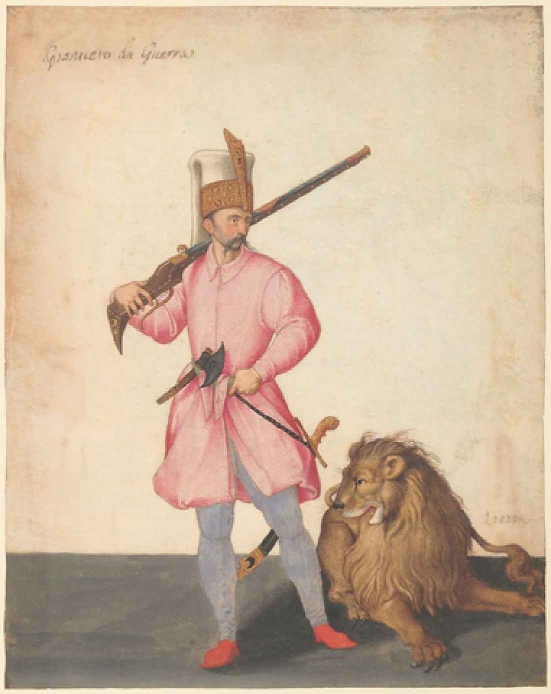
The next morning, Smith waited outside the gate, his page holding his lance. On the ramparts young women and Turkish soldiers leaned over the defenses giddily. Behind Smith, the Christian army stood in formation. The Turk entered the field, wearing a pair of wings covered in eagle feathers and precious stones. The two horsemen faced each other, and gripped their lances. At the sound of the trumpet they galloped towards each other. Smith’s Greek style of horsemanship prevailed, and his lance pierced through the Turk’s faceguard, killing him instantly. Smith leapt off his horse, ran over to his fallen enemy, and cut off his head to formally win the duel. As the Christian soldiers cheered for the Englishman, the Turks raged.

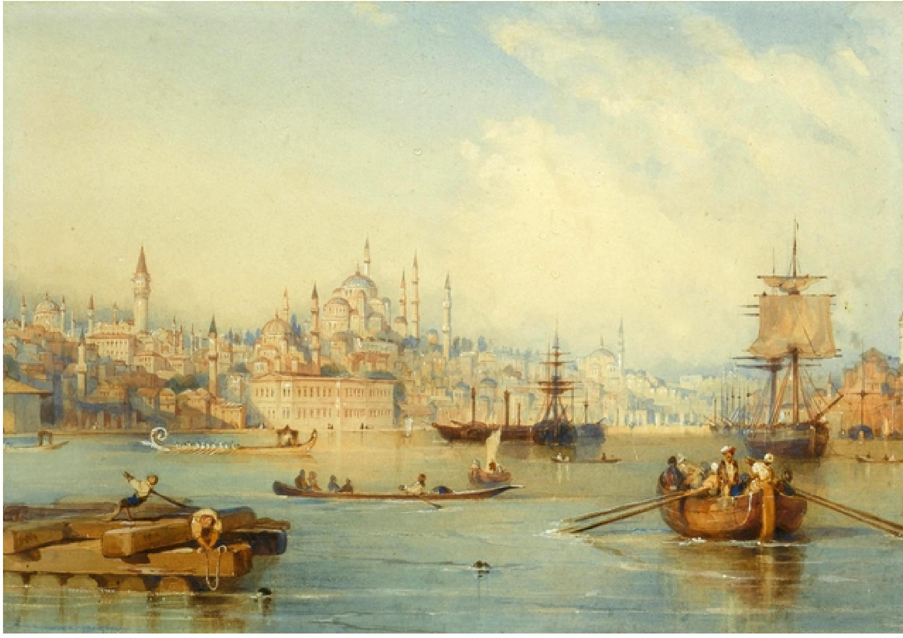
One of the Ottomans, Grulago, enraged by his friend’s death, challenged Smith to fight for his friend’s head. Smith accepted the challenge.

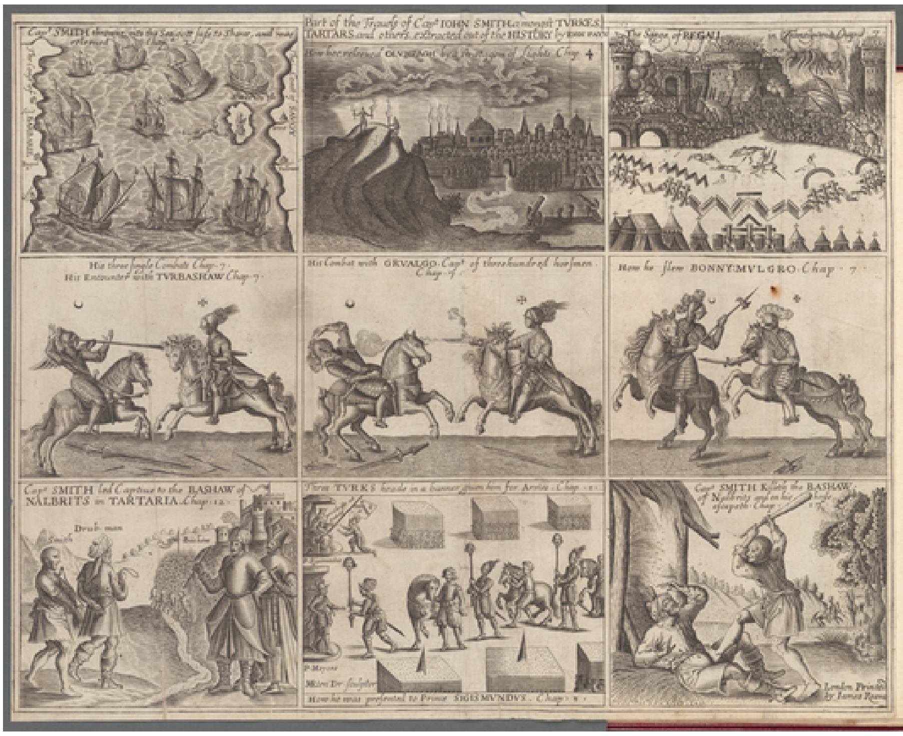
The next day the two warriors charged each other on horseback outside the walls. Their lances shattered, but neither Smith nor Grulago was knocked off his horse. They took out their pistols and began to fire. Smith was shot in the reinforced part of his breastplate while Grulago took a shot to his exposed left arm. Unable to control his horse, the Ottoman fell hard to the ground. Seeing his opportunity Smith quickly closed the distance and decapitated the Turk.

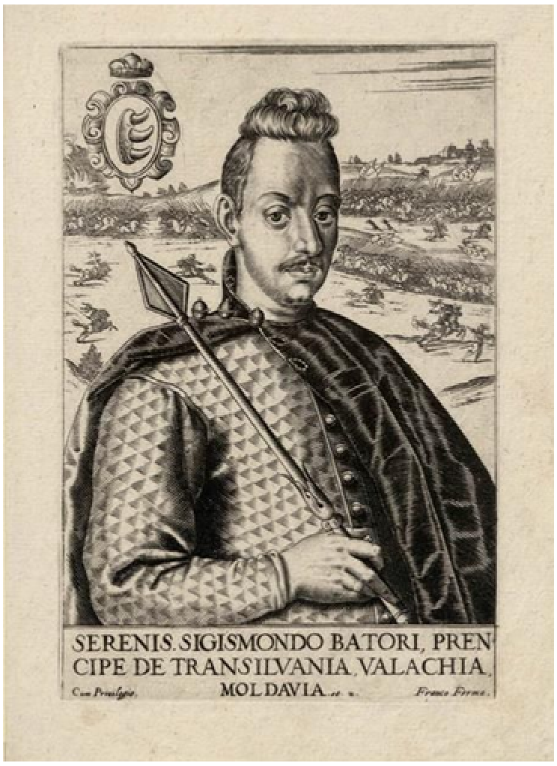
With two heads in his possession Smith grew cocky, and issued a challenge up to the walls for a Turk of any rank to come out and fight for their compatriot’s heads.

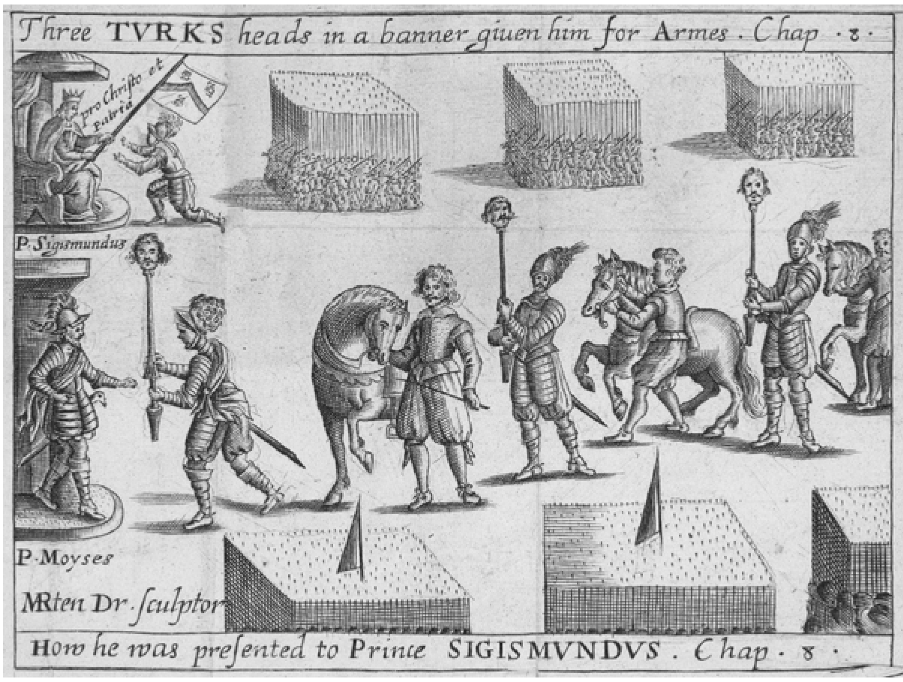
A third challenger, Bonny Mulgro, rose to the challenge to defeat the Achilles at his gate. Their fight started with pistols, but with neither side wounded in the exchange, transitioned to mounted combat with battleaxes. It was a


Gianiero da Guerra
Leone




Part of the Trauels of Capt. IOHN SMITH amongst TVRKES, TARTARS and others, extracted out of the HISTORY
The Siege of REGALL
His three single Combats Chap. 7.
His Combat with GRVALGO Capt. of threehundred horsmen Chap. 7.
How he slew BONNY MVLGRO Chap. 7.
Capt. SMITH led Captiue to the BASHAW of NALBRITS in TARTARIA Chap. 12.
Three TVRKS heads in a banner giuen him for Armes Chap. 8.
Capt. SMITH Killeth the BASHAW of Nalbrits


SERENIS. SIGISMONDO BATORI, PRENCIPE DE TRANSILVANIA, VALACHIA, MOLDAVIA. etc.
Cum Privilegio.
Franco Forma.


Three TVRKS heads in a banner giuen him for Armes . Chap . 8 .
pro Christo et Patria
P. Sigismundus
P. Moyses
MRten Dr. ſculptor
How he was preſented to Prince SIGISMVNDVS . Chap . 8 .

Clockwise from top left: A Janissary of War with a Lion, Jacopo Ligozzi (c.1577–80). Constantinople, as seen from the Golden Horn, Thomas Allom (c.1834). Various scenes from Smith's story, from Smith's True Travels (1630). Smith is presented to Sigismund Bathory, also from True Travels. A portrait of Sigismund Bathory.

ferocious fight. The ax blows were so powerful that each one almost dismounted the heavily armored warriors. As they clashed, Bonny managed to land a ferocious blow, knocking Smith's battleax down onto the dusty ground.

Smith, knowing that attempting to retrieve the battleax would result in his decapitation, drew his falchion. The curved sword could be deadly, but against such a heavily armored opponent, it was far inferior to the battleax. Recalling the lessons from his Greek teacher, Smith wheeled his horse around and managed to place some distance between himself and the Turk.As the riders charged each other again, Smith, saying a quick prayer, and using all the horsemanship skills he learnt, managed not only to dodge Mulgro's swing, but get behind the Turk, shoving his falchion up under Mulgro's back armor. The bleeding Turk fell off his horse, and Smith soon captured his third head.

With three dead challengers, Smith was hailed as a hero in the Christian camp, and was given money, new horses, and a promotion.

Weeks later the Christians had captured the town, and Smith was presented to Zsigmond Bathory, the Prince of Transylvania, as the hero of the siege. Impressed with the way a novice duelist had won three bouts of single combat, the Prince decided to grant Smith the recognition he deserved. Smith was given the title of "English gentleman" and was authorized to have his own coat of arms… a shield displaying three severed Turkish heads.

From his humble roots as a lowly farmer's son in Lincolnshire, John Smith had fulfilled his lifelong ambition of becoming a gentleman. However, fate had plans to humble Smith, and to test whether he truly had an aristocratic soul.

In a battle against some Tartars, Smith found himself wounded, bleeding amongst a pile of bodies, and left for dead on the battlefield. Some looters came across him, and seeing his coat of arms, figured that he was probably worth more alive than dead. Smith was brought to a Romanian slave market, where a wealthy Ottoman bought Smith as a slave to his girlfriend. In chains, the young Smith was sent to Istanbul, the capital of his enemy's empire, and the place where his Greek master's family once ruled the Byzantine Empire. He was in the belly of the beast.

Slavery took an interesting turn, however, when he met his mistress, Chartza Tragabigzanda. She was young, beautiful, Greek, and very interested in her new slave. They both could speak some Italian, and it wasn't long before Chartza fell in love with Smith. She faced a dilemma. She was young and still lived with her parents. If they discovered that she was in love with Smith, they might disapprove and sell him. Her plan was to send Smith over to her brother across the Black Sea to an Ottoman stronghold in Russia. He would live at his castle and learn how to become an Ottoman. Eventually she would have Smith return to Istanbul, and they could get married.

Smith was sent to Russia and made it to the castle where Chartza's cruel brother managed his army of forced laborers. Her brother read Chartza's letter and immediately put two and two together and realized that she was in love with the Christian. He had Smith beaten, stripped naked, his hair and beard shaved off; he was to be the slave of the hundreds of slaves at the castle. With an iron ring bolted around his neck, Smith had gone from a gentleman to the slave of slaves.

While the brother and Turks would feast on kebabs, Smith and the slaves would eat gruel. When Smith would discuss escape with the other slaves, the old-timers warned of the Tartars, the descendants of Genghis Khan, who roamed the frontiers and would torture escaped slaves to death.

One day in the fields, Chartza's brother came to give Smith his daily beating. Smith had other ideas. He took his master's club, and bashed out his brains. Knowing that he had crossed the Rubicon, Smith quickly hid the body, donned the brother's clothes, and galloped off on the brother's horse into the wastes.

For 16 days, John Smith rode through the barren steppes, keeping an eye out for Tartars. Eventually he came across a Muscovite settlement where the people welcomed him into their walls. After hearing his fascinating story they removed the metal ring from his neck, and gave him all the help they could in sending him back home. Smith had escaped slavery and began his trip back to England to take advantage of his rights as a Gentleman.

His trip back home was another Odyssey in its own right, filled with adventures in Eastern Europe, North Africa, and a stint as a pirate in the Mediterranean. By the time he returned home to England, he was 24.

Two years later, Captain John Smith would join the expedition to Virginia, and would join the legend of America's founding. But that is a tale for another day.

Today most people know of Captain John Smith only through the context of his exploits in the New World, but are unaware of his adventures in the Old World. This didn't used to be the case. For centuries, Captain John Smith was both an American and English hero. Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Scouting movement, presented Smith as the ideal Scout that young men should model themselves after. This was back when role models were impressive.

It's not a surprise, in our emasculated age, that we hear little of heroes like Smith, but a more surprising reasons derives from the American Civil War. Virginians have long heralded Smith as one of their founding fathers, so in the aftermath of the civil war many bitter northern academics attempted to discredit Smith's account, claiming that they were lies or exaggerations. In 1964, historian Philip L Barbour, in an effort to investigate these claims, followed the path of John Smith throughout Europe and America, and was able to verify that Smith's accounts were accurate.

Captain John Smith lived a life of adventure and if boys and young men held men of his caliber up as role models, there is no telling what greatness could await them. Credit must be given to Smith promoters like Lord Baden-Powell and Mel Gibson, who recognize that the story of Smith contains within it the essence of what has made the men of the west so great. In this issue of Man's World, Neoteric Masculinity writes about how adventure awaits those who want it. Baden-Powell, writing in the 1908 edition of Scouting for Boys thought Smith's story was an inspiration that adventure existed for those seeking it:

'I can hear you saying, "Yes, that was all right for John Smith. There were countries to be discovered in those days, but what is there left for us?"

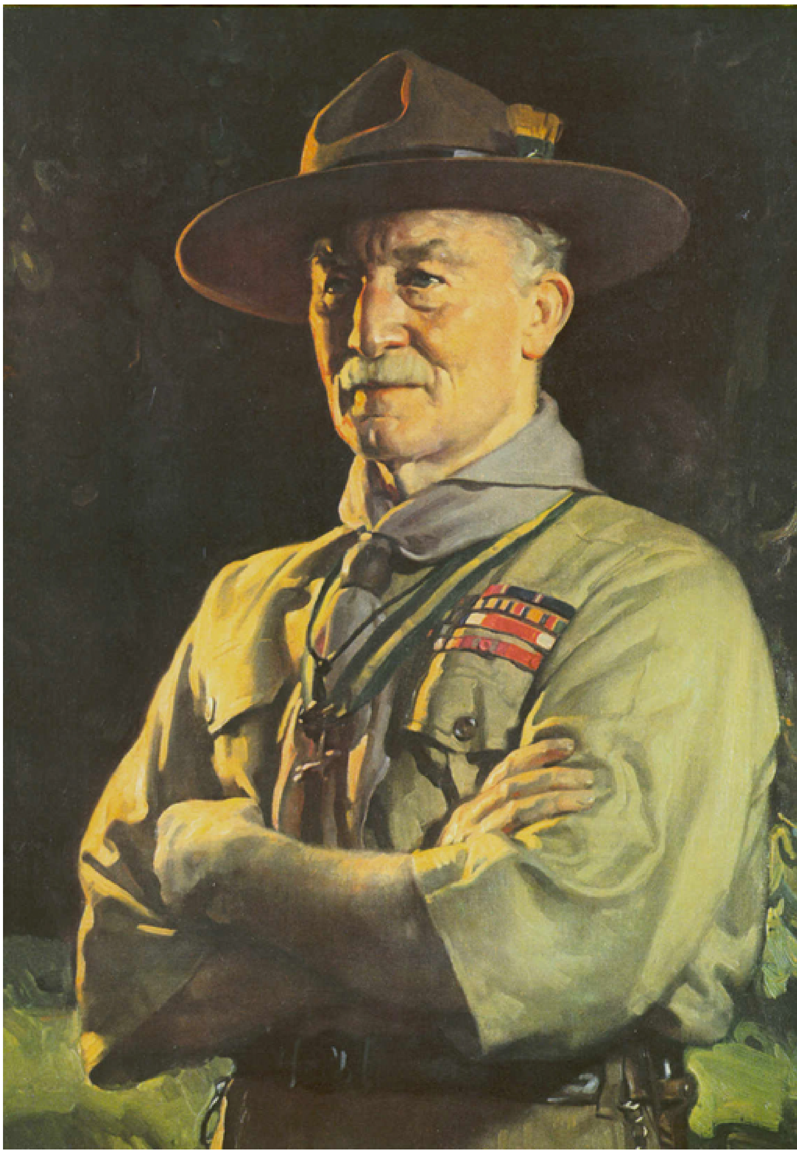
The answer is that these vast lands are calling for men who are prepared to give up some of the soft things of life and get down to real jobs of work. As a Scout you learn to prefer the open country to the town; you have found half the fun of life in the woods, in your camps and in Scouting.The Empire waits for you! There's a man's job waiting for you! It will mean hard work -- perhaps a farm won out of the prairie; or perhaps such work as forestry attracts you. The Empire, indeed, is so widespread and varied in its resources that you will find something somewhere to suit your particular abilities and tastes.'

John Smith was like us. A man born in a peaceful country, where he was expected to be a nobody and live an anonymous life. Like us, he looked up to great heroes of the past. For him it was Francis Drake. For some of us it may be more contemporary figures like Teddy Rosevelt or Mad Mike Hoare. Like us, he read the classics and knew the tales of Greece and Rome. Like us he pursued esoteric knowledge, and shared it with friends. Like us, he was fascinated with warfare, loved nature, and was a spiritual man.

At this point there may come a divergence. Smith saw that he wanted glory, and took risks to pursue adventure. Do you? Smith kept a cheerful attitude through it all, and years later would laugh greatly when recounting tales about the perilous situations he was in. Is that your mindset? Smith loved God and lived out give us this day, our daily bread, trusting that by being a servant to God, the Lord would provide. Do you have that faith?

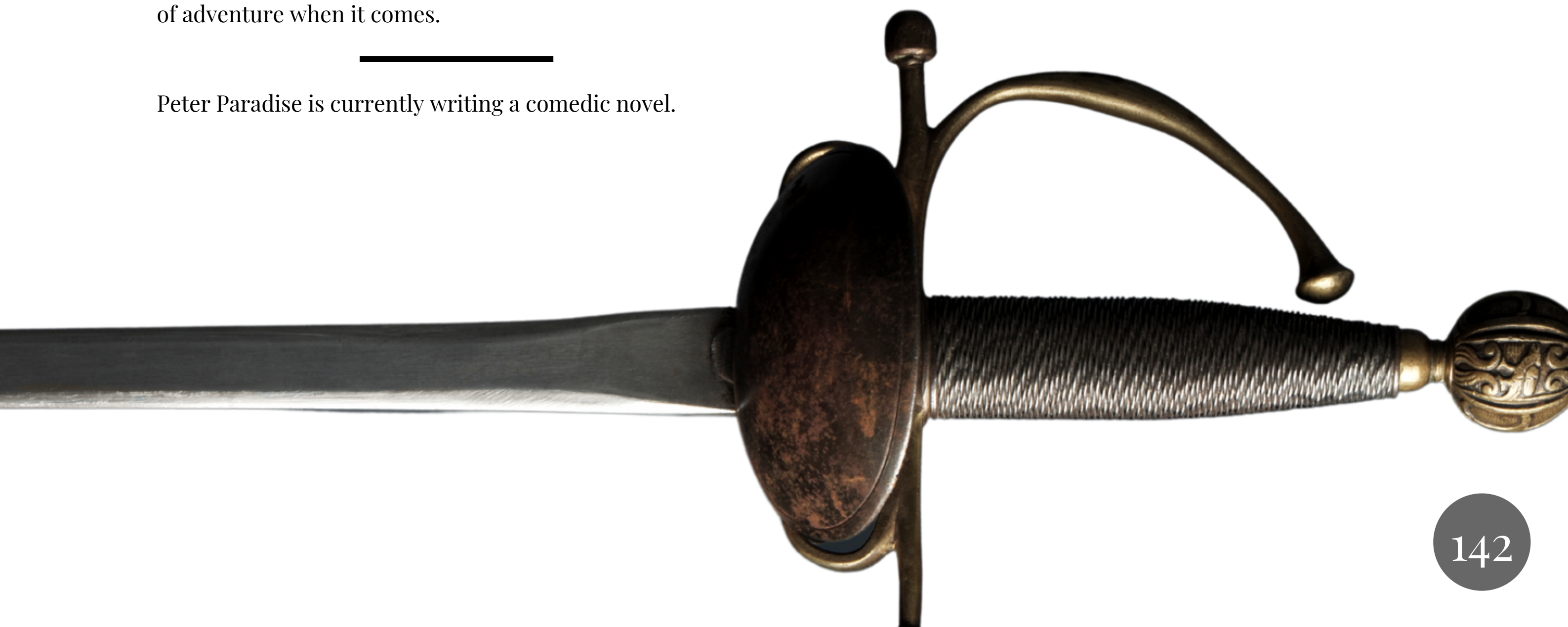
You have a choice, much like the 20 year old John Smith did. Do you stay in your home reading about the adventures of great men, or do you step into the unknown to become that great man yourself? The spirit of Captain John Smith is within some of you. May you answer the call of adventure when it comes.

Peter Paradise is currently writing a comedic novel.



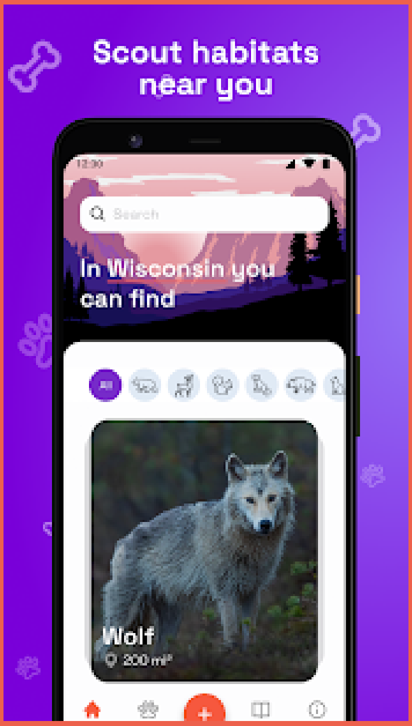
Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the Scouting movement, presented Smith as the ideal Scout that young men should model themselves after.

Baden-Powell led a similarly distinguished life, serving in India, Afghanistan, Malta and various parts of Africa. The most famous point in his service was the defence of Mafeking against the Boers in 1899, after which he became a Major-General at the age of only 43.

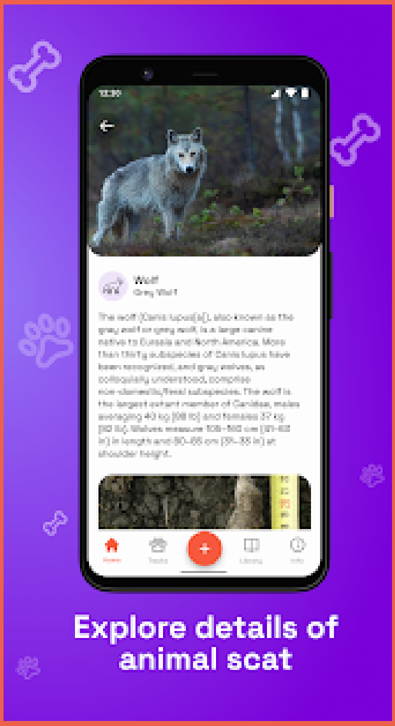


In US you can find
Who Poo

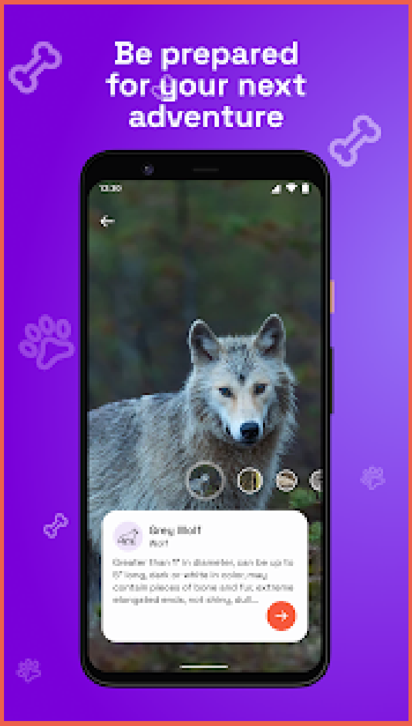
who_poo_app


Scout habitats near you

12:30
Search
In Wisconsin you can find
All
Wolf
200 m²

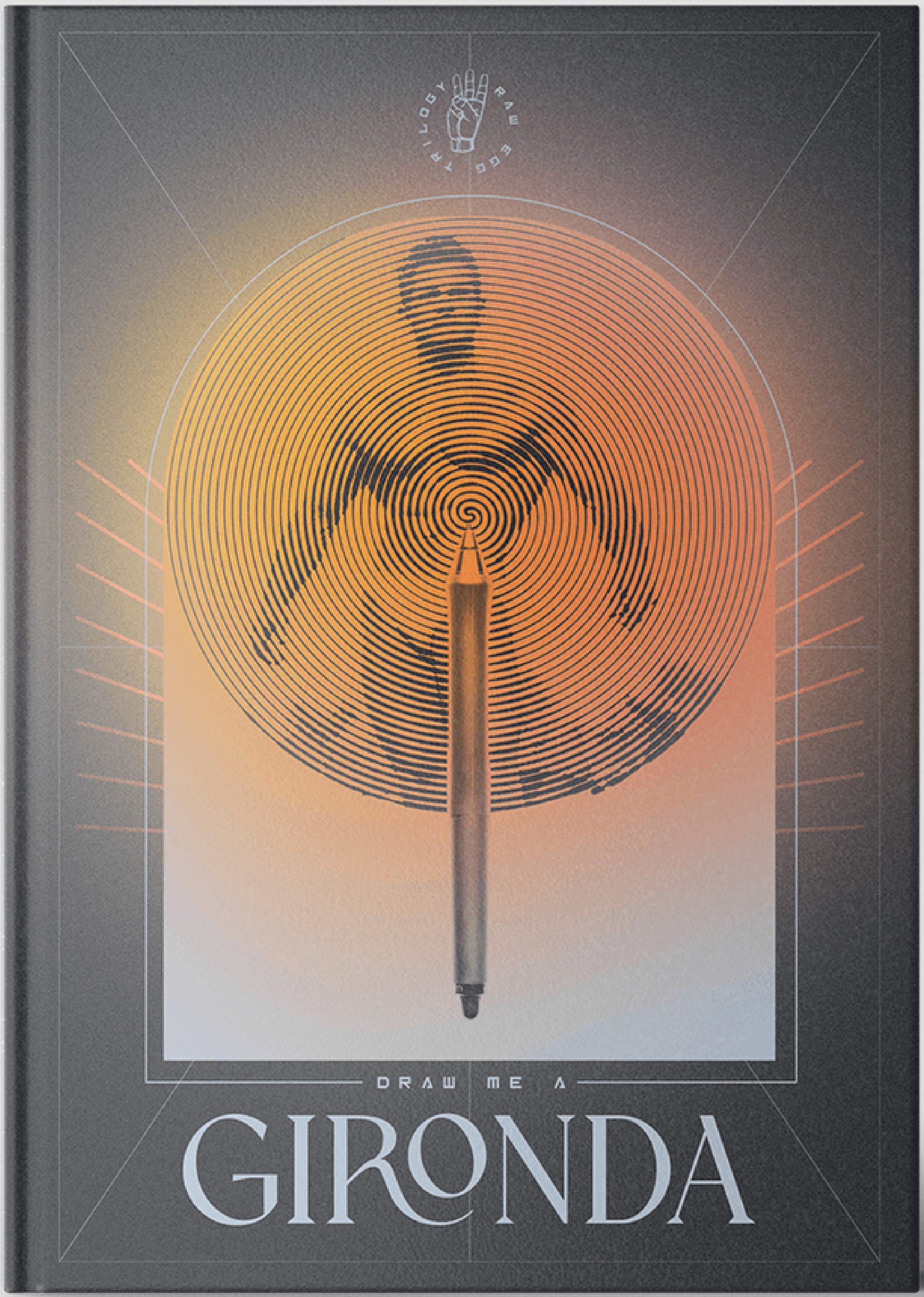

12:30
Wolf
Grey Wolf

Explore details of animal scat


Be prepared for your next adventure

Who Poo is a new wildlife app for hikers, dogwalkers, hunters and outdoorsmen. Designed for Americans who don't always fit in an urban cage, let's make it a Who Poo summer! Containing an interactive library, Who Poo explores wild animals and their scat near you. Who Poo uses your location to show animals that may be nearby. A filter feature in the library allows users to input scat dimensions and animal track features to find matching wildlife. The library includes photos from President Theodore Roosevelt's North American hunting journals. Who Poo users can also upload their own photos to complete the in-app encyclopedia. Who Poo is currently free and available for download from Google Play and Apple stores.

whopooapp.com


TRILOGY RAW EGO
DRAW ME A
GIRONDA

*New and improved Draw Me a Gironda,
available now from Amazon and the Rogue
Scholar Book Store*

A Samoan warrior, c.1890

Polynesian Caste Systems

One of the most profound examples of a biologically superior elite is from the Kingdom of Hawai'i. Despite the Disneyfication of the Polynesians in popular culture, in reality their societies were governed through a strict caste system, with a lower class of war captives and slaves who might be sacrificed at ritual events. Marriage between these captives, or Kauwā, and the higher ranks was forbidden. At the top of the caste hierarchy were the Ali'i, the hereditary nobility which governed over all, including the Kahuna priestly class. In a wonderful 1917 article, Professor Vaughan McCaughey outlines the 'Physique of the Ancient Hawaiians'. He notes that the aristocratic class was often mistaken by the earliest anthropologists and explorers for an entirely separate race. They regularly stood taller than 6 foot, possessed of enormous muscular stature and refused to engage in any drudgery or menial work, but busied themselves with sport, combat and lengthy massages. Vaughan notes with surprise:

"The physical superiority of the chiefs is striking negative evidence against the popular belief in the bad effects of inbreeding. The chieftain class married habitually within itself, very commonly within the same family ... There is absolutely no evidence of deterioration of any sort. On the contrary, all who saw the chiefly classes in the early days agree as to their striking bodily and mental superiority."

It has long been an archetype of early kingships that incest was a crucial mechanism for maintaining familial power. Anthropological and historical evidence, although contested, does point to Egypt, Peru, West Africa and Hawai'i, among others, as having royal families which engaged in incest to protect their privileges. Some potential confirmatory evidence for this came from Ireland, where an adult male was identified in the Newgrange passage tomb as being born from first-degree incest. This potentially confirms a traditional story about a builder-god-king who restarts the solar cycle by sleeping with his sister. The question of what biological effect this kind of incest has on the blood line of these royals is debatable, but a paper by Berghe and Mesher concluded that the strategy is viable, provided the king has access to a large harem to offset any potential biological problems with his children.

Vital Nobility vs Slave Cults

What I've tried to sketch out here is a road map through early prehistory into the recent past, to show how the elites of those societies structured themselves, both politically and biologically. Elites can be both physically and spiritually healthy, or they can be sick and degraded. Both are possible and perhaps in reality, humans lean towards being ruled by the weak.

The Nietzschean vision of a carefree, beautiful, war-like and physically strong nobility contrasted with the sickly, ugly, weak and spiteful - this is the framework I want to work with. In many cases, the shaman is a perfect representation of slave morality; often sick or crippled, diseased and wracked with headaches and afflictions, they look at power with a certain lust and can be incredibly cruel and vindictive in grasping it and defending it. Many kinds of secret societies also feel the same, full of old men, looking to control the behaviour and sexual lives of the young men, using trickery and theatre to deceive and maintain status.

Elites can be both physically and spiritually healthy, or they can be sick and degraded. Both are possible and perhaps in reality, humans lean towards being ruled by the weak.

By contrast, the rise of pastoral and sea-borne life generated a new kind of elite, one concerned with movement and space, with violence, domination and colonisation. This noble class was primarily driven by younger men, fighting and travelling together in bands, exploring their worlds and gaining glory for themselves and their people. While this is a simplified picture, and many shamans do not comport themselves so badly, it nevertheless captures something of the spirit of aristocracy which has moved through us since the beginning. Secret societies are ambiguous of course: there have been and hopefully still are societies where vital and noble traits are celebrated. However, they can of course go in the opposite direction, and this is the lesson of Haitian Voodoo.

In its origins, Voodoo is a syncretic blend of Catholicism and Yoruba / West African beliefs. The character of Voodoo has been determined by its necessity as a furtive slave religion. Having developed in opposition to the plantation slave owners, Voodoo practitioners became experts in organising without leadership, in practicing their rites without drawing attention

*'Papa Doc' Duvalier.
Inset: Tonton Macoutes
patrol a Haitian street*

to themselves and communicating without oversight. These qualities allowed it to become a dominant force during the Haitian Revolution. In 1791 a Voodoo priest named Boukman became possessed during a ritual and channelled the spirits' insistence that the slaves be freed and the French driven from the island. To quote Michel Laguerre:

"After independence … former slaves and maroons congregated in secret societies around influential Voodoo priests. Throughout the nineteenth century they participated in and organised peasant revolts against the appropriation of their land by influential politicians and army officers … During the presidential elections of 1957, there were half a dozen secret societies that had almost complete control over the daily life of the Haitian peasantry and urban dwellers. As a kind of underground police force, judicial body and regional government, they issued their members with passports that have ever since been honoured."

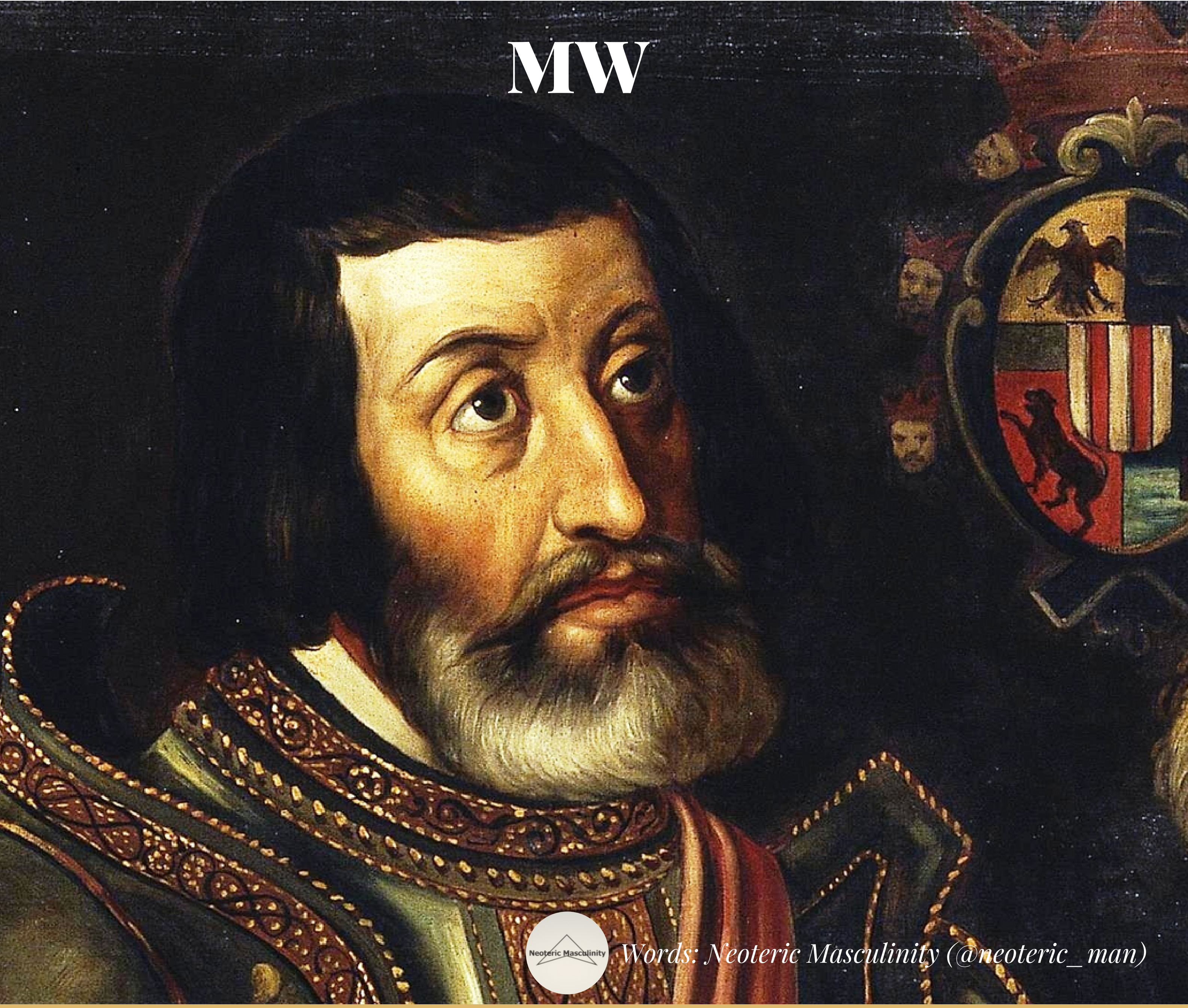
Fascinating Voodoo may be, but it's hardly a paradigm of health and vitality. It's a phenomenon created under the greatest pressures, the need to survive at all costs and reproduce in the next generation. This yields a familiarity with secrecy, deception, trickery, forgery and resentment. For a peasant to join the Bizango society, for example, he must give his money, spend time cleaning other people's toilets or similar base work, be subjected to daily oversight and spying to ensure he doesn't give away secrets – and all this just during the initiation phase. When Voodoo did find itself with a measure of real political power, during the Duvalier regime, the imprint of this underground character came to the fore. As Laguerre notes - "it is less the Voodoo ritual that was retained than the political significance of the Voodoo church and the structure of relationships that it generates". The installation of Voodoo priests into government meant Duvalier could have a subterranean reach into the lives of every individual citizen, through spying, secret society control and fear. His creation of the Tonton Macoutes, named after a child snatching monster, was the logical result of this kind of politics. Their M.O. involved kidnapping, murder, torture, intimidation and creating a regime of fear. Many leaders with the Macoutes were known Voodoo priests and their leader, Luckner Cambronne, was nicknamed the 'Vampire of the Carribean' for forcing and extorting Haitians into donating plasma to his company. By 1972 Hemo-Carribean was exporting over 1,500 gallons of plasma to the US every month, much of which was tainted and some potentially infected with HIV. The image of a mythical monster which sucks the blood from its victims, leaving them lifeless husks, could not be more terribly manifested in the world.

Final Thoughts

The study of what kinds of society and what kinds of elite exist should be of central importance to us. Our world is not one driven by vitality, youth and health, but rather by the kinds of secret society I have talked about. Dominated by the old, the sclerotic, those with a pure lust for power. These societies are very old and they give preference and advantages to the enemy. The opposite of this is the military society, the brotherhoods of men, those who train to hunt, sail, ride, fight and move. These two are not always cleanly divided or even obvious within a society and some of the mechanisms by which elites maintain their hereditary rule, namely incest, should rightly be dismissed. Societies like the Polynesians display one of the crucial social divides, essential for preserving health and vitality: keeping the priestly class subordinate to the warrior class. There's a rich history here to be tapped someday, from Henry II's murder of Thomas Becket to the modern Saudi regime, a constant tension and conflict between the priest and the soldier.

Elites matter; the quality and character of elites matter. We can disagree on specifics, but on this I hope we are united: It's time to break the ancient order of the secret society and bring forth the cleansing nobility the world desperately needs.

For links to all of the Stone Age Herbalist's writings and more, visit linktr.ee/stoneageherbalist



Words: Neoteric Masculinity (@neoteric_man)

Imagine how Cortés and his conquistadors felt, stepping off the ship onto shores completely unknown. Sure they were probably terrified, but stepping into the complete unknown in such a way is something that can only be dreamed of in the modern-day world. Or is it?

Ahhh, adventure. Is there any singular word more associated with masculine ideals? Self-reliance, self-development, putting yourself to the test and improving your skills. These are all things associated with the adventure legends of old like King Arthur, the Count of Monte Cristo, or Tarzan of the Apes. Some of the most masculine and heroic real-life figures also lead lives of adventure that have been passed down through the ages: Julius Caesar, Genghis Khan, Marco Polo, or even more recently Theodore Roosevelt. But in the modern day, with our "daily grind" from cubicle to car to home, can we still attain the same highs that our heroes did?

The age of adventure: dead and gone?

"We are the middle children of history. Born too late to explore earth, born too early to explore space."
-anonymous

I hear this quote all the time on the internet, people bitching about being born into the modern age. What an asinine thing to complain about. We are living in the safest and most prosperous era of human history. But with that comes a general reduction of the grit that humanity has faced to advance this far. With the advent of the internet, the migration of jobs indoors and in front of screens, and the general geopolitical landscape, we can relax in our little bubbles. No longer do we have to worry about bandits riding into your town à la the old west, being conscripted into a globe spanning conflict (currently), or having marauding invaders arriving unannounced on your shores. Police protect us from crime and robbery. We should be thankful for this. But due to this increased security, we must go out of our way to test ourselves, and develop our resolve.

Travel has lost most of its unknowns. Sure there are parts of the world that remain partially unexplored, and species undiscovered, but unless you work as a biologist or in a similar field you are unlikely to see them. Even travel between developed and developing nations has become sterilized. No longer are you flying to a relatively unknown country to you, except for the few photos you may have viewed in national geographic and the brief descriptions you have read in books. Even a few decades ago this was our parents' experience. When arriving, you are constantly connected to your family and social safety net through cellular phones and the internet. Destinations and countries which were once off the beaten path and awe inspiring for the views they gave have become flooded with tourism: think Cappadocia, or Macchu Picchu. Overrun with wannabe Instagram "models" with their boyfriends lying on the ground at their feet to take 30 different photos at various angles of them, there is no longer feel the sense of wonder that your parents would have felt in the same place.

Men NEED adventure. We need a sense of danger, a challenge that requires us to face our fears and insecurities. We need a way to develop resolve. Sure, childhood sports develop some of this, but many men stop playing after high school.

Do you think that the average male living in a large urban center, working a cubicle job 9-5 then going home to the comfort of his Netflix and Reddit will ever continue the self development journey he began in childhood? The only "sport" he plays is the newest NHL video game, and the only time he gets out of the city is to camp in a luxury RV. Maybe he even takes a trip once per year, but his wife chooses to go to a beachside resort full of seniors living out their sunset years, which is not to disparage resorts totally; there's a time and place for most things, including sipping a few margaritas with the lads.

Pursue an adventurous career

There are still heroic jobs that lend themselves to a life filled with adrenaline and adventure, like military or police service. However, we can't all work these jobs, and they come with a high level or risk. If you do want to be a firefighter, or join the special forces, I applaud your bravery, as we need people to work these essential jobs. But even if you don't want to pursue a career in a field like this, there are still hundreds of other jobs that you could find and that even working temporarily would add flavor to your life.

I personally work a mixed desk and field job. Great pay, benefits, and comfortable job security. But I often find myself longing for more. And the more I researched it, the more I realized it was within my grasp. I quickly realized, that if I saved up enough money to be financially self sufficient, I could pursue jobs that don't traditionally align with financial security, and still provide enough income to live. There are plenty of resources available online in regards to financial independence, and investing your way to financial freedom.

Special forces soldiers and helicopter search-and-rescue crews certainly experience excitement and challenge on a day-to-day-basis. Think about what you would like to explore if money wasn't holding you back.

Once I reach the stage where I am financially free, there are a few careers I'd consider trying for a few years before settling down and retiring early:

- Helicopter search and rescue
- Park ranger
- Sailing worker
- Ski instructor
- Pilot
- Adventure tour guide

All of these careers have some risk, and embrace the spirit of adventure without being outright dangerous. The pay isn't great for many of them, or the job isn't necessarily stable, which is why I'm working an easier job now to provide the opportunity to pursue these.

Pursue adventure at home

Despite the grim picture painted above, with a little bit of effort, and a being willing to live a life in a way that isn't completely risk averse, you can source endless experiences that will develop your strength of will and personality. I'm sure that most of you reading this already train in the gym, and this does wonders for your willpower and dedication. But there is something missing that you can find in sports, especially combat sports. Lifting day in day out is a very predictable endeavour, there is no sense of uncertainty. You train, you progress, you get bigger and stronger. Day in day out. But in combat sports, every match, every sparring session, every new move learned and attempted is a whole new challenge. This leads to a feeling of adventure and risk that is difficult to discover through lifting alone. This also applies, although to a lesser extent, to other sports. I know times on the rugby field, where after a executing a particularly tough pass or running through a set of defenders, I felt the same sense of exhilaration.

Personally, I wrestled for years in school, then began muay Thai a while after graduating. The gym I trained at had everything I wanted in a gym. An old school no nonsense atmosphere, real training that would translate to matches or self defence, and knowledgeable instructors that would help pass on their skills developed competing at a high level. The adventure of starting off not knowing any stand-up combat skills and getting my ass kicked, to frequently beating my peers in sparring, did wonders for my masculinity, confidence, and the way I carried myself outside of the ring. A dream I currently hold and plan to actualize is travelling to Thailand for muay Thai training and ending the trip off with a match.

320
300
290
NW

Another example of adventure that you should seek out close to home: multi-day hiking and camping trips into the wilderness. Venture forth with a few of your lads or your partner, find a trail that will lead you away from civilization, and rely on your own two feet and survival ability for a few days. Of course you risk encountering wildlife, inclement weather, and injury, but the reward is the development of survival skills, and complete attunement with nature. You will be honoring the daily life that your ancient ancestors had to live. Even more beneficial is that you are as close to being COMPLETELY disconnected from civilization as it's possible to be. Besides a satellite phone, you have no way to be contacted, no social media notifications to worry about. I truly enjoy this feeling, it is completely liberating.

Hunting takes this to a greater extreme, although I haven't hunted myself. It is truly up to you, and only you, to secure your meal. Remember, your ancient ancestors travelled through wilderness and overgrown roads just to get to neighbouring villages. They were required to hunt and forage to provide nourishment for their family. The least you can do is travel the same wilderness they did, and acquire some of the skills they used. You will find that learning basic survival skills with the advantage of the internet and books is a fairly easy but rewarding endeavour. You never know when you may even need them.

Pick an adventure sport you can get involved with as well. Something like Skydiving, off-roading, snowmobiling, or my personal favorite, downhill skiing. Each time you go, you will find new routes to explore, and push yourself to go faster, harder, and learn something new about handling your vehicle or skis.

Pursue adventure abroad

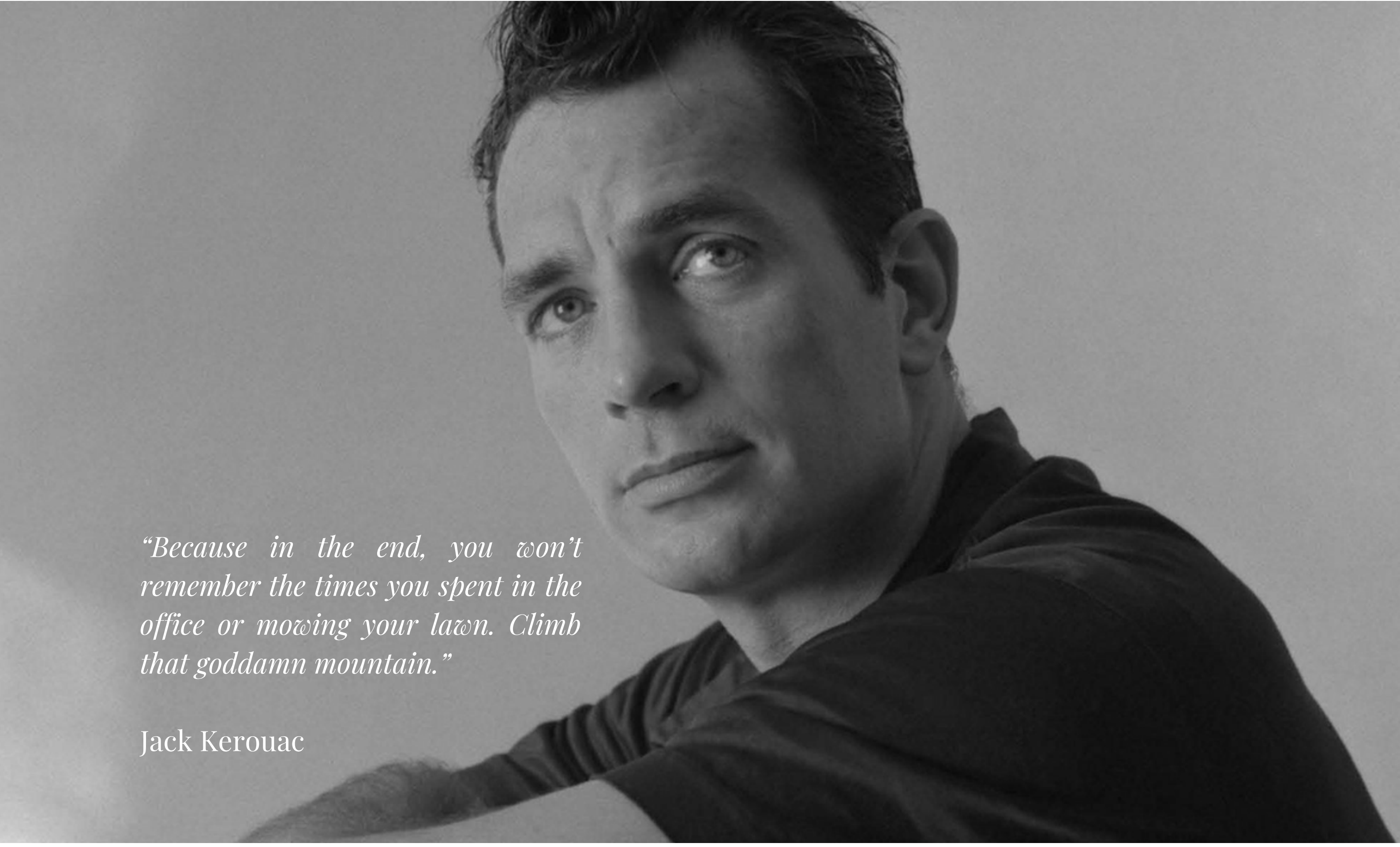
As I alluded to above, this has become increasingly difficult in the current decade. Countries are extremely interconnected, with easy access to sim cards and internet. First thing people do after getting off the airplane is go to a mobile provider booth and purchase a sim card. It is very easy to travel to a new country, never find your will or abilities tested, and never have the interactions that instil the love of travel in the first place. Still, I enjoy nothing more than travelling, and am grateful for all of the experiences I have had abroad.

My greatest tip for creating an adventurous trip to another country: go solo. You don't need your partner or best friends with you. Over time this has become my preferred form of travel. You make your own deadlines, choose what you want to see, and don't need to compromise with your friends who'd rather spend the day in the pub drinking their ass off. With solo travel, you only have one person to rely on. Yourself. You are fully responsible for keeping yourself safe, and ensuring your trip is a success. It is solely up to you to get to your next destination, navigate the transportation system of whichever country you are visiting, and to keep yourself safe. You will be encouraged to learn the local language, to communicate with the people living there. Another massive benefit: it will push you out of your comfort zone to meet others, lest you end up being lonely. This is especially helpful for introverts, forcing them to develop social skills. Lastly, no one has any preconceived notions of who you are, and you therefore have the ability to reinvent yourself as who you want to be. I have developed life-long friendships and contacts in many cities through meeting others while solo travelling.

Another way to push yourself and make your trip more exciting: pick a country that has not been overly westernized, where you can learn some of the local language, that still retains some grit and edge to its local populace. You SHOULD be out of your comfort zone for parts of your travels. Otherwise, what are you learning? The last thing you want when travelling is to constantly be in the midst of old aged retirees, who picked the destination because it is safe and easy. In my experience, North Americans especially have an aversion to travelling to any destination where there is even a hint of danger.

Pick somewhere without the easiest access, or a visa that is a bit harder to get. This will go a long way in limiting the type of travellers that will be in the country. Not only will flying and arriving become part of the overall adventure, but locals will interact with you more positively, as they aren't constantly besieged by hordes of tourists. Pick a destination with beautiful landscapes that you can hike and explore, and then get out there and explore. Go camping, go hiking, rent or purchase a motorbike and do a road trip. There are plenty of adventure travel destinations in the world. Some recommendations for countries to explore: Colombia, Bolivia, Turkey (the smaller areas especially), Georgia, remote areas of China, Mongolia, Iran. The people I have met from these countries are some of the most genuine and helpful people I have ever come across. I also don't believe that it is circumstantial that these areas have hearty, delicious food to explore as well. My personal next travel destination is to visit a few countries in Africa.

I am also not pushing for people to be stupid and take needless risks. Books like Into the Wild glamorize the adventure, but also show the risks involved in travelling to wilderness unprepared. People generally aren't impressed with locations you visit that are extremely dangerous, like warzones; you wouldn't find me travelling to Gaza or Afghanistan once the US pulls out. But you shouldn't be travelling to impress others anyways, these should be journeys taken because you enjoy them and reap benefits in your own life. But there are many destinations that most would consider "extremely dangerous" that aren't in actuality.



“Because in the end, you won’t remember the times you spent in the office or mowing your lawn. Climb that goddamn mountain.”

Jack Kerouac

Why the need for adventure has died in young men

This one is fairly simple, and again a larger issue in North America than other parts of the world. The average person's thought process preventing them from seeking out adventure goes something like "I just explored a new area in my RPG, improved my character, and watched my favorite travel Youtuber. What need do I have to get off my couch. I'm certainly not going to hunt for my food, I have a bottle of soylent and a nice chilled IPA in the fridge".

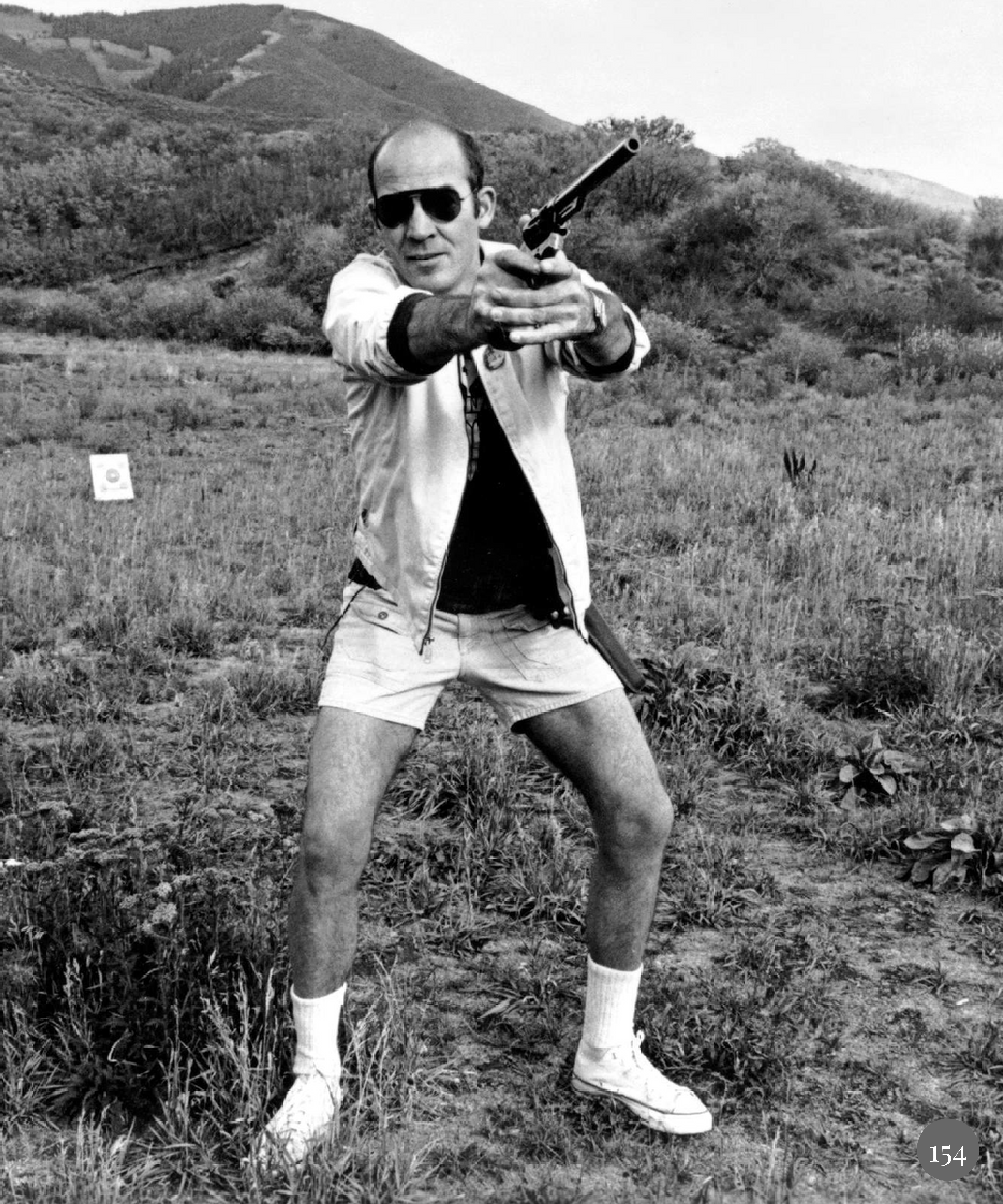
I don't know how many people I have talked to that don't even care that air travel has become non-feasible with Covid quarantines. The constant dopamine drip that people are receiving from non-challenging sources replaces the need to seek out true adventure. Don't let yourself fall in the trap of an easy routine.

Another common "thrill replacement " theme I see is in men whose largest weekly accomplishment is when their favorite sports team wins a game. Instead of going out and joining an amateur league of the sport and actually playing the game they "love" themselves, they instead live vicariously through their favorite athlete. Nothing wrong with watching sports, but basing your identity around it and getting your thrills from someone else success is not a healthy substitute for your own victories.

The other major issue I see distracting us from the fruit of adventure life could be providing us is the ever-deteriorating work life balance. North Americans are provided with very little paid time off, when compared with most of the rest of the developed world. One of the most disgusting trends I see is men who are proud of working unpaid overtime, sometimes over 40hrs a week of it, and bragging about never taking time off. This doesn't apply to someone who is building their own business, but life was meant to be lived, not spent in the confines of a cubicle. You should NEVER feel a sense of shame for taking the time off that your company is obligated to give you, or turning down extra work that is outside of your scope. Your company isn't your life, and using up all of your youthful years at a job is a fate I consider to be pretty close to death.

“Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming “Wow! What a Ride!”

Hunter S. Thompson



John
“Borzoi”
Chapman

Cultured Grugs

Dispatches From America in Collapse

EGGS & DRUGS & ROCK 'N' ROLL (CONT.)

Youtuber Connor Murphy, before and after DMT. Right: Elon Musk on the Joe Rogan Podcast

7 SAH: I KNOW FROM PREVIOUS CONVERSATIONS THAT WE BOTH HAVE A DIM VIEW OF DRUGS AND PSYCHEDELICS IN PARTICULAR AS A MEANS OF ESCAPING MODERNITY. CAN YOU ELABORATE?

REN: There was quite a large stoner contingent at school, so I've had a negative view of pot for quite some time. I'm not against the occasional puff, but when it becomes your entire lifestyle and persona you've got a problem. And of course being around somebody who is stoned when you aren't is an exquisite form of torture. I'll leave 'hard' drugs to one side.

I think something very interesting has happened with psychedelics since the 1960s which deserves some commentary. Look at the way that so many people are 'microdosing' LSD or psilocybin in places like Silicon Valley; I think even Jack Dorsey is doing it, but I wouldn't be surprised if they all are, to be honest. So instead of being, as it was supposed to be in the counter-culture, a powerful tool to liberate people from the system and allow them to develop true self-understanding and individuality – and we know how that turned out – now it's becoming something that will wed us even more to the system, allowing us to become more productive and more creative and thus generate even greater value for it. It's more than a little ironic, don't you think? There's probably something along not entirely dissimilar lines to be said about the legalisation of pot too; from one angle, it certainly looks like a very convenient form of social control. They say that medieval peasants never used to revolt during harvest time; well, nobody ever revolts when they're stoned either.

Back to the psychedelics. At the same time as all this microdosing is going on, people are still taking LSD, peyote and psilocybin like they used to and for the same purposes, but these drugs seem to be gaining in popularity, helped by a lot of positive coverage from people like Joe Rogan; niche drugs like ayahuasca are also becoming mainstream. The danger, I think, is one that Jung raised; Jordan Peterson has talked about this, IIRC. Using psychedelics is basically a way to gain unearned knowledge, and as such many people just aren't ready for it. I'd suggest people look up the saga of Connor Murphy if they want a very good contemporary illustration of this. He was a gymbro Youtuber who used to make videos of himself taking his shirt off in public to impress women and mogg their boyfriends. Then he took an ayahuasca trip and had a terrible mental breakdown on camera not long after; he's taken the video down but you can still find it. Since then his content has become more and more bizarre: he's eaten his own shit and another man's semen, and he walks around referring to himself as a god and speaking in strange voices. It's as bad as it sounds. He was just a buff idiot, but now he's gone and totally fried his circuitry – for nothing.

> **I think people like the idea of psychedelic experience because we've been conditioned to see pills as the answer to so many of our problems. 'Here you go, take this and you'll understand everything.'**

I think people like the idea of psychedelic experience because we've been conditioned to see pills as the answer to so many of our problems. 'Here you go, take this and you'll understand everything.' Spirituality, or dare I say it religion, is no longer a quest but a quick-fix. But what a quest involves that a quick-fix doesn't is preparation and then initiation over a much longer period of time. You don't just go from being a prick who takes his shirt off in Planet Fitness to embarrass Asian men in front of their girlfriends, to God in a single step: but that's what Connor Murphy thinks has happened to himself. Taking a pill doesn't require humility, dedication, pain, suffering or self-abnegation: you just put it in your mouth, swallow and then it has its effect. A book like Bunyan's The Pilgrim's Progress would just be totally incomprehensible to most people now.

8 DO YOU SEE ANY SIGNS OR EVEN ANY POSSIBILITIES OF A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL AMONG YOUNG MEN?

I certainly see signs of a hunger for spiritual revival. Just look at the Jordan Peterson phenomenon – all those young men flocking to him for guidance, the tears, confessions and prayers, the rigid rules for self-betterment. If that isn't a spiritual phenomenon, then I don't know what is. Of course, it's all sorts of other things as well – dealing with the consequences of the breakdown of the nuclear family and the near-total absence of male role models in most men's lives, prominently – but it's also clearly a movement that's trying to go beyond the nihilistic materialism of the modern world and re-enchant the world with sacred values. And even if for a good portion of the men this isn't a direct search for God, it wouldn't take much for it to turn into one.

As for the prospects for success, I'm a pessimist. It's been interesting to watch the progress of Jordan Peterson himself, as he's drawn closer to God and then reeled backwards as if from an abyss. You can see that he just can't do it, no matter how much he engages with the material (I mean the Bible) and how sincerely he wants to believe. This resonates deeply with my own experience. Let's just say that I've been a student of religion my entire academic career, both Christianity and Eastern religions, and although at various times I've actively sought to be a Christian, I've just never been able to do it. In one sense, it's obviously a nonsense to say that I'm not already a Christian, because of the society and historical tradition in which I've been raised, but at the same time it's also true. I think of the negative definition that T.S. Eliot employed in the Idea of a Christian Society: our society is Christian simply because some other positive ideal (say, Islam) has not come and swept it away. I am Christian simply because another positive ideal has not come and swept me away.

I puzzled over why I just couldn't do it, over what was wrong, for a long time. I still do. One of my favourite books as a student was Alasdair MacIntyre's After Virtue, which is basically a very sophisticated argument that the entire tradition of moral philosophy is broken and has been since more or less the time of the Greeks. At the beginning of the book, MacIntyre asks the reader to imagine a situation where, after some kind of collapse, only fragments of scientific knowledge as we know it – maybe the odd book here, a paper there and some laboratory equipment and a few practitioners – remains: all that is left is a radically incomplete picture of what was once an extremely complex assemblage of knowledge and practices. As a result, it's impossible fully to understand what science is, even if you can still use some scientific terminology and method. The whole endeavour has broken down; Humpty Dumpty can't be put back together again. According to MacIntyre, this is the state of moral philosophy as a discipline. Well, I think this is also the condition of many religious traditions too, but especially Christianity. Christianity has been hollowed out by the Reformation and the Enlightenment, so that what we're left with now is basically a liberal conception of religion, that it's just a set of beliefs that you wear like any other set of beliefs you might have. It's impossible to overstate how big a change this has been, and as a result I find it hard to approach Christianity as anything other than a part of the problem rather than an answer to it. And maybe the seeds of Christianity's own destruction were there from the start, especially in the separation of church and state, which notably doesn't exist in Islam.

What was it Heidegger said – now we must wait for God? What I don't mean by invoking this is that we must sit and wait to be rescued – oh no, far from it – but what I do mean is that the ball is in His court, if you will. I think he's going to have to reveal Himself to us, rather than the other way round. Even trying to think, let alone talk about religion, has become extremely hard, or much harder than it once was. That's part of what I mean by saying it's a broken tradition: we don't even have the means at our disposal to express what we think we mean, because our understanding and language have become so degraded.

Of course, I've been focusing on Christianity. I've no doubt that pseudo-religions and forms of spirituality will only continue to grow in popularity, but these are just embarrassing manifestations, mostly of wish fulfilment. The supermarket of ideas: people picking and choosing ideas and practices that suit their preconceptions, never really challenging or disciplining themselves. That absolutely isn't real spirituality.

9

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE EMERGING ALLURE OF THE HOMESTEAD OR SMALL SCALE VILLAGE TRAD LIFE? IS A BACK TO LAND APPROACH NECESSARY TO ESCAPE MODERN AGRICULTURE OR ARE WE SETTING OURSELVES UP FOR A NEW 'LONGHOUSE' PARADIGM?

I can see the allure of a homestead, for sure. It's an ultimate ideal of self-reliance and I've already said I think self-reliance is something that should be pursued. Although you'd be surprised by how much you can grow even in a modest garden, for most the full homestead ideal is unobtainable – land prices are a significant bar in most parts of the Western world – and I also think people romanticise too much what is actually a very strenuous and difficult way of life. Crops fail, livestock die or get sick – despite our best efforts. I'd advise you to get some experience first before you commit to anything. Thankfully, you can do that sort of thing quite easily through WWOOF (Worldwide Opportunities on Organic Farms). Don't get me wrong, I have no doubt that homesteading is a far more valuable and fulfilling way of life than working in an office, but you'd do well to understand exactly what it would require of you before you set out for the frontier.

The village question is an interesting one. Again, I think most people don't actually have the first idea what small-scale village life was really like. I say 'was', because villages aren't like that anymore. I've lived in villages most of my life, and I can tell you that as picturesque as they may be, they aren't really communities. There's no real economic life in villages now, and most of the inhabitants – at least in the part of England I live in – are likely to be retirees, second-home owners or no-hopers, people whose ancestors have lived in the village since time immemorial and who now spend their time propping up the bar in the village pub (assuming your village is lucky enough to have a pub any more).

I'm actually planning an essay at the moment on village life and how the return to tradition crowd should be careful what they wish for. The basic premise is, as you say, that the village – in this case the medieval village – was often a kind of longhouse, and to substantiate this I want to discuss Montaillou, the classic historical work by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie. Montaillou is a village in the foothills of the Pyrenees, on the French border with Spain, and because of the efforts of the Inquisition to stamp out the heresy of Catharism in the area, there are reams of oral testimonies that, as well as providing the evidence the Inquisition sought, reveal the texture of day-to-day village life in the most amazing way. The picture that emerges is of an incredibly claustrophobic environment, no doubt made worse by the attentions of the Inquisition. And it's not just that the traditional social structure, centred around the house, was extremely rigid, but that the village was a world where everybody knew everybody else's business; where petty rivalries and hatreds could smoulder for decades; and even an offhand comment could be used as a potentially lethal weapon, especially if the Church got involved. If there was a crack in your wall, you could guarantee that at some point somebody would be watching and listening, even if you were having sex – or should I say, especially if you were having sex. The only people who have any real freedom of movement – and of thought – are the shepherds, who head off into the Pyrenees for months on end with their flocks. The notion that shepherds possess a blessed kind of

From top: T.S. Eliot, Martin Heidegger

freedom is an old one, which goes back to Classical times. In Montaillou, it was definitely the case. Some actually evaded the Inquisition by going into the mountains with their flocks.

I think there are and have been other ideals of village life, though. Tacitus, for instance, in the Germania, mentions how the ancient Germans liked to keep their buildings separate, with each family having its own private space; this is an ideal we in northern Europe would still recognise today. I think a study of village life in medieval England or northern Europe might look rather different to Montaillou; although books on witchcraft accusations in Tudor England show just how present petty rivalries and hatreds were there too. Basically, my counsel would be: don't lose sight of the wood for the trees. There are good things about modern life too.

10

SIMILARLY THERE IS A HUGE TENSION FOR MEN WHO FEEL DISILLUSIONED WITH THE WORLD BETWEEN ESSENTIALLY DROPPING OUT TO PLAY GAMES AND BECOMING A CORPORATE DRONE. ARE THERE STILL CAREERS OR VOCATIONS WHICH OFFER SOME KIND OF FREEDOM? SHOULD WE THINKING TACTICALLY AND GETTING JOBS IN IMPORTANT SECTORS?

It's a tension I've definitely felt, that's for sure. I think it's an obvious mark of a society or civilisation that's headed for the wall, fast, if the people who are supposed to be its future – the young people, but especially the talented young people – feel that they have absolutely no stake and just decide to stop playing the game. I mean, I knew I would never be a corporate drone or clone, but I never thought I would feel the disillusionment that I've felt or encounter some of the obstacles that I've had thrown in my way. I know it's a fairly tired refrain at this point, but I can't believe how much easier it was for my parents when they were my age; even they recognise it. At the very least, they were able to maintain a high standard of living and buy a lovely house on a single normal salary. There's no question of my being able to have what they had working the job my dad worked. Many young people genuinely feel they've been lied to, and I don't think they're wrong, at least not entirely. Of course, bitching isn't the answer, but I understand why so many have a bitter taste in their mouth.

I'd like to think that there are still jobs that offer freedom and fulfilment. There's actually an article in Issue 3 of Man's World called 'Seeking Adventure in a Sterile World' which addresses precisely this issue. It's probably a tad optimistic for my tastes, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. I mean, I'd rather the optimistic case were true, but my personal experience inclines me to think otherwise. Not too long ago, I went through the selection process to join the army as an officer and it was just awful. My family has quite a long military background and it was something I'd flirted with a number of times since I was a teenager, so I decided finally to take the plunge. To cut a long story short, it was a tremendous disappointment. Embarrassing, actually. The physical standards had been so watered down they were almost non-existent and much of the focus, especially in the 'group discussions' was on woke talking points such as equal pay for female sport stars. I think it was actually impossible to fail the physical tests, and as far as I'm aware they've now gotten rid of push-ups, chin-ups and the like and replaced them with a gender-neutral test that involves throwing a medicine ball and pulling as hard as you can on a static bar attached to a dynamometer...

I'm sure that some have a great time in the military and make lifelong friends, but I think it's going to get much harder for particular kinds of man to exist in the armed forces. Look at the purges that are taking place in the US military right now as a result of Biden's election. What they want is a military that's loyal to the regime, not the people, and that means getting rid of the traditional serving demographics – especially the poor whites of the South – who've bled an ocean of blood on American soil and overseas since well before the Revolution. The US armed forces will increasingly resemble an army of occupation, I think. Rather like the Romans stationing North African legions in Britain – in fact, very much like that.

At the same time, however bad these jobs get, I don't think we can totally abandon them to our enemies. There's an analogy here with the urban situation. I think it's stupid to abandon the cities. For all their problems, the cities, especially the ancient capital cities of Europe, are among the crowning achievements of Western civilisation. Not only would it be a massive tactical defeat to surrender them, but it would also be a terrible symbolic defeat too – an unforgivable act of cowardice. When the Russians abandoned Moscow in 1812, it was only temporary. There has to be a better way, although I know it won't be easy. It will require a certain kind of person – a man with unusual discipline and poise – to serve in the globohomo armed forces and not give himself away, just as it will require a certain kind of man voluntarily to live in the city and attempt to reclaim it. I know such people exist; the question is whether there are enough of them.

I think it's an obvious mark of a society or civilisation that's headed for the wall, fast, if the people who are supposed to be its future – the young people, but especially the talented young people – feel that they have absolutely no stake and just decide to stop playing the game.

LEGIO GLORIA

LEGIOGLORIA.COM

Crowds at yet another of Tesla's cult-like events. Inset: Elon Musk, Tesla CEO

DON'T EVER DRIVE AN "EV"

Words: Plus Ultra (@ultra1922)

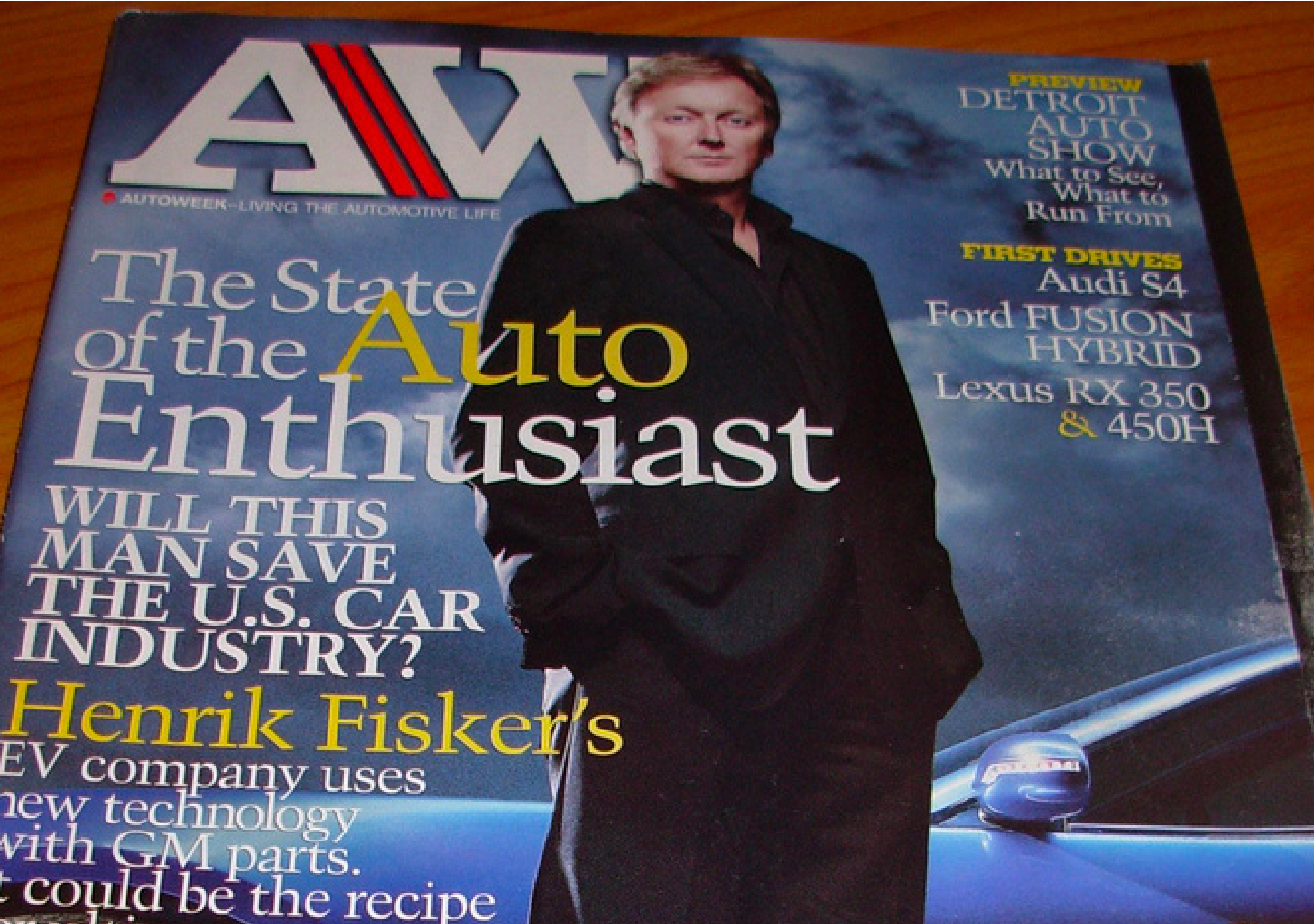
Plus Ultra returns from Issue 2 with an electrifying battle cry against electrification.

GM CEO Mary Barra

It was at this year's "virtual" CES show in Las Vegas that the dominatrix of General Motors, Mary Barra, outlined her dystopian vision in more detail than ever before. After paying her respects to St. George of Minneapolis, voicing her support for the "Black Lives Matter" mostly peaceful protestors and endorsing the mainstream Coronavirus narrative, she proceeded to claim that the once-indispensable automotive juggernaut was at an "inflection point." GM's vision, she claimed, was a world with "zero crashes, zero emissions and zero congestion." And the key to “unlock” this? “Electrification”.

Barra is not alone. A number of global carmakers have echoed her claim that the era of the internal combustion engine is over. Jaguar has vowed to stop selling conventionally powered cars by 2025; Renault wants to generate 90 per cent of its turnover with electrics by 2030; and Volkswagen's CEO Herbert Diess is busy squandering his predecessors' heritage with an attack on competing technological approaches: "The battery has won the race."

Then, of course, there is the supreme grifter Elon Musk, whose companies rely on subsidies while reliably failing to reach production targets and whose vehicles seem to be immune to any scrutiny by the same media and agencies that mercilessly attack



AW

AUTOWEEK–LIVING THE AUTOMOTIVE LIFE

PREVIEW
DETROIT
AUTO
SHOW
What to See,
What to
Run From

FIRST DRIVES
Audi S4
Ford FUSION
HYBRID
Lexus RX 350
& 450H

The State
of the Auto
Enthusiast

WILL THIS
MAN SAVE
THE U.S. CAR
INDUSTRY?

Henrik Fisker's
EV company uses
new technology
with GM parts.
t could be the recipe

M LY 3587
246

other carmakers. This self-styled Howard Roark, whose business practices and aesthetics are more reminiscent of Peter Keating, is promoted by the Ellsworth Tooheys of our time (excuse the Ayn Rand references).

And Musk is just a role model for inferiors like the interminable Henrik Fisker, who should have retired after designing the BMW Z8 and instead keeps scamming investors on the claim that an electric future is just around the corner. The venerable magazine "Auto Week" actually suggested, well over a decade ago, that Fisker was the man who would save the American auto industry. He didn't; "Auto Week" went out of print in 2019.

One thing connects these fine businessmen: They want to use the momentum of Joe Biden's rigged election - and the final days of Angela Merkel in Germany - to ensure the billions they spend on EVs are not wasted. They clamor for regulation to force them down citizens' throats. It's a sight to behold.

EVS: PROS AND CONS

EVs have been around forever. In fact, the first car to exceed 100 kph (62 mph) in 1899, La Jamais Contente, was an EV built in 1899. For a while, there was fierce competition between electrics and gasoline-powered cars. But the fight was settled when Cadillac introduced the electric starter, which did away with the need to use a manual crank to start the engine (a good workout, by the way, but we can do without it). The convenience of starting a piston engine at the turn of a key killed the EV.

The three most besetting disadvantages of EVs were - and still are - cost, range and performance. Today, the ever-improving internal combustion engine, powered by gasoline or diesel, can squeeze 30, 50 or 70 miles out of a gallon (for European readers, anything from three to seven liters per 100 kilometers is easily achieved). This energy is stored in tanks that can be refilled within minutes - and the fuel is available in abundance.

In fact, serious analysts know there is enough oil for at least 150 years - and natural gas way beyond that. And if you are concerned about CO2 emissions, entirely CO2-neutral fuels could take off at any time. In fact, Germany was working on the Fischer-Tropsch process in the 1930s and 40s with the aim of gaining energy independence. Fuel to power piston engines, in other words, is incredibly cheap and easily available, and it is only a matter of cost and political will to make it CO2-neutral and become geopolitically independent.

Looks at EVs, by contrast: To achieve even barely acceptable range, essentially a half ton of batteries is needed in a car - batteries that come at extreme cost (five figures), that deteriorate (useless after a decade), that take hours to recharge and that are an environmental nightmare in virtually every respect: raw materials, energy needed to build them, charging them while in use - and finally discarding or recycling them.

Indeed, where are we supposed to charge our cars? In the city, finding parking at all is a challenge; imagine looking for a charging station every night. In the countryside, these stations are few and far between. You need to be a suburban AWFL with your own electric wall box in order to charge an EV worry-free. But keep those EVs away from your tasteless McMansion, given their inclination to self-immolate.

The extra half ton, by the way, makes EVs a lot more expensive to build, and it makes them handle poorly. When negotiating corners, extra weight is the last thing you need.

Granted, EVs are fascinating in some ways. Their propulsion systems are easily scaleable, and you see great straight-line performance in cars like the Tesla Model S or the Porsche Taycan Turbo. The silent, seamless power delivery has futuristic appeal. And the architectures offer potential for new, potentially more efficient bodies. In reality, however, most EVs are less practical than similarly sized conventional cars. An Audi e-tron GT is less spacious than an Audi A7, and a Mercedes-Benz EQC offers none of the off-road capability of the similarly sized GLC. EVs suck.

EVS TAKE AWAY YOUR FREEDOM

Because cars are the ultimate expression of aesthetics, power, status and freedom. Real cars use carbon and oxygen, they scream and growl, they charge forward, they can blow fire out of their exhaust.

"Auto-mobile" - that used to be the perfect description. A car allows the driver to move from A to B without planning, unsupervised, at any time he wishes. Fill it up with gas every 300 to 500 miles, grab a coffee, and onwards you go. Wherever you like.

EVs, by comparison, barely fit the definition of "auto-mobile." They depend on meticulous trip planning, the availability of charging stations and the state of the power grid. They ground you forever while the energy is dripping into the battery pack. They allow corporations and authorities to monitor and potentially curtail your travels. And don't forget, EVs are expensive. So expensive that many people simply won't be able to afford a car anymore. There will be no market for cheap used cars, either. Battery deterioration gives them a hard expiration date

Despite the punitive taxation, individual mobility with regular cars is still affordable. It will be out of reach for many citizens if EVs are mandated.

And that's why the left is pushing for EVs so hard. They don't want to make cars better or cleaner: They want fewer people to drive cars and they will probably try to eliminate EVs as well. They want us to take the bus, the bike or just stay home and die. They hate our cars for what they symbolize.

Because cars are the ultimate expression of aesthetics, power, status and freedom. Real cars use carbon and oxygen, they scream and growl, they charge forward, they can blow fire out of their exhaust.

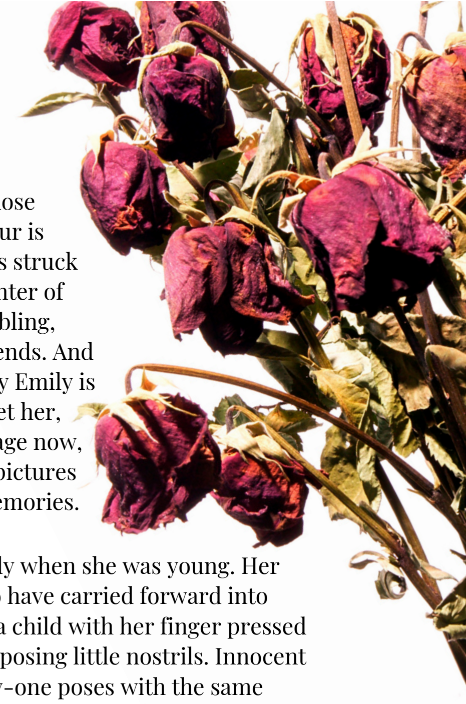
Like their owners, they are aloof, beautiful, superior. The antithesis of GM's chief clown Mary Barra. The woman ended her pathetic CES pep talk with the rhetorical question: "Are you in?"

No, we are not. Not at all. And we are looking forward to witnessing you and your collaborators' train wreck of epic proportions. EVs will - and should - never take off. But that won’t stop the opponents of human freedom from trying.

I had never met the young waitress who died the week before.

Words: Giles Hoffman (@spring_pierian)

Giles Hoffman crashes an unknown girl's wake, and leaves with a deeper sense of the proper place of things.



A friend of mine, Chris, was on bad terms with some friends of the deceased and had asked me to come to the memorial. He didn't want to face the sad and possibly hostile atmosphere all on his own.

Never turn down a funeral, a memorial, or any invitation to be the stranger at a tragic occasion. Where books and movies often allow the supreme perspective of 'looking down and looking in' as voyeur and judge, most experiences on terra firma come with a role and responsibilities. So, when you have the chance to observe an intimate gathering, with no obvious relevance to your own life, take it. It's the rare opportunity to peer inside someone else's story without the separation of page or screen – without that fourth wall.

The memorial took place in a restaurant called Bonafide in Kensington Market. Usually, the restaurant welcomes patrons with pastel colours, light wood, and a white marble bar. A mural depicts conjoined Roman houses, sandy-stuccoed with balconies of terra-cotta planters. Yet however confidently Bonafide wears its Mediterranean garb, the ensemble is ruined by an incongruous television. Nothing is more of a bona fide reminder that Rome is far, far away than CP24's manic bad-news cycle.

But if you ignore the TV, Bonafide is actually very pleasant to look at – eclectically cool and confused – much like the waitress's mourning friends, who are other servers from Toronto's high-end restaurant scene. They are as beautiful as expected, but seem determined to disguise or deface their beauty, or both. They conceal pert bodies in cheap baggy vintage-wear, just as they hide luxury wallets in decayed cloth tote bags. Their skin serves as canvas for esoteric tattoos, while their faces glimmer with gold nose piercings. It is a style that always tricks me – a style that whispers, "I'm very interesting," until the owner opens their mouth and I realize the clothing has lied.

Rumour has it the waitress overdosed. On Drugs? Alcohol? I don't ask. Family and friends drink beer at this celebration of life, and some go outside to suck back cigarettes or puff on joints. Their consumption is remedial, at least.

On the corner-wall TV, Instagram photos and Snapchat videos are on slideshow. Some are of the young waitress hiking in Machu Picchu or hugging cats; most show her partying with half-empty bottles and glowing blunts. I suppose that often what we have the most fun doing is what eventually kills us. Typically, when decades of fun develop into a doctor's prognosis, and expiring adults look back wondering if it was all worth it. A few unlucky ones are called on to settle their accounts early. No one thinks of themselves among the few – myself included.

I enter a grieving group's circle to find that a chasm in narrative separates my equanimity from everyone's mourning. It's as if I've peeped into a cinema right at a film's tragic climax. Had I seen the character's arc, I would be sad too. Instead, I've stumbled in front of an audience crying over an anonymous death. Yet by way of overheard gossip and commemoration, I start back-filling the waitress's short story. The waitress quickly becomes a name: Emily. A carefree and sometimes careless spirit, whose playful personality and humour is hinted at through funny poses struck before camera. Emily, a daughter of two parents, a sister to one sibling, and a companion to many friends. And although I start to feel sad, my Emily is a fiction. Since I had never met her, she can only be a spectral image now, a composite of time-defying pictures animated by second-hand memories.

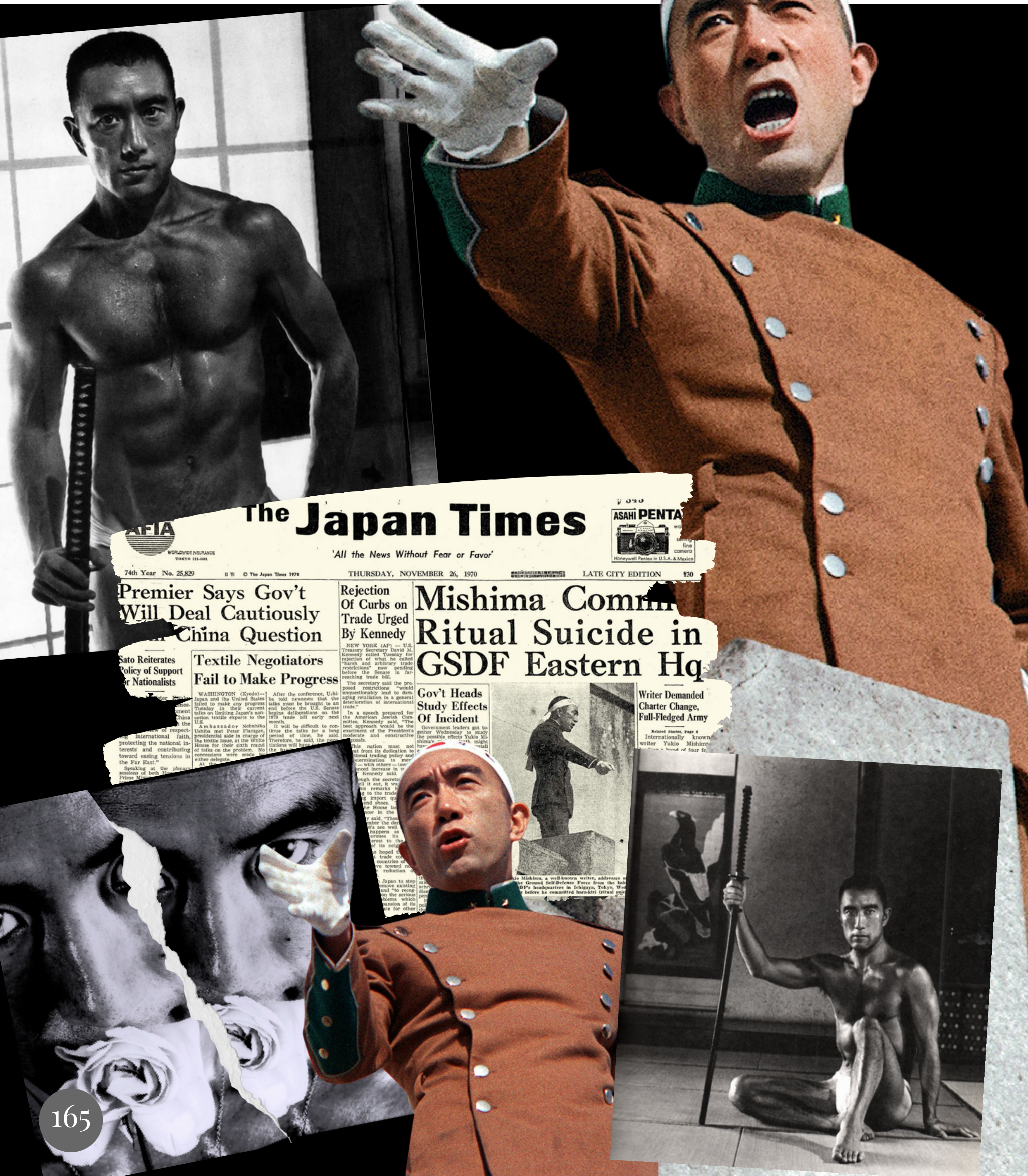
Many photographs show Emily when she was young. Her cheeky personality seemed to have carried forward into her adult life. In one instant, a child with her finger pressed against the tip of her nose, exposing little nostrils. Innocent fun. Then, a woman of twenty-one poses with the same faces, but with some sexual connotation. Or maybe not. Maybe the ease with which she touched her body for the camera was a sort of childish irreverence. *This is just my body, not a meaningful thing.* Sexuality, after all, on display or hidden, is a common way for adults to give their bodies meaning.

The slideshow is in the predictable, chronological, pattern: infant, child, teen, young adult. And everyone braces for the sequence to stop, then repeat, knowing that life only gave Emily her overture.

I suppose you're wondering, "what's there to learn from this?" Your chance to turn Emily's death into a didactic question; my opportunity to spin loss into lesson. What you're looking for is a cause, something to blame, something to point your finger at: lack of real connection, millennial binge-drinking culture, or even Emily herself. It's really self-assuaging cowardice, even if those things are culprit, because the cause is searched for as a way to distract yourself from what's profoundly unsettling. That life seems to end with a terrifying nothing – where absence is the Reaper's token; or rather, his anti-token. Perhaps the only honest approach towards death is to look plainly at it. Otherwise, drugs can help blur it, God can be placed beyond it, and finger-pointing can shift the focus onto what happened elsewhere. But meeting death's eyes is much harder when it's your dead family or your dead friend. So, when you get a chance, go to a stranger's memorial.

On my way out of the restaurant, I saw the father crying at the pixelated remnants of his little girl. I wonder if he remembers taking those pictures. I bet it never crossed his mind: "My boisterous daughter will turn into a real crazy party girl. A no-rules-for-me girl. A fun girl. But I hope she never drinks herself to death by twenty-one." Of course not. At the time he took those pictures, his daughter had a wide, toothless smile. He must have imagined a happy future, free from the thought that his little princess might one day drown herself in rail drinks – before childhood's *last call.*

YUKIO MISHIMA



The Japan Times

'All the News Without Fear or Favor'

74th Year No. 25,829 © The Japan Times 1970 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1970 LATE CITY EDITION ¥30

Mishima Comm
Ritual Suicide in
GSDF Eastern Hq

kio Mishima, a well-known writer, addresses
he Ground Self-Defense Force from the bal
DF's headquarters in Ichigaya, Tokyo, Wed
before he committed hara-kiri (ritual suic

Gov't Heads Study Effects Of Incident

Government leaders got together Wednesday to study the possible effects Yukio Mishima's

Writer Demanded Charter Change, Full-Fledged Army

Related Stories, Page 4

Internationally known writer Yukio Mishima

Premier Says Gov't Will Deal Cautiously
China Question

Sato Reiterates Policy of Support
r Nationalists

of respecting international faith, protecting the national interests and contributing toward easing tensions in the Far East."

Speaking at the plenary sessions of both Ho
Prime Mini

Textile Negotiators Fail to Make Progress

WASHINGTON (Kyodo)—Japan and the United States failed to make any progress Tuesday in their current talks on limiting Japan's non-cotton textile exports to the U.S.

Ambassador Nobuhiko Ushiba met Peter Flanigan, presidential aide in charge of the textile issue, at the White House for their sixth round of talks on the problem. No concessions were made by either delegate.

At the

After the conference, Ushiba told newsmen that the talks must be brought to an end before the U.S. Senate begins deliberations on the 1970 trade bill early next month.

It will be difficult to continue the talks for a long period of time, he said. Therefore, he said, the negotiations will have to

Rejection Of Curbs on Trade Urged By Kennedy

NEW YORK (AP) — U.S. Treasury Secretary David M. Kennedy called Tuesday for rejection of what he called "harsh and arbitrary trade restrictions" now pending before the Senate in far-reaching trade bill.

The secretary said the proposed restrictions "would unquestionably lead to damaging retaliation in a general deterioration of international trade."

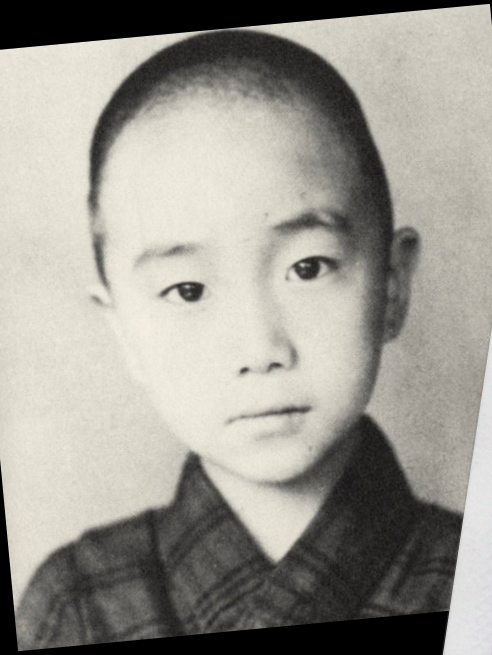
In a speech prepared for the American Jewish Committee, Kennedy said, "The best approach would be the enactment of the President's moderate and constructive proposals."

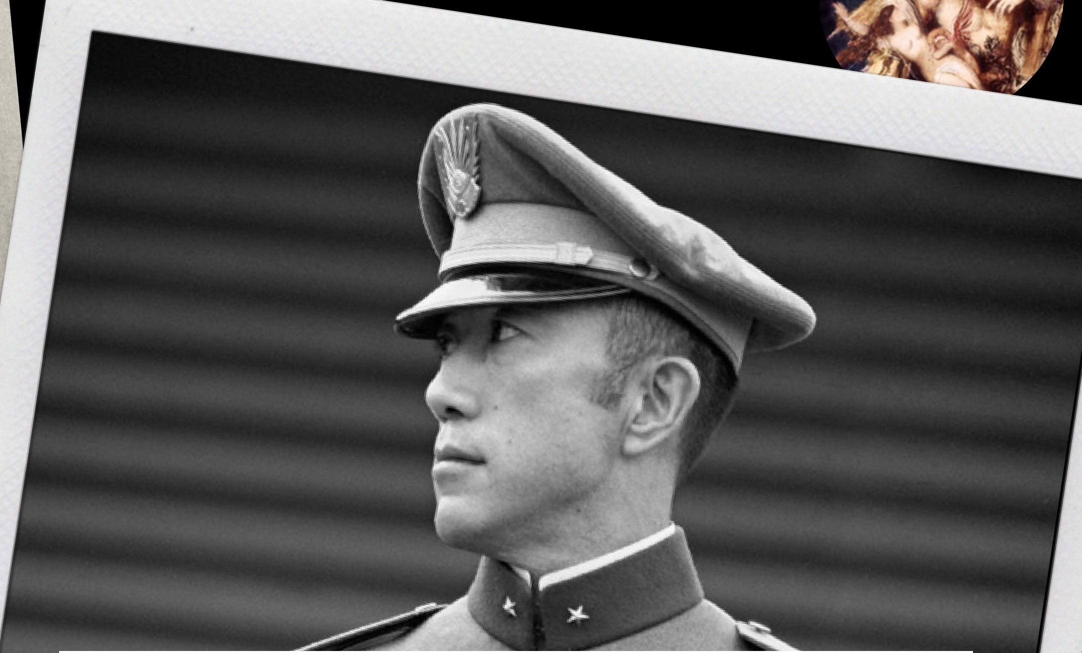
AFIA
WORLDWIDE INSURANCE
TOKYO 211-4461

ASAHI PENTA
fine camera
Honeywell Pentax in U.S.A. & Mexico

and the lost position

Words: Astral (@astral_naught)





Yukio Mishima stands on a balcony and delivers a rousing speech, calling for the military to take control of the State. He declares “long live the Emperor” three times.

He disembowels himself and his comrade hacks futilely at his neck before another steps in and removes his head.

The Last Man blinks.

A warrior cannot die an honorable death except at the hands of another warrior. When there are no worthy opponents, a true warrior knows there is only one other way. Mishima did not commit suicide because his coup attempt never materialized, nor because he knew the rising tide of the left was going to further bury the nationalist movement. In other words, his suicide was not one of despair. He died the way he did in order to reclaim the one thing left to the warrior: an honorable death; to die on ones own terms. Spengler said “the honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man,” but how can an honorable end be *given* in the West? We have no tradition of ritual suicide in our culture. One may be tempted to conclude, in this day and age, that the absence of an honorable death implies the absence of an honorable life.

The traditions of the West do contain men who chose an honorable death, who died as warriors fighting to the end to preserve their race and their way of life. And perhaps we might derive a not insignificant amount of inspiration from these heroes. Most famously we have Leonidas, and in fiction, Boromir -perhaps inspired by Roland, who dies blowing a horn to bring Charlemagnes army down on the attacking Saracens. These men, unfortunately, do not serve as inspiration-proper to our current predicament, because while they fought with the full knowledge of their inevitable defeat, their sacrifices ultimately resulted in civilizational salvation.

Another warrior who sacrificed himself for his people is Constantine XI Palaiologos; last Emperor of Byzantium. While Roland and Leonidas fought losing battles to help establish the cultural boundaries that allowed their civilizations to thrive, Boromir gave cover to Frodo to escape with the ring and save civilization from encroaching evil. The first two came at the beginning of civilization, while the third helped save his at the eleventh hour – an analogy, endorsed by critics but denied by the author, for fighting off fascism and saving democracy in World War I and II. Constantine, however, served no such role. He chose to die with his people, with no chance of salvation or escape.

Constantine, and indeed Mishima, come at very different times than the three heroes, and their deaths bear much greater significance to western man in the 21st century. Constantine XI lived at the the end of his civilization, and died with it, while Mishima lived *after the death* of imperial Japan, in the shadow of its ghost. While Constantine watched the tidal wave of history crash through his gates and wash away his people, Mishima lived in the wake of the tsunami, when everything was gone. Constantine hurled himself from the walls into the rushing tide, knowing he would drown with his people, while Mishima took his own life decades after his people had gone under. There was one crucial difference between these two men: for Constantine, there were sharks in the water. For Mishima, there was only an empty abyss.

Comparing the deaths of these two men brings our plight into focus, and perhaps makes clear our only option. Spengler says we must die at our posts, hold the lost position and preserve honor in our deaths when all else is lost. This is the position of Constantine XI, who died at his post, flinging himself from the walls of Constantinople into the fray as the Turks poured in and brought down mighty Rome, once and for all. This hopeless death was not heroic, but it was honorable. This was what Spengler had in mind, the last chance to accept your fate and face it without cowardice. At our current stage in history, indeed 50 years ago in Mishimas time, we have lost even the lost position, and have been robbed even of an honorable death. For when there is no enemy to face down, no natural catastrophe to wash over you, what can one do?

MISHIMA THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER

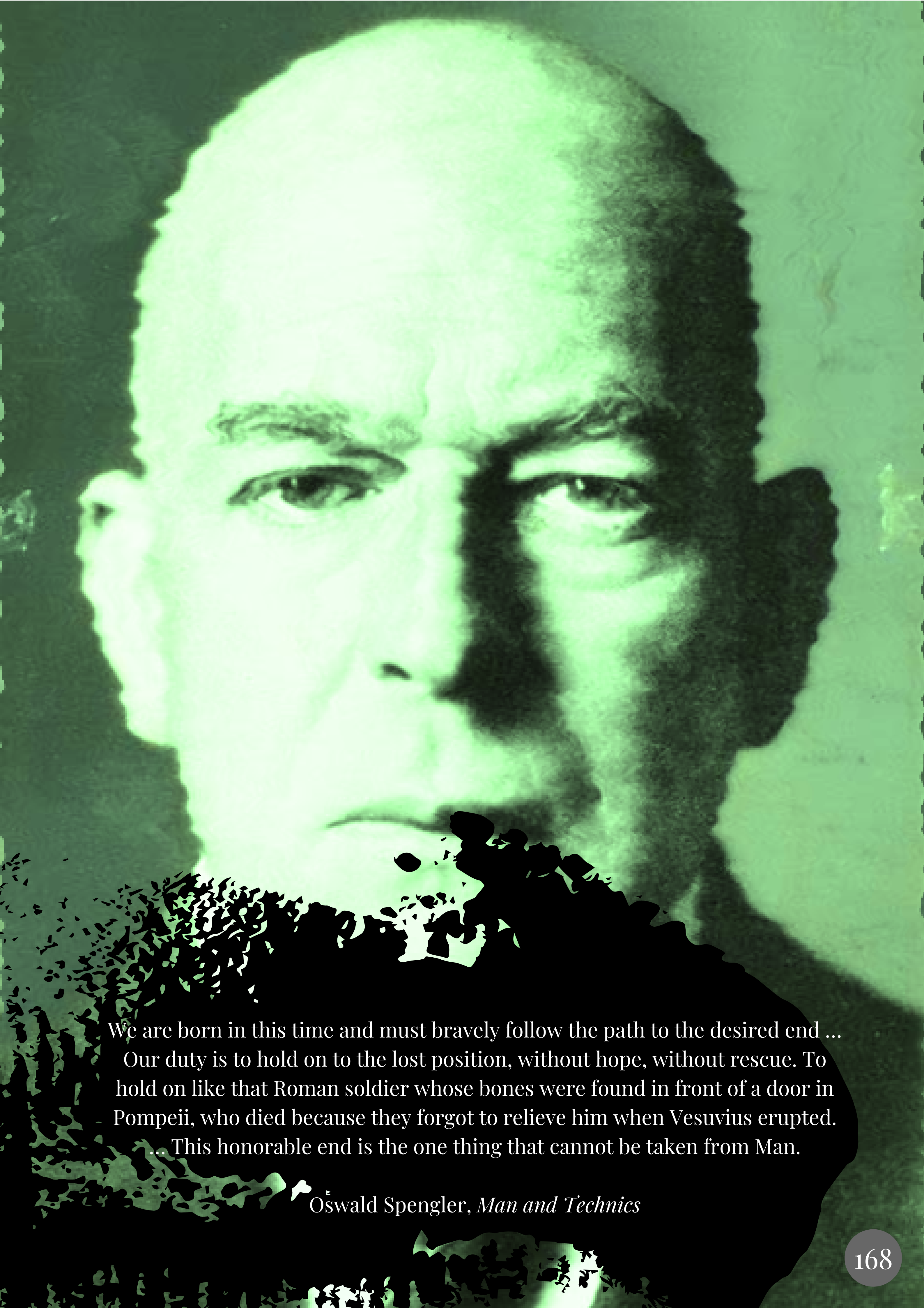
Mishima did not die in vain, nor did the tight-rope Walker in the prologue to Zarathustra. Nietzsche says humanity is a tight rope, stretched across an abyss from animal to Ubermensch. The Last Men stand on the edge of the abyss, blinking stupidly in their peace and happiness, never considering they might make the treacherous journey across the chasm. The tight rope Walker makes the move, and all stare dumbly as he goes, and dumbly as he falls and dies, and they move on. But we, like Zarathustra, love those who have in them a going-across, and we know going-across means also going-down. Mishima knew this. This is the significance of Mishima: while all others stood dumbly and blinked, Mishima went across, and by his going across he went down.

Spenglers pessimism is a needed tonic in an age of unchecked pleasure, when your Nintendo switch and your OnlyFans subscription are supposed to inspire in you unmitigated ecstasy. But the Hour of Decision has long past. Perhaps we are tempted to follow Evola and “ride the tiger.” When you cannot fight the onslaught, instead of hurling yourself from the walls into the din of a losing battle, you hold on desperately to the tigers neck and wait for it to tire itself out. Evola offers a second analogy, this one from Western Mythology, of being dragged by the bull until it too wears itself out and you can finally best it.

But I can think of fewer worse ways to die than wrapping my arms around an angry tiger or being dragged around by a charging bull.

No, we cannot hold the lost position or ride the tiger. But there is another way. Mishima does not tell us that all hope is lost, or that we need to follow his example, far from it. Like the tight-rope Walker, Mishima is showing us the way across. The time was not right for him, but he had to fall into the abyss to inspire bravery in us who confront the terrible void in the soul of man today. He made a spectacle of his death to tell those who came after him that the way must be taken despite the surety of failure. For one day, the time will be right, and a man will need to come forward and seize it.

History is pregnant with the Man of the Future. I can see the undulations across its belly as the developing fetus moves in its womb. The hour may be late, but these things cannot be rushed. In a time like ours, there is only one thing for men like us to do. We stand guard at the mouth of the cave, and when the water breaks, and the New Man is borne in the rush of fluid, and he suckles at the breast amidst the after-birth, our duty is to hold at bay the wild beasts who come sniffing around the cave at the scent of blood.



We are born in this time and must bravely follow the path to the desired end … Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue. To hold on like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who died because they forgot to relieve him when Vesuvius erupted. … This honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from Man.

Oswald Spengler, *Man and Technics*

BONFIRE
BOOKS

Bonfire Books is an Australian independent publisher founded in 2019 to find the best in new writing and the lost works of our literary inheritance. We note a lack of perspectives in the Australian mainstream that adequately address the rushing complexity of contemporary life. We seek to uphold the best of our literary tradition and welcome subtle and intrepid work of cutting wisdom, grim truth and unflinching soul.

It started out as simple idea. What if we turned a historical moment on its head? What if there were to be a provocative energy announced by the cleansing of fire and the purge of vanity? What if a tower of flames, fuelled by the detritus of distraction, could cast a light upon the darkness of our literary poverty, bringing warmth and life to the cold sterility of the simulation that is 'entertainment'?

The imperatives of commerce bear down upon literary creativity, stifling, shuttering and squeezing what remains of it into a product fit for fast consumption rather than self-reflection or the expression of truth and emotion.

We believe that the truth of life is contained and sustained by stories. We seek to unearth and bring to a burning light these stories, in both their beauty and their rawness.

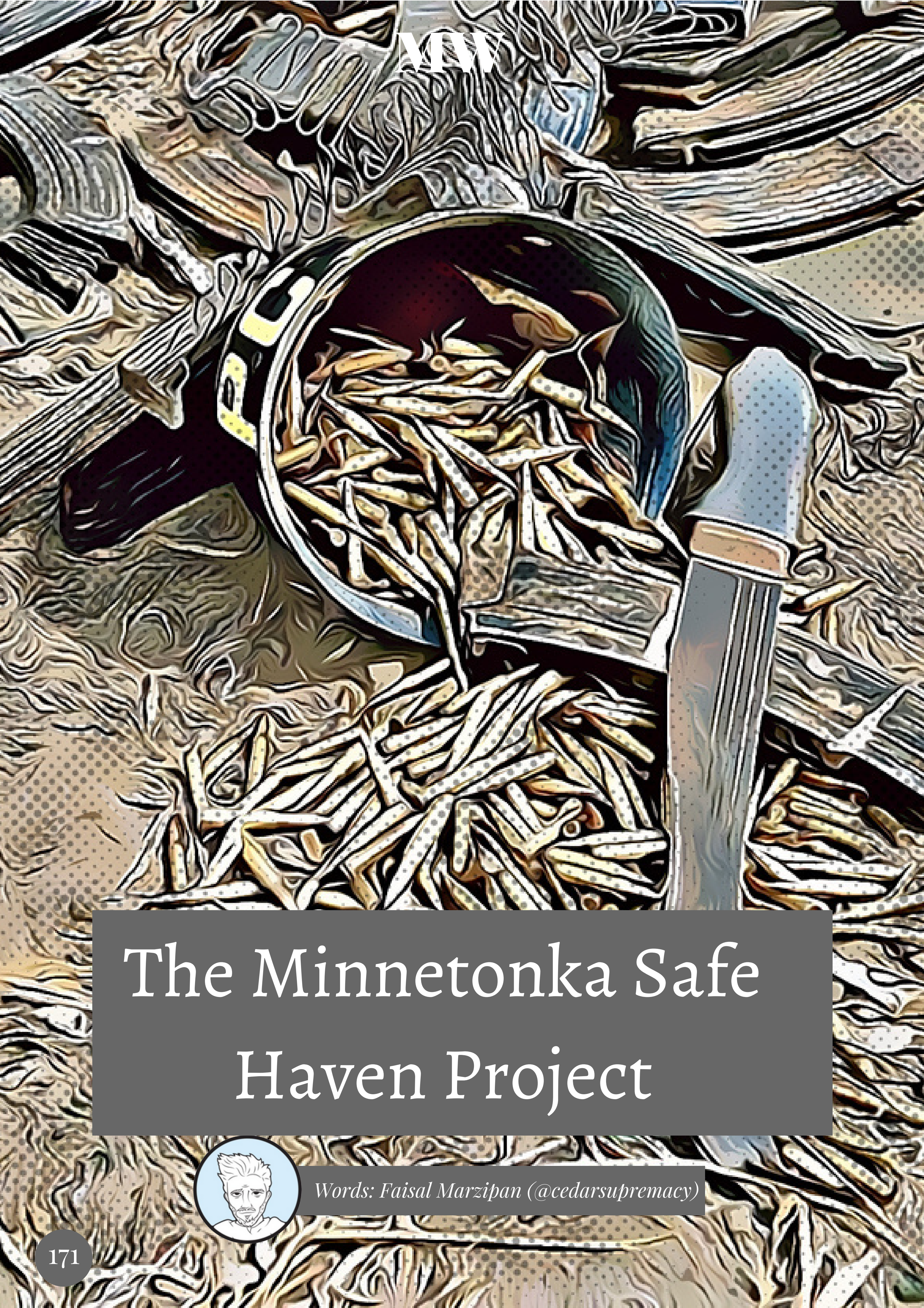
We had something to say and nowhere to say it, and we soon learned we were in good company. We work with both dead and up-and-coming authors to produce books worthy of a literary bonfire, distinguishing our editorial vision through the encouragement of eccentric perspective, irreverent humour and rich combinations of old and contemporary forms.

BONFIREBOOKS.ORG

OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY

TADEUSZ STEFAN ZIELIŃSKI

BONFIRE
BOOKS



The Minnetonka Safe Haven Project

Words: *Faisal Marzipan (@cedarsupremacy)*

Aiden enters the annex through the 30th floor elevator in the Blue Cross Blue Shield Tower, and after confirming his appointment with the front office, is allowed in the lobby at Mackenzie and Company.

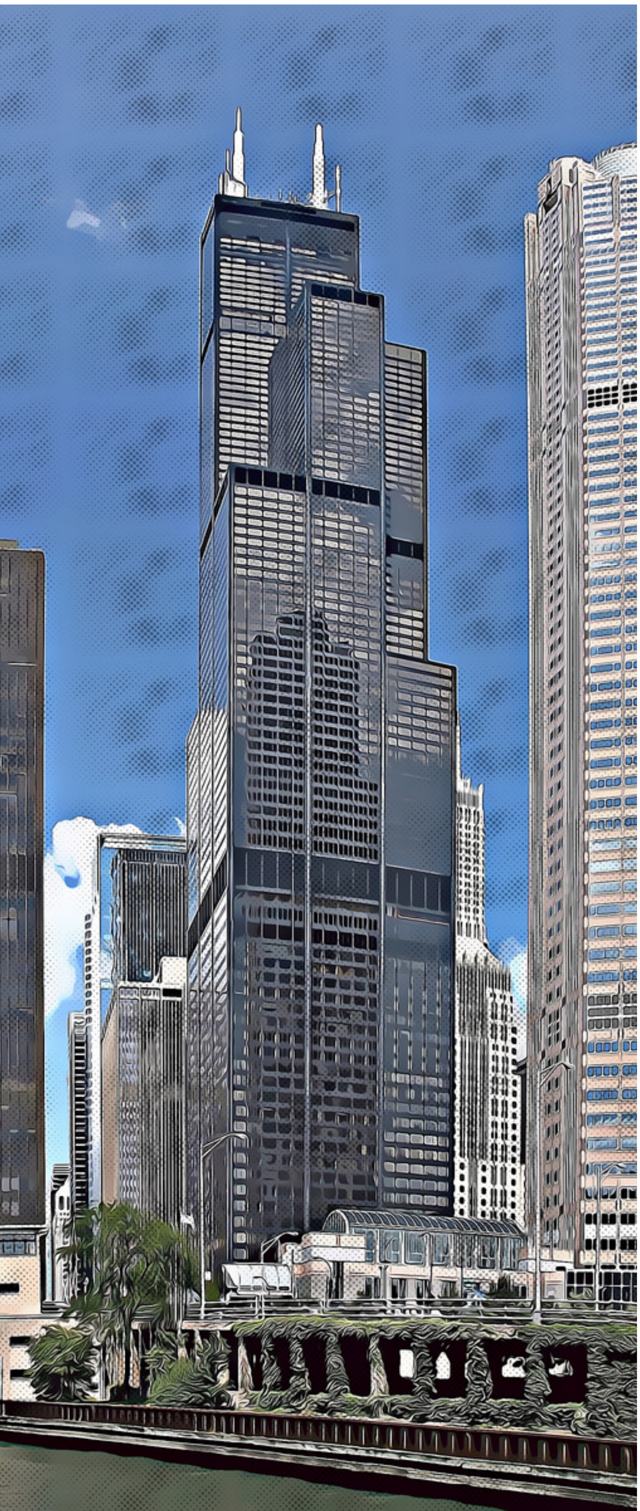
"Aiden Snorlax?" asked Alex, the administrative assistant with four years' experience at Mackenzie, natural blonde hair and a discrete Pisces tattoo that peeked out from under her short-sleeve blouse.

"Aiden here is your Mackenzie notepad with the information cards of your interviewers today."

Aiden thanked Alex and sat in the scenic lobby. He opened the notepad and the card on top read:

Vivek Panjarat
Wharton School of Business, Finance
Associate

"Vivek has a long-standing interest in developing markets, microloans for empowering women's business ventures in emerging markets. His hobbies are to facilitate dialogue with inner city youth and urban startup companies."



It had been a long road to the 30th floor of the Blue Cross Blue Shield tower. Aiden earned a degree in marketing from the University of Wisconsin and met Diane at a Madison mixer. She was a Delta Phi Epsilon, and he was a Sigma Nu. For him it made sense to sell insurance, he was a natural at sales. But health insurance turned out to be a lost cause after policy changes mandated by federal. He switched to supplemental, but this was a much smaller market. Without health insurance as the anchor, the supplemental was insufficient to pay the bills. You cannot collect residuals once customers switch providers and most people get jobs every seven years.

He was making $80,000, which seems like a lot on paper, but to pay the payments on a townhome, just a starter home, costs $400,000. With HOA fees, insurance, Aiden pays $3000 a month on the house alone. After groceries and bills they are right at break even. Diane's a teacher now but she hates it. She hates having to abandon their own kids to take care of someone else's. She hands most of her paycheck over to the babysitters, all with the hopes that, once the kids are in school, they can start to save, maybe to even buy the next house, the real house with a yard. But all Diane truly wants is stay home and cook macaroni salad and crispy rice treats (peanut butter, not marshmallow). Diane encouraged him to go for Mackenzie.

That meant night school, an executive MBA program, this time in management. Two years working nights and weekends, attending lectures online and submitting assignments on market sizing, leadership, finance, more marketing. Diane had a world of patience, but the kids were too young. Her mom was in the Upper Peninsula, which might as well be Mars.

Twenty thousand in tuition, of course he got a loan.If he lands this consulting job, Diane can stay at home, they can pay off the house faster. The stress of the screaming little demons at Prairie View elementary gave her alopecia areata, her hair started falling out in little patches.

"Vivek is ready to see you," said Alex.

Alex took Aiden to a conference room with a glass table. On the other side of the table was a handsome blonde man, with blue eyes. His suit fit well.

"Carlton is another candidate; you will wait here until your interviewer comes in."

Aiden had done this routine before a week earlier; he was familiar with the office. The seemingly infinite amount of snack foods and free coffee, even wine during a mixer. He passed the first round with flying colors, it came off just like a practice with his executive MBA classmates; the course was starting to look like a good investment.

The first part of the interview would be the fit questions, generally an autobiographical assessment of yourself and your strengths and weaknesses. Aiden had rehearsed these two-minute "hero stories" that succinctly described his strengths in the face of adversity. The adversity generally being, rude and backstabbing co-workers or managers, bad territory with laid-off auto workers.

Aiden exchanged pleasantries with Carlton, they discussed each other's first interview experience. Carlton had a bit of bulk under his jacket. Aiden wondered if Carlton wrestled in high school. Carlton was currently an engineer at IBM. He had a knit red tie. Everything about Carlton made Aiden think, "He's like you, but stronger."

Aiden reminded himself that an interview was like golf and that you played the territory, not the competition. Out of 100 candidates, all requiring an MBA and degree metrics even to apply, 50 were chosen to be screened by a phone interview, out of which 15 would get an in-person first round interview with two forty-five-minute interviews with two entry-level consultants. The interviewers tended to follow a good cop/bad cop dynamic. About half of the candidates make it past the first round, and out of the 7 or 8 remaining candidates, maybe 2 or 3 will be chosen. The prize?$160,000 a year for 80 hours a week job, with a $30,000 signing bonus. Diane could cook a tuna casserole or meatloaf every night of the week if she wanted.

For his first interview Aiden had the challenge of helping a chip factory develop and optimize a product line of corn chips in Mexico. They currently had a 12 oz. size and were looking to add sizes but had to offset any costs associated with offering either a six oz or 1 ½ oz. sized bags.The way to answer the behavioral questions was not to jump in directly, but to pause and structure your game plan and approach, and once you define your game plane you ask the interviewer if it makes sense. Aiden determined the market size in Mexico, and current profitability. Next, he structured the equation specifically and itemized any fixed and variable costs separately. Important to this question was to determine the price point and produce an annual projection. The entire challenge requires fourth grade math and verbal skills, but is no different than blackjack, and any time you win a few hands in blackjack the waitress starts offering drinks, and then the pit boss starts asking you questions in the middle of the deal. The challenge is performing in the moment, and even counting cards in a single deck takes concentration. In a similar way the interviewer challenges your assertions in real time in a way that is designed to throw off your confidence.

With this structured approach Aiden successfully solved the challenge of stuffing as many Mexicans as possible with corn meal and maltodextrin (also derived from corn) before the next interview. A friendly, mousy looking Brazilian woman had somewhat of a different project.

"The Will and Dorian Yates foundation has partnered with Doctors without borders to commission Mackenzie to deploy a woman's mobile health clinic in rural Cambodia…" – a pure logistics problem. You simply market-size the Cambodian population, determine the density of women in each town and determine the number of doctors, nurses, and even a modest budget for marketing the services of gynecology.

Aiden would get bored of the calculations. Of course, he could do it: a team of two doctors each working eight hour shifts and seeing four patients an hour, with four nurses staging the patients and taking vital signs, can see 320 patients a week. The key point was determining when to move towns. Aiden would start calculating side bets on how many abortions would be performed out of the 320, he concluded at least half. Aiden would draw a route laying surgically precise waste through the fetuses of Cambodia. He grew up Seventh Day Adventist, but it was a nominal identification, and these people were not Christian anyway.

Now one-week later Aiden waited for Vivek to enter, and he mentally rehearsed his practice, thinking about terms like "whitelisting', mergers and acquisitions, franchising. When to brainstorm and when to drill down, and finally a sense of calm. He visualized single-leg and double-leg takedowns from his high-school wrestling matches. Vivek showed up. He was tall, slender, clean shaven and short cropped fade. He wore Salvatore Ferragamo driving moccasins and a tailored suit. He looked 30.

Reserved, Vivek asked, "Are you Aiden?"

"Yes," Aiden smiled.

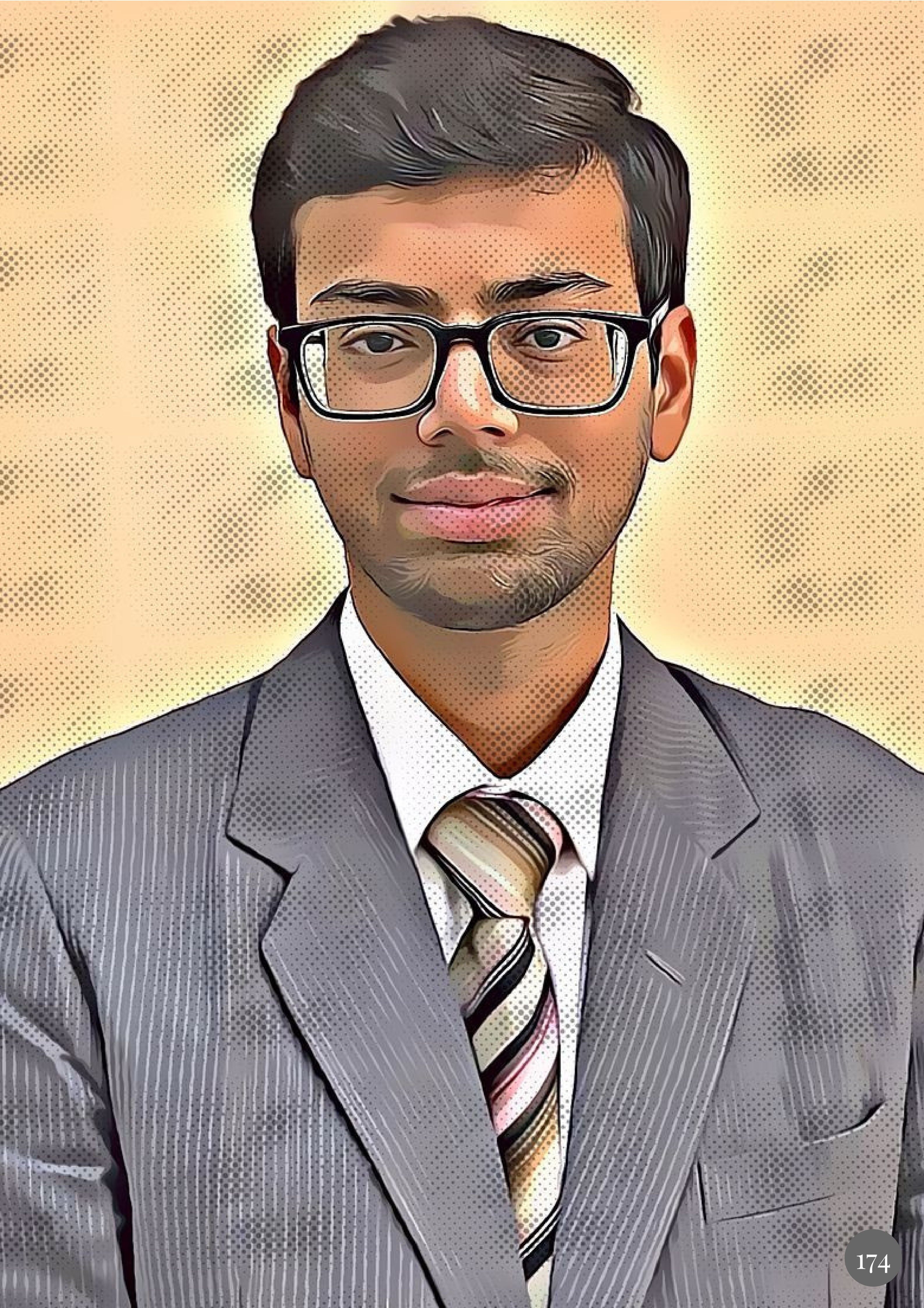
Vivek sighed and said, "Ok, follow me."

Aiden complied as they ventured down the corridor, and then down a set of glass stairs with a glorious view of the Michigan mile and ubiquitous snacks. The doors were clear glass and Aiden sat down facing Vivek with his back to the door.

Stone-faced, Vivek asked, "So, tell me a little about yourself?"

An open-ended fit interview. Aiden had worked on his autobiography; he knew to keep it under two minutes.

"Well, I grew up in a small town on Lake Superior. We had a boat, and I spent a lot of my childhood out on the water. My Mom was an avid reader, so we had these leather-bound Time/Life books. I was enamored by the lives of great people, especially great explorers like Vasco de Gama, Magellan, Marquis de Lafayette, their fearlessness, and their desire to explore the vast expanses of the ocean, to go into the unknown. I read about the lives of the astronauts. As I grew up this desire for exploration was transmuted into a psychonautical one, I wanted to remake images and persuade others to strive to reach their potential for greatness. I also enjoyed meeting people, and so out of college I took a job in sales. I have a good record at it, but I was in health insurance and the market shifted



directions. My restless nature has me perpetually looking to the depths just like when I was a child. Mackenzie offers me the challenges to take on big projects, and travel like I always enjoyed. So, to prepare for consulting I earned an executive MBA at the Illinois School of Business."

Not quite interjecting, Vivek offered, "Bloomington's a good state school." Then Vivek slightly winced and said, "Look, I don't really understand where you are coming from. I grew up in Karachi, which is a city of 14 million. In high school in Karachi, there were 50 students in my class, and there were 20 classes in my grade. Out of one thousand students, do you know who the Valedictorian was?" A rhetorical question, as Vivek pointed to himself. Vivek continued, "I won a scholarship to the Capital University in Islamabad, enrolled in business classes. My goal was to work for Mackenzie, so I could buy my parents a house on the outskirts of Karachi. My goal now is to make partner for Mackenzie and help to shape the global marketplace." And with that, Vivek cracked a predatory smile.

"Ok, so let's get to the project, shall we?" Vivek continued.

Vivek then paused to look at his laptop.

"Mackenzie has been approached by USCIS to resettle 250,000 refugees following a genocidal war in the third world. You are tasked to devise a strategy to allocate resources to optimally benefit the host regions, and primarily the welfare of the refugees. How do you propose to do it?"

The prompt was brief, which meant Aiden would have to think quickly for some clarifying questions.

"Is it necessary to resettle refugees in the United States?" Aiden asked, buying some time.

"Many of the refugees will be resettled in Germany, Canada, Great Britain, but the allotment for the United States is 250,000" Vivek responded, stoically.

"Why are there so many refugees?" Aiden asked, still stalling.

"There is a civil war in a third-world country, with an impending genocide if the refugees are not resettled." Vivek replied, leaning back, reflecting light from his laptop.

"So, what is the overall goal of the USCIS in the resettlement of these refugees? Are there building requirements on behalf of the government, new construction, for example?" Aiden was searching for clues.

"Ah, I'm glad you asked." Vivek said in a friendly tone. "The crisis is escalating quickly, there's not time for new construction. So, the USCIS is looking to use existing housing capabilities. Particularly concentrated to maintain cohesion within the refugee population."

Aiden felt a pang of nausea but forged on. "So, the first question to ask is, 'Which states, or metropolitan areas have the available housing availability sufficient to house the refugees at a reasonable price the USCIS can afford."

Vivek's eyes softened. "Mackenzie had our team research exactly those questions and looking at the demographics and quality of life measures of several different cities. Are there any other questions you would have?"

"Yes," Aiden said, relieved at least he had made some progress. "I'd want to make sure the region was safe, a particularly low crime area, so the refugees would not be harmed."

Vivek provided a visual aid, with stacked bar graphs and pie charts with statistics for four mid-sized cities: San Jose, Detroit, Atlanta, and Minneapolis. By demographics, meaning the average age, and wealth, and fertility rate of the residents. By reducing humanity to a few quantifiable variables within a given market, you could feed a machine-learning algorithm in order to devise a suitable marketing campaign.

The graphs had been made purposefully abstruse, with housing tracts divided by rentals, condominium units, college dormitories, public/private enterprises, nursing homes. The bars were stacked with the number of available units…

"Can you give me a moment to look at this?" Aiden asked.

The answer was either Detroit or Minneapolis, Aiden just had to work out the details. His aunt Florence lived in Minnetonka, she made jello salad for Christmas.

At that moment, a vision came to Aiden, clear as a cerulean Lake Superior on a windless day. A week earlier one of his buddies from Sigma Nu texted him a link to something called a "Wyatt thread" which strangely highlighted the Rwandan massacre of the Tutsi tribe, in which an estimated 200 to 800 thousand Tutsi were hacked with machetes, all within a hundred days. Without the help of a major consulting firm, the Hutu tribes would use armed soldiers to sequester the Tutsis by race, with identification cards to verify. Then the guards would call in their fellow Hutus and clean up.

In Aiden's vision, the Hutus were terrorizing the Lutheran church of Minnetonka. They would be playful with the seniors, slicing their bellies open and disembowelling them quickly. There was no time to waste. It would take only five seconds for the intestines of someone's grandmother to be laying on the ground. A decent sized nursing home would have a hundred people in it, the staff would not be a problem – heck half of the staff would be refugees anyway. A team of five refugees with machetes could be in and out of the nursing home and in the back of a used Toyota in ten minutes. The elderly weakly moaning, writhing around in their own intestines and bile, pleading for a quick death.

For the children, a slightly different fate, but just as cruel. Any child willing to put up a fight would have to be exterminated of course but the younger ones, you just cut both their hands off and let them bleed out, they will not be able to hurt you even if they survive. A typical pre-school has stricter limitations, there the teachers may put up a fight, but over half of them were from El Salvador anyway and they were smart enough to run at the sight of a

machete. The teacher that did fight, average age 32 with $50k remaining in student loans, maybe named Daphne, that had never seen blood, the one with the sign in her front yard that says “In this house we believe…” – but this sign, a modern-day Passover marker, cannot assuage the refugees as they do not know English. The refugees would be thorough, liberating her head from her body, after which the children would be like docile little lambs. A standard day care has thirty children in it, so you have to be in and out faster to make the numbers. In Rwanda, the Hutus slaughtered an average of 5000 Tutsis a day, so the Minnetonka refugees would need a 10 x kill ratio, they’d need a good team of 500 bloodthirsty assassins to clear out a town like Minnetonka. With only 50,000 or so people living there now, it would only take ten days of hacking to wipe it off the map completely and give these tangible assets to the Hutus. Of course, five other towns would have to be liquidated as well. There may be cops, but after the recent lawsuits and layoffs one cannot be too sure.

As Aiden snapped out of this fugue state, his heart was racing, but after that, he felt a strange relief. That the refugees would bring clarity, there would no longer be any necessity of pretense that the intense hatred of the Minnetonka demographic (average age 45, average assets $55k liquid) did not exist or could be waved away with a lump cash sum of $20,000 to every person who passes the paper bag test. Nothing but complete liquidation will sate the desires of the amorphous refugee. Once the refugees liberated Daphne’s head they would collect it and place it on a pike, quirky problem glasses and all, next to Claire and Sydney and a dozen others adorning the used Toyota…

“So looking over the cities I think I can narrow it down quite easily to either Detroit or Minneapolis. Both offer unique opportunities. Detroit has more colleges and a larger proportion of housing vacancies, more college dormitories. However, those metrics are similar for Minneapolis and the violent crime levels are lower here. We want to make sure the city is hospitable to our refugees.”

Vivek was nonplussed. “What about diversity? Detroit is a more diverse city, how might that play into this decision?” His face betrayed nothing, stiff as his Ermenegildo Zegna trofeo dress shirt.

“Well, diversity is a two-way street, Vivek. Detroit is a more diverse city and has been, accommodating, but Minneapolis also has a growing refugee population too…”

Aiden was losing, he was in a cul-de-sac and Vivek was running out the clock. Aiden remembered that the second interview was not like the first. There is often more than one visual aid, and the first one may be a decoy, a lizard’s tail to burn time. He was missing something entirely.

Aiden leaned back. “I’ve got a question. Who owns the houses?”

“I beg your pardon?” asked Vivek.

“In market analysis you can invest in all the data collection, or you can piggyback on the experts. Quizno’s for example, would only build new locations where a new Starbucks was built, on the assumption that Starbucks did the due diligence on market analysis.”

“This has nothing to do with fast food Aiden,” said Vivek, bemused.

“There are institutional buyers. Pension funds, hedge funds, wealth management players.They are the smart money. Show me where they invested, and if they are a large enough player, we can negotiate with them on a more wholesale level rather than the hassle of contacting individual homeowners.”

Vivek tilted his head as if giving a side eye, before slowly cracking a grin.

“That’s actually something we’ve been looking into Aiden.”

Once Vivek produced the second, crucial visual aid, the game was up.

“So, it’s clear, and I’d like to make my proposal.The institutional buys in Minnetonka, Plymouth, Inver Grove, Eden Prairie, and Minneapolis itself clearly indicate financial interest in the future of this region. Because the refugees will be renting, this will allow the institutional buyers to have a safe, long-term investment, without losing any of their equity from their capital expenditure. Because this is a government project, we can use our volume to produce a wholesale bid. It’s a win-win.”

“It’s not a bad proposal, Aiden, can you fit all the refugees in one region?”

Aiden drilled down; the details were easy.Once you looked at institutional purchases, dormitories, rental vacancies, the numbers almost completely added up.Any excess could go to Detroit, why not? But for the cohesion of the refugees, it made sense to keep them within one city.They exchanged pleasantries and as Aiden walked out, he envisioned the Sydneys, the Daphnes, the Claires and the Ericas of Minnetonka. They would harmonize in a modern Greek chorus as curdled blood and maggots erupted out of their cold stiff mouths.

“We do this to make amends for our race, so that a brighter future for Minnetonka may take root. And may history reward our good faith and once we have disappeared, may we live on only in a benevolent legend, though we do not deserve even this.”

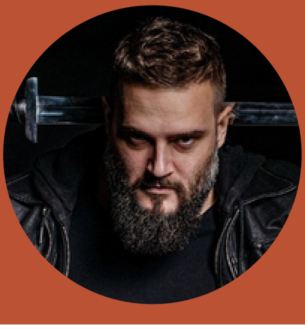
It would be a shame about the Minnetonka kids. Aiden could always arrange for his Aunt Florence to stay in a new boathouse on the Upper Peninsula. It was all hypothetical anyway. If the bonus pays like projected, they can move into Clarendon Hills where Diane and the kids would be safe, and Aiden could buy a new Chris Craft design boat he had his eye on.

THE NEIGHBOR

Caleb Caudell

BONFIRE BOOKS

John Cold and the Weather Machine



Words: Ernest Lewicki (@ernrestthepole)

In this third part of our serialisation of the novel 'John Cold and the Weather Machine', John Cold encounters Derleta and is about to have a very bad day...

A tall woman stepped out. A bright jumpsuit snugly fit her lithe body. In one hand, suspended within some bejeweled device, she held a beating human heart.

The air grew cold and the shadows lengthened.

With an evil, self-satisfied smirk, the lady made a few steps towards the discus. At her approach, a slim door opened from an unseen hinge at the bottom, forming a gangway. The woman was well on her way up when John realized the device she had with her was the somatoma.

“Don’t move or I shoot!” he shouted.

She slowly turned around. Her eyebrows perched in slight disgust. “Who are you, primitive?” she asked. “I thought you people did not venture here anymore.” “I am John Cold, and I will have the device, you witch. Hand it over!” “Ah... John Cold,” she looked him over.

“I am Derleta. You are going to have a bad day.”

She snapped her fingers, and something shot out from the top of the discus so fast that John barely had time to jump out of its way. He landed in a thorny bush. When he stood up, the thing, size and form of a dog, yet wholly made of metal, was running at him with tremendous speed, whirring and buzzing. His bullet bounced off it and he had to jump again to avoid it. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the gangway closing behind Derleta.

This time he landed on his feet. The thing, silver and grey like the craft it came from, attacked again. He kicked it, and for a millisecond he was sure of victory. Then pain. A million teeth must have bitten through his thick boot. The thing transformed. Sharp angles were gone in an instant. A formless goo now latched onto John’s leg and began crawling up, inch by inch. Cold knew that if he allowed it to stay on him any longer, it would rend his flesh from bones. The thing writhed with sudden force and he fell over.

The discus lifted off, lingered a second above the clearing as if to give its passenger a better look at John’s misery, and then disappeared with a whizz.

The Cascadian, in agony, had no time to think about where it went with its mistress. The gun fell out of his hands. He took out the machete and made a swing at the thing, keeping his other leg well away. To his disappointment it grabbed the blade in its malleable mass and started wiggling its way up towards the hilt. Even with his exceptional strength, the sturdy frontiersman could not wrest his weapon out. It seemed that the accursed thing would get the better of him.

He looked around in desperation. His backpack was nearby. He made a lunge for it, dragging the thing on his leg, the machete stuck in its mass like an extra limb. He opened the flap, cursing mightily, certain that he would lose his leg at least. He fished something out from it, a small black tube. This he pushed against his own skin, a few inches above the crawling silvery goo, and smashed the button on top of it. The electric shock was powerful and almost as painful as the thing’s teeth.

Writhing and thrashing on the ground, he held the presser as long as possible, mustering every ounce of willpower he had in him. When he let the paralyzer button go, exhausted, he saw something was happening with the thing. It appeared to be boiling, giving off strange fumes.

It still grasped him, though without much movement. John steeled himself and used the paralyzer again. This time he dared to apply the tube directly to the ancient robot.

It only took a second this time. The thing fell off, a solidifying lump of metal. He kept the current going until the battery ran out. Then he lay on the ground, gasping, his heart pounding like a battering ram. The pain in the leg was returning with a vengeance.

It was indeed shaping up to be a bad day.

But John was never the one to accept fate’s verdicts.

He stood up, supporting himself against a tree, and assessed the situation. The humming was gone with the flier. He could hear the skindles' clucking at a distance, approaching. The flock could be a nuisance when it returned, but he would have to deal with them later. In front of him was the door at the bottom of the pit, left open. The somatoma was lost for now, but he wondered what ancient treasures the witch might have left behind.

Cold collected his belonging sand slid down the slope, careful not to hurt his bleeding leg. Behind the door there was a dark vestibule of some kind, made of the same material the bunkers were. A second door opened at the end of it.

From his backpack he now grabbed a torch. He lit it and took a look around. There was a wheel on the inner side of the door through which he had come. Using it, he closed the hatch behind him. He realized that there was not much else here. Some tattered thermal suit, falling to pieces from age. Other debris.

It was barely colder here than outside, but it was dry. He went ahead and discovered a veritable labyrinth of corridors, dark and oppressive. Limping and in pain, he made his way through them. He trusted that on the way out he would recognize the blood trail he was leaving behind. For now, using his heightened senses, he followed the prints the strange sky-people had made in the centuries-old dust.

Rooms opened on both sides, empty and abandoned, so many that he stopped counting them. A staircase led him lower, to another maze. Here larger storage rooms presented their open maws. There was no merchandise in them, no loot for him to find.

It seemed to John that no warlord' screw and no adventurer had penetrated those corridors in the centuries since the fall of Old Russia. The notebook's author could have been an exception. Whatever lay within them had waited for the crew of the strange craft—or himself.

If only he had arrived here before them.

The corridors stretched far, and some of them inclined downwards. He must have wandered far from the compound's entrance. At long last, when the torch's light was dimming and he himself felt dizzy and close to fainting, he came upon a large room different from the others.

It was an oval hall fifty steps across, with a crystal, concave ceiling which gave off a warm glow, allowing John to put the torch out. The hall had a marble dais in the middle. On it were what looked like control panels and precise machinery. Across its steps lay a dead man. A single wide hole gaped in his body, right at the heart. His blood, pooled beneath him, was beginning to dry.

Approaching to inspect, John saw another body on the far side of the dais, this one female. Her jumpsuit was in tatters, soaked in blood, but there was no wound visible on her front. Disregarding her for a moment, he crouched at the first one to look for precious equipment. He found nothing: no arms, no jewels, no food rations. The man was as under-equipped as Derleta had been.

John sighed and lifted himself with a grunt. Then a playful smirk emerged on his face: the woman on the other side was pretty—and not dead. She was merely pretending to be, observing him through almost closed eyes. She was clearly afraid of the brute she was seeing. There was no sharpness to her face like that which defined Derleta's features. John, still cautious after that encounter, thought better than to spook this new girl. However innocent her face and long her lashes, she still could have had some trick up her sleeve, just like the other witch.

Who knew if and where the room hid the next ancient, unnatural robot like the one he had defeated aboveground. He had to immobilize her fingers before she could snap them. That'd be difficult, but luckily she held her hands alongside her body. He moved in slowly, dragging his hurt leg as if it weighed him down.

"No loot here either," he said in mock disappointment, half-turned away and then suddenly grabbed the fingers of both her hands in his vice-like grip, pinning her down at the same time. She screamed in pain.

"Or maybe there is. Not so dead now, are you, witch?" he asked with glee. "Don't try any tricks or I will break them"—he squeezed her fingers more strongly.

"Ouch," Tears streamed from her eyes. "No, I promise—I am not like my sister!"

"I don't believe you one bit, lady. John Cold can befooled only once." He put his knee on her right hand. Having thus freed one of his own, he quickly produced from his trousers the stiff metal straw he had used earlier. This he put with surprising agility between the digits of her other hand, weaving it above one and under the next one, and so on. Then he tied it in place with a string. Completely sure she could not move them, he proceeded to repeat the procedure with her other palm. Just for good measure, he secured both her arms together at the elbows with an extra belt from his backpack.

During this process the girl, at first flustered and pained, regained her composure. She even smirked by the end of it. "Barbarian, how she scared you," she said, "You think that every snap of my fingers conjures metallic monsters you cannot understand?"

"You bet I do," was his reply. "You must have all sorts of tricks. How do you explain that your jumpsuit is bloody and cut, yet you have no wound?" He poked his finger through a hole in the jumpsuit, where pink flesh was showing. With a nod, he pointed at the man's body. "Nor are you dead like your friend there."

"He was no friend of mine. Just a wretch my sister liked to use for her aims. I guess the poor fellow," she sighed, "served his purpose for the final time."

The girl grimaced, trying to make her fingers more

comfortable, and looked more carefully at John's grim features. "You don't look like the sort of a man that allows himself to be used," she commented.

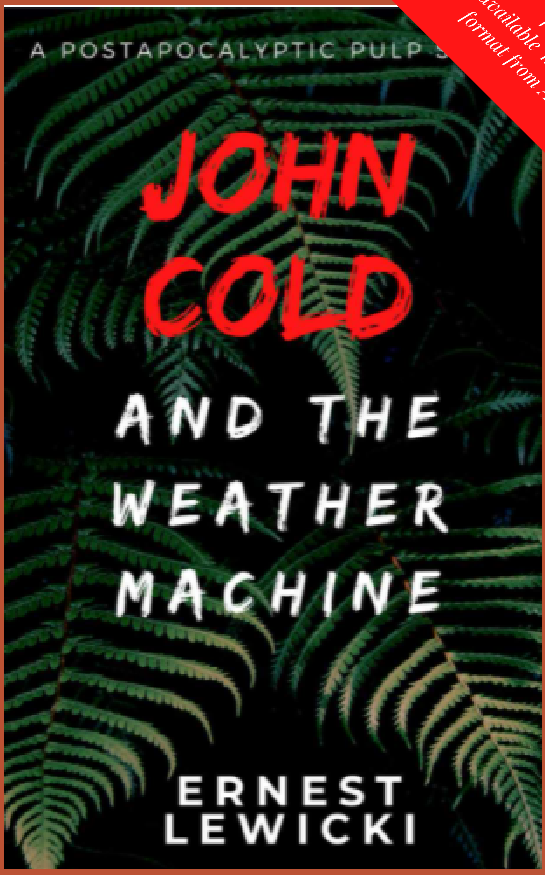
John just shook his head.

"But you look very hurt," she indicated his bloodied leg. "Free my hands and I will help you."

John scoffed. He did feel exhausted after the fight and the long trek through the corridors. The leg hurt. A dull ache now. But he was not going to trust her. The idea occurred to him that he'd carry her to a smaller room and lock her there. Then he would have peace to continue looking for supplies.

Concerning the leg, he was certain it would heal on its own. In the end, the silver automaton hadn't even ripped his skin off, just pierced it in so many places. Yeah, it would heal, like so many other wounds he had suffered over the years. He knew that if there was one thing in this wretched, boiling world that he could trust, it was his own immense vitality.

He lifted the girl over his shoulder, stood up, and fainted.



The full novel is available now in Kindle format from Amazon.

REAGAN LODGE